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OCT. 1915

MAGAZINE

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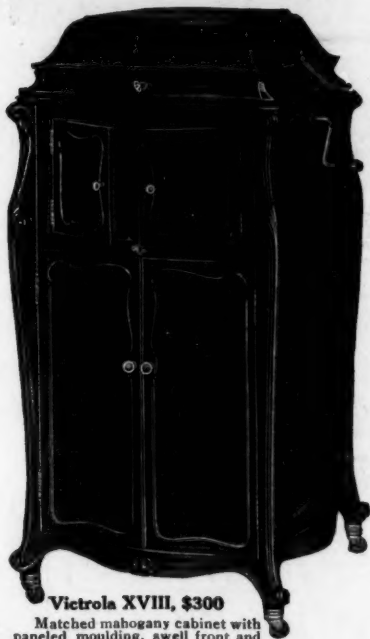
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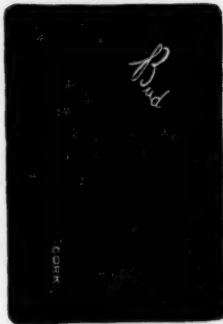
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Vol. XXII

# SMITH'S MAGAZINE

No. 1

A PUBLICATION FOR THE HOME

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# SMITH'S MAGAZINE

VOLUME 22

OCTOBER, 1915

NUMBER 1

## For a Mess of Pottage

By Helen R. Martin

Author of "Tillie, a Mennonite Maid," "Barnabetta," "Martha of the Mennonite Country," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY R. VAN BUREN

### CHAPTER I.

THE Pennsylvania town of New Munich was electrified by the sudden and entirely unlooked-for announcement of the betrothal of Daniel Leitzel, esquire; but his two maiden sisters, with whom he lived, were appalled, confounded. That Danny should have taken such a step independently of them—who had done all his thinking for him outside of his profession—was a cataclysmal event. Of course, it never would have happened if Danny had not been temporarily away from his home on business and far removed from their watchful care—watchful these twenty years past that no designing Jezebel should get a chance at the great fortune of their petted little brother; though it must be admitted that Danny was by this time of a marriageable age, being just turned forty-five.

"To think he'd leave us learn about it in the newspapers yet, sooner'n he'd come home and face us with it! Yes, it looks, anyhow, as if he was ashamed of the girl he's picked out!" exclaimed Jennie, a stern and uncompromising spinster of sixty.

She and her sister Sadie, sitting in

the elaborately furnished and quite hideous sitting room of their big, fine house on Main Street, stared in consternation at the glaring headlines of the New Munich *Evening Intelligencer*, which announced, in type that to the sisters seemed letters of flame, the upsetting fact that their idolized brother had been at last matrimonially trapped. The announcement of his betrothal in print seemed to make it hopelessly incontrovertible. They might have schemed to avert the impending catastrophe of his marriage—in case Danny *had* been taken in by an adventuress—had not the *Intelligencer* unequivocally stated—and the *Intelligencer's* statements were scarcely less authoritative to Jennie and Sadie Leitzel than the Bible itself—that Danny would be married to the unknown inside of a month. If the *Intelligencer* said that the marriage was to take place, it seemed useless to try to stop it.

"To think he'll be married to her a'ready before we get a chance, once, to look her over and tell him if she'd suit him!" lamented Sadie.

"Well," pronounced Jennie, setting her thin lips in a hard line, "she'll find out, when she gets here, that she ain't

gettin' her fingers on our Danny's money! She'll get fooled if she's countin' on *that*. She'll *soon* learn that she'll have to do with just what he likes to give her, and no more. And of course Danny'll consult *us* as to just how much he ought to leave her handle. When she finds out," Jennie grimly prophesied, "that our Danny always does the way we advise him to and that she'll have to keep on the right side of *us*, I guess she won't like it very well."

"We can only hope that she ain't such a bold, common thing that just took our Danny in, that way," sighed Sadie.

"But why would he hurry it up so, like as if he was afraid we would mebbly put a stop to it? *She* put him up to fixin' it all tight before he could change his mind," Jennie shrewdly surmised.

"It does look that way," fretted Sadie.

Jennie, the elder sister, was tall, gaunt, and rawboned. Though approaching old age, her dominating spirit and grasping ambitions had preserved her vigor, physically and mentally. Her sharp face was deeply lined, but the keenness of her eyes was undimmed, her shoulders were erect, her hair was thick and black. The expression of her thin slit of a mouth was almost relentlessly hard.

Sadie, five years younger, had also a will of her own, but happily it had always operated on a line so entirely in harmony with that of her sister that they had lived together all their lives without friction, the younger woman unconsciously dominated by the elder. Indeed, no one could abide under the same roof with Jennie Leitzel who ventured openly to differ with her. Fortunately even Sadie's passion for dress did not clash with Jennie's miserliness; for Sadie, too, was miserly, and Jennie loved to see her younger sister arrayed gorgeously in cheap finery, her taste inclining to styles suitable to a girl of sixteen. A dormant mother instinct, too—such as must exist, however obscurely,

in every woman frame, even in that of a Jennie Leitzel—found an outlet in coddling Sadie's health and in ministering to and encouraging a certain plainness in the younger woman's disposition.

So these two sisters, depending upon and complementing each other, of congenial temperaments and with but one common, paramount interest in life—the welfare of their incomparable younger brother—lived together in the supreme enjoyment of the high estate to which their ambitions and their unflagging efforts had uplifted the Leitzel family—from rural obscurity to prominence and influence in their county town of New Munich.

To be sure, the sisters realized that they held what they called their "social position" only as appendages to Danny—Danny, who had been to college, who was the head of a great corporation law firm, who was enormously rich and a highly eligible young man. That is, he had once been young, and, though New Munich now regarded him as a confirmed old bachelor, his sisters still looked upon him as a dashing youth and a great matrimonial prize. They were not ashamed, but proud, of the fact that people tolerated them because they were Danny's sisters.

It may seem strange that anything calling itself "society" could admit women so crude as Jennie and Sadie, even though they were appendages to a bait so dazzling as Danny Leitzel, esquire. But in communities where the ruling class is descended from the Pennsylvania Dutch, "society" is remarkably elastic and almost no doors are closed to the appeal of wealth, however freighted it may be with vulgarity and illiteracy. And, be it known, Danny's sisters were not only financially independent of Danny, but even wealthy, quite in their own right.

In spite of this fact, however, what social footing they had in the little town



of New Munich had not been acquired so easily as to make it appear to them other than a very great possession.

As to the big, fine house in which they lived, it had been Danny's money that, in the early days of his prosperity, had, at his sisters' instigation, built this grand dwelling on the principal street of New Munich to dazzle and catch the town.

The room in which the sisters sat to-night would have seemed to one who knew them a perfect expression of them, its tawdry grandeur speaking loud of their pride in money and display and at the same time of their penuriousness; the absence of books and of real pictures, and the obtrusive decorations of chromos in heavy gilt frames, of luridly colored carpets, and heavy, ugly upholstered furniture, manifesting the unfortunate combination of ample means with total absence of culture. It would seem that in a rightly organized social system women like these would not possess wealth, but would be serving those who knew how to use it.

"To think our Danny'd marry a stranger, yet, from away down South, when he could have picked out Congressman Ocksreider's daughter, or Judge Kuntz's oldest girl—or Mamie Gundaker, and her father a bank president! Any of these high ladies of New Munich he could have!" wailed Sadie. "They'd be only too glad to get our Danny! And here he goes and marries a stranger!"

"It ain't *like* him that he'd up and do this thing behind our backs, without askin' our advice!" Jennie exclaimed.

"Think of the grand weddin' we could have had here in New Munich!" Sadie sighed.

"And we don't even know if she's well fixed or poor!" cried Jennie, in a wildly worried tone.

"But I hardly think," Sadie tried to comfort her, "that Danny would pick out a *poor* girl. Nor a common one, either, so genteel as what we raised him."

"But men get so easy fooled with women, Sadie. If she's smart, she could easy come over Danny."

"Unless he got stubborn-headed for her."

"Well," admitted Jennie, "to be sure Danny can get awful stubborn-headed sometimes. But if she's smart and found out how rich he is, she'd take care not to get him stubborn-headed."

"Yes, that's so, too," nodded Sadie. "I wonder if she'll be a fancy dresser."

Sadie's love of clothes was second only to her devotion to Danny. She was dressed this evening in a girlish Empire gown made of red cheesecloth.

"What will folks say to this news, anyhow?" scolded Jennie. "I'll have a shamed face to go on the street, us not knowin' anythin' about it, not even who she is, yet! If folks ast us, Sadie, we must leave on we did know. We'll just say: 'Oh, it ain't news to us!'"

"But how could we know much when Danny himself has knew her only a little over a month, Jennie?"

"Yes, don't it, now, beat all?"

"Yes, don't it?"

"That shows what she is—marryin' a man she knew only a month or so!"

"Well, to be sure it wouldn't take her even a month, Jennie, to see what a catch our Danny is."

"If she does turn out to be a common person," said Jennie, with her most purse-proud look and tone, "she's anyhow got to act genteel before folks and not give Danny and us a shamed face here in New Munich—high up as we've raised our Danny and hard as we worked to do it yet."

"Yes, the idea!" mourned Sadie.

"Yes, the very idea!" nodded Jennie vindictively. "I shouldn't wonder," she added anxiously, always concerned for her sister's health, which was really quite remarkably perfect, "if this shock give you the headache, Sadie."

"I shouldn't wonder." Sadie shook her head sadly.



"Read me off the piece in the paper, and see what it says, all," Jennie ordered. "But sit so the light don't give you the headache."

Sadie, adjusting her spectacles and turning on the electric table lamp at her elbow, read the glaring article which had that evening appeared on the first page of their daily paper and which every household in New Munich was, they knew, now reading with feelings of astonishment, curiosity, disappointment, or chagrin, as the case might be. For the sisters were sure that many heartaches among the marriageable maidens of the town would be caused by the news that Danny was no longer within their possible reach. These twenty-five years past, he and his gold had been dangling before them—and now to have him appropriated without warning by a nonresident!

The article was headed in large type:

## ONE MORE VICTIM OF CUPID'S DARTS.

**Daniel Leitzel Led Like a Lamb to  
Hymen's Altar.**

Sadie breathed heavily as she read:

"In a communication received at this office to-day from our esteemed fellow citizen, Daniel Leitzel, esquire, sojourning for the past four weeks in the balmy South, we are informed of his engagement and impending marriage to a young lady of distinguished Southern lineage, one who, we may feel sure, will grace very acceptably the social circle here of which Mr. Leitzel is such a prominent, prosperous, and pleasant member. The news comes to our town as a great surprise, for we had almost begun to give Danny up as a hopeless bach. He will, however, lead his bride to Hymen's altar early next month, and bring her straightway to his palatial residence on Main Street, presided over by his estimable sisters, Miss Jennie and Miss Sadie. New Munich offers its congratulations to her esteemed fellow citizen, though some of us wonder why he found it necessary to go so far away to find a wife, with so many lovely ladies here in his native town to choose from. Love, however, we all know, is a

capricious mistress, and none may guess whither she may lead.

"The happy and fortunate lady, Miss Margaret Berkeley, of Berkeley Hill, a distinguished and picturesque old colonial homestead two miles out of Charleston, South Carolina, is, we are informed, a lineal descendant, on her mother's side, of two governors of her native State, and the niece of the learned scholar and eminent psychologist, the late Doctor Osmond Berkeley, with whom Miss Margaret made her home at Berkeley Hill until his decease a year ago—since which sad event she has continued to reside at this same homestead, her married sister and family living with her, this sister being the wife of a Charleston attorney with whom Daniel Leitzel, esquire, has been conducting some legal railroad business in Charleston, and through whom our esteemed fellow citizen, it seems, met his happy doom.

"New Munich's most aristocratic society will anticipate with pleasurable interest the arrival of the happy bride and groom, Mrs. and Mr. Daniel Leitzel. No doubt many very elegant society events will take place this winter in honor of the newcomer among us, for New Munich is noted for its hospitality."

"It don't say," Jennie sharply remarked, "whether she's well fixed—though, to be sure, if she comes from such high people, they'd have to be rich."

"But her grand relations are all deceased, the paper says," returned Sadie despondently. "You may better believe, Jenny, if she had money, Danny would have told the newspapers."

"It says in the paper she's living with her married sister, and it looks to me," Jennie shrewdly surmised, "as if her brother-in-law—that lawyer Danny had dealin's with—wanted to get rid of her and worked her off on our Danny. Or else that she took up with our Danny to get a home of her own."

"Do you *think* Danny could be so easy worked?" Sadie doubtfully inquired.

"He's a man," Jennie affirmed conclusively—though there were those among Danny's acquaintances who would not



*"It don't say," Jennie sharply remarked, "whether she's well fixed—though to be sure if she comes from such high people they'd have to be rich."*

have agreed with Jennie—"and any man can be worked."

"You think?"

"To be sure. Danny would have been roped in long ago a'ready if I hadn't uv opened his eyes to it, still, when he was bein' worked."

"Yes, I guess," agreed Sadie. "Say, Jennie, what'll Hiram say when he hears it, I wonder?"

Hiram was their brother next in age to Jennie. Upon the family's sudden, unexpected access to wealth, thirty-five years before, through the discovery of coal on some farm land they owned, he

had immediately decided to use his share of the money to prepare himself for what had then seemed to him, a young farmer working in the fields, a dizzy height of ambition, the highest human calling, the United Brethren ministry.

For twenty-five years, now, he had been pastor of a small church in the neighboring borough of Millerstown. His sisters were very proud to have a brother who was a "preacher." It was so respectable. They never failed to feel a thrill at sight of his printed name in an occasional number of the Millers-town *New Era*—"Reverend Hiram

Leitzel." But Hiram did not, of course, hold Danny's high place in their regard; Danny, their little brother whom they had reared and who had repaid them by such a successful career in money-making that he had, at the age of forty-five, accumulated a fortune many times larger than that he had inherited.

"Hiram will take it awful hard that Danny's gettin' married," affirmed Jennie. "He'd like you and me and Danny, too, to will our money to *his* children. He always hoped, I think, that Danny wouldn't ever get married, so's his children would get all. To be sure, the ministry ain't a money-makin' callin', and Hiram has jealous feelin's over Danny that he's so rich and keeps gettin' richer. Hiram likes money, too, as much as Danny does."

"I wonder," speculated Sadie, "if Danny's picked out as savin' and hard-workin' a wife as what Hiram's got."

The characteristic Leitzel caution that Hiram had exercised in "picking out" a wife had prolonged his bachelorhood far into middle life. He had now been married ten years, and had four children.

Keenly as the Leitzels loved money, none of them, not even Hiram himself, had ever regretted his going into the ministry. It gave him the kind of importance in the little borough of Millers-town that was manna to the Leitzel egotism. Hiram really thought of himself—as in his youth he had thought of all ministers—as a kind of demigod; and as the people of Millers-town and even his own wife treated him as if he were one, he lived in the complacent enjoyment of his delusion.

He had greatly pleased his sisters and his brother Daniel by marrying the daughter of the richest man in his congregation, and they all approved of the frugality with which he and his wife managed to live on the little salary he drew from his church, letting his in-

herited wealth and that of his wife accumulate for the children.

"It ain't likely," Jennie replied to Sadie's speculation, "that Danny's marryin' as well as Hiram married, when he's actin' without our advice."

"No, I guess, anyhow, not," agreed Sadie. "Say, Jennie!" she suddenly whispered mysteriously.

"Well, what?"

"Will we leave mom know about Danny's gettin' married?"

"Well, to be sure she'll have to find it out," Jennie curtly answered. "It'll mebbe be printed in the *County Gazette*, and she sees that sometimes."

"Say, Jennie, if Danny's wife is a way-up lady, what'll she think of mom, yet, with her New Mennonite garb and her Dutch talk, that way, and all? My goodness!"

"Well, a body can't help for their stepmothers, I guess."

"But she's so wonderful common and ignorant. I guess Danny would be ashamed to leave his wife see her. And his wife would laugh so at her clothes and her talk!"

"But how would his wife ever get a chance to see her? We don't ever have mom in here, and we never take any one out to see her."

"That's so, too," Sadie acquiesced.

"I guess Hiram'll press it more'n ever now that we'd ought to put mom to the poorhouse and *rent* our old home. The land would bring a good rent, he says, and we've no call to leave her live on it free any longer. But I tell Hiram it would make talk if we put her to the poorhouse. Hardly any one knows we *got* a stepmother, and we don't want to start any talk."

"Yes, well, but how could they blame us when she ain't our own mother?" Sadie protested.

"But *you* know how she brags about us so proud to her neighbors out there in Martz Township—just as if we were her own sons and daughters—and tells

'em how grand we live, and how much Danny is thought of and how smart he is, and what fine sermons Hiram preaches, and how she kep' us all when we were little while pop drank so and we hadn't anythin' but what she earned at the washtub. Yes," said Jennie indignantly, "she tells it all right out perfectly shameless, and anybody, to hear her talk, would think we were her own flesh and blood."

"Yes, it often worries me, the way the folks out there talk down on us and say she always treated us like her own and we always treated her like a *stepmother*," fretted Sadie.

"Well, I guess we needn't mind what such common, poor, country folks say about *us*!" sneered Jennie. "All the same"—she suddenly lowered her voice apprehensively—"we darsent start folks talkin', or first thing we know they'll be sayin' we *cheated* mom out of her widow's third because she was too ignorant to claim it."

"How would they have dare to say that when the land came from our own mother in the first place?" pleaded Sadie. "And Danny always says we've got our moral right to all the money, even if we haven't the legal right."

"Yes, and he always says, too, that if we ain't awful careful, we'll have a lawsuit yet—and be *forced* to give a lot of our money over to mom. Yes, I often say to Hiram: 'Better leave sleepin' dogs lay,' I say, 'and not go tryin' to put mom into the poorhouse.'"

"Yes, I guess, anyhow, then," breathed Sadie.

"By to-morrow"—Jennie veered off from the precarious topic of their stepmother, for here was ice too thin for even private family treading—"we'll be gettin' a letter from Danny givin' us the details. Say, Sadie, if he don't offer to pay our way, I ain't usin' *my* money to travel that far to his weddin'."

"Nor me, either," said Sadie. "Do you think, Jennie," she anxiously asked,

"folks will talk at our still keepin' house for Danny when he's married? You know how Danny always made us promise we'd stay by him, married or single."

Jennie sniffed.

"As if he could get along without us! As if any one else could learn his ways and how he likes things—and him so particular about his little comforts! *He* wouldn't leave us go away! And look at what he *saves*, with us payin' half the household expenses!"

"And as for his wife's not likin' it —" began Sadie.

"As for her," Jennie sharply put in, "she's comin' here without askin' us if we like it. She'll be put in *her* place right from the start."

"But if she's got money of her own, mebbey," Sadie suggested doubtfully, "she could be independent, too, then."

"Well, to be sure she'd put her money in her husband's care, wouldn't she? And him a lawyer!"

"A body couldn't be sure she'd do that till they saw, once, what kind of a person she was, Jennie."

"Well," Jennie stoutly maintained, "Danny'll *see* that she does."

It will be noted that the story of Miss Berkeley's "distinguished lineage" did not greatly impress Jennie and Sadie Leitzel. They did not quite understand it. They knew nothing about such a thing as a distinguished lineage. New Munich "aristocrats" certainly did not have any, and the sisters' experiences being limited to life as it was in New Munich, whose "first families" were such only by reason of their "means," Sadie and Jennie were ignorant of any other measure of excellence. To be poor and at the same time of any significance was a combination unknown to them.

The one thing that would have softened their attitude toward their new relative would have been an unequivocal statement as to the firm financial

standing of her family. And on that point the newspaper, though furnished by Daniel himself with the facts, had been ominously silent. The conclusion was unmistakable: she was certainly penniless.

It was not greatly to be wondered at that the Leitzels worshiped money. Money had done everything for them. It had rescued them from a fearful struggle for a bare existence on a small, heavily mortgaged farm; it had freed them from the grind of slavish labor, from an obscurity that had been bitterly humiliating to the self-esteem and the ambition that were characteristic of every one of them. Money had given them power, place, influence; had made their fellow men treat them with deference, and had relieved them from the necessity of treating any one else with deference. They knew of no worth in life unpurchasable by money. They did not, therefore, know of their own spiritual pauperism, their abject poverty.

## CHAPTER II.

The betrothal and impending marriage of Daniel Leitzel were the only topics of discussion that evening at the New Munich Country Club dance. Certainly New Munich had a country club. "Up to date in every particular," there was nothing in the way of being smartly fashionable that the town of New Munich lacked. Well, if, up to the present, it had lacked old families of "distinguished lineage," who, in these commercial days, regarded that kind of thing? Anyway, was not that lack—if lack it had been—now to be supplied by the newcomer, Mrs. Daniel Leitzel?

Not only at the country-club dance, but wherever two or three were gathered together—at the mid-week prayer meeting, at the woman's suffrage headquarters, at the Ladies' Literary Club, at the Episcopal Church vespers, at the auction bridge given at Congressman

Ocksreider's home—Danny Leitzel's betrothal was talked about.

"Just imagine this 'daughter of a thousand earls——'"

"Governors, not earls," corrected Mr. Schaeffer, the whist partner of the first speaker, Miss Myrtle Deibert, as supper was being served at eleven o'clock on the card tables at Congressman Ocksreider's. "A thousand governors and highbrows—shy-lologists, or something like that—whatever they are!"

"Well, just imagine such a person living at the Leitzels'!"

"But you don't suppose Danny's sisters will still live with him after he's married?" exclaimed Mr. Bleichert, the second young man at the table.

"If he thinks it more economical, they certainly will," declared Miss Myrtle Deibert.

"Whew!" exclaimed Mr. Bleichert. "Good night!"

"Who would have supposed any nice girl would have married old Danny Leitzel?" marveled Mr. Schaeffer.

"Oh, come, now!" protested Mr. Bleichert, who was a cynic. "Why have all the girls, from the buds just out up to the bargain-counter maidens in their fourth season, been inviting Danny Leitzel to everything going, and running after him heels over head, ever since he built his ugly, expensive brick house on Main Street? Tell me that, will you?"

It should be stated here that it was an accepted social custom in New Munich for the people at one card table to discuss the clothes, manners, and morals of those at the next table.

"You know perfectly well," retorted Miss Deibert, "that at least two girls in this town, when it came to the point of marrying Danny, chucked it."

"I should think they might!" said Schaeffer. "Why, he isn't a man; he's a weasel, a rat, a money slot!"

"Well, of course, the girl or old maid, 'bird or devil,' who has caught him at

last isn't marrying him for himself, but for his money," serenely affirmed Myrtle Deibert.

"When she meets his two appendages, Miss Jennie and Miss Sadie, she'll wish she was single again," predicted Mr. Bleichert.

"They'll probably think it their business to manage Danny's wife the way they manage him," Miss Deibert declared.

"I hope she's a spendthrift," shrugged Mr. Schaeffer. "It would give Dan Leitzel the shock he needs to find himself married to a spendthrift."

"She won't be one after she's Mrs. Daniel Leitzel," Miss Deibert confidently asserted.

"But of course she's rich. Dan Leitzel wouldn't marry a dowerless woman," said Bleichert.

"Well, then, he won't let her spend her money." Miss Deibert settled that.

The second young lady at this card table, a pale, serious-looking girl, did not join in the discussion, but sat with her eyes downcast, toying with her food as the rest chattered. The other three did not give Miss Aucker credit for remaining silent because she found their gossip vulgar and tiresome—which was indeed her reason—but attributed her disinclination to talk to the fact that during the past year Daniel Leitzel had been rather noticeably attentive to her; so much so that people had begun to look for a possible interesting outcome. Miss Deibert, Mr. Schaeffer, and Mr. Bleichert, therefore, all considered her demeanor just now to be an indelicately open expression of her chagrin at the news they discussed.

"He was her last chance," Miss Deibert was thinking. "She must be nearly thirty."

"One would think she wouldn't show her disappointment so frankly," Mr. Schaeffer was mentally criticizing her.

"You know," chuckled Miss Deibert, as she dabbed with her fork at a

chicken croquet, "Danny, away from his sisters and his awful house and among strangers, would appear so like a perfect gentleman, even if he is 'a rat, a weasel, a money slot,' that I think even the descendant of earls or governors might be deceived. You see, he's had so many advantages. He was only ten years old when they discovered coal on their land and got rich overnight. And from the first, his sisters gave him every advantage they could buy for him, sending him to the best private schools, and then to college, and then to the Harvard Law School. And every one knows that Danny Leitzel is no fool, but a brilliant lawyer. So I do think that, detached from his setting here, there's nothing about Danny that would lead an unsuspecting South Carolina girl to imagine such contingencies as Jennie and Sadie and that Main Street house. I suppose *she* lives in an ancestral colonial place full of antique mahogany, the kind we all buy at junk shops when we have money enough."

"What kind of a woman would it be that could stand Dan Leitzel's penuriousness?" Mr. Schaeffer speculated. "He makes money like rolling downhill, and I've heard him jew down the old chorewoman that scrubs his office and haggle over a fifty-cent bill for supper at the club. He's the worst screw I ever knew. And, mind you, his bride's a Southern woman, accustomed to liberality and gallantry and everything she won't find at Danny's house!"

"Do you know—not many people in New Munich do seem to know—that the Leitzels' mother is living?" said Miss Deibert.

"What?"

"I know a woman that knows her. She lives in the Leitzels' old farmhouse out in Martz Township."

"But Miss Jennie and Miss Sadie are too old to have a mother living."

"It's their stepmother. But she





"I hope she's a spendthrift," shrugged Mr. Schaeffer. "It would give Dan Leitzel the shock he needs to find himself married to a spendthrift."

brought them up from little children, and I heard she even took in washing to support them when their own father drank—and now they're ashamed of her and don't have anything to do with her. I was told she's a dear old soul and never speaks against them, but is as proud of their rise in the world as if she were their own mother. The neighbors out there say she has a hard time getting on, and that they don't do a thing for her except let her live in their old tumble-down farmhouse. Isn't it a shame, as rich as they are?"

"You can't believe everything you hear."

"But it would be just like them," affirmed Bleichert.

"Mary!" Miss Deibert suddenly laid her hand playfully on that of the silent Miss Aucker. "Congratulations on your escape, my dear!"

"I was never in the least danger, Myrtle. Aren't we gossiping rather dreadfully? I've been wondering"—

she looked up with a smile that transformed her seriousness into a gentle radiance—"what a newcomer like Mr. Leitzel's wife, doomed to live here, will do with us and our social life, if she really is a woman of breeding and culture. I wonder whether it would be possible this winter to make our social coming together count for something more than—well, than just an utter waste of time. What is there in it all—our afternoon teas, auction bridges, luncheons, dinners, dances—though our dances are, of course, the best thing we do, because they are at least refreshing and rejuvenating. But don't you think, Myrtle, that we might make it all more worth while?"

"There's the Ladies' Literary Club," Myrtle suggested, "for those that want something 'worth while,' as you put it. I think it's an awful bore myself."

"Of course it is," Mary agreed.

"But what would you suggest, then?"

"I suppose it's after all a question of



what is in ourselves. A dozen literary clubs at which we read abstracts from encyclopedias wouldn't alter the fact that when we get together, we have so little, so little to give to each other."

"Oh, I don't know!" protested Myrtle. "We all read all the latest books and magazines and talk about them, and——"

At an adjoining table, another phase of the agitating news was being thrashed out.

"If she's what the papers say she is, I suppose she'll turn up her nose at New Munich," said the daughter of the Episcopalian rector.

"Oh, I don't think she need put on any airs," said Miss Ocksreider, the hostess' daughter. "I've visited down South, and I can tell you we're enough more up to date here in New Munich. Nearly every one down there, even their aristocrats, are so poor that up here they wouldn't be anybody. It's awfully queer the way those Southerners don't care anything about appearances. They tell you right out they can't afford this and that, and they don't seem to think anything of wearing clothes all out of style. There was an awfully handsome new house in the town where I stopped, and when I asked the hotel clerk who lived in it and if they weren't great swells, he said:

"'Oh, no, they are not in society. They're not one of our families—though they're very nice people, of course, members of church and good to the poor and all like that.'"

"'Not in society, in a little town like this Leesburg, and living in a mansion like that!' I said.

"Yes, that's the way they are down there."

"How queer!" came from two of her table companions, to whom, like herself, any but money standards of value were rather vague and hazy.

"But if they don't care for money down there, then what's this girl marry-

ing Dan Leitzel for?" one of the men candidly wondered.

"Well, you know there's no accounting for tastes."

"I could excuse any woman's marrying for money—in these days it's only prudent," said the candid one. "But I certainly couldn't respect a woman that married Dan Leitzel for anything else."

"It's to be hoped she's an up-to-date girl and not a clinging vine, for Danny will need very firm handling to make him part with enough money to keep her in gloves and slippers and other necessary luxuries," said Miss Ocksreider.

"Yes, if it were only her husband that she'll have to manage. But there are Miss Jennie and Miss Sadie, too!" cried the rector's daughter. "Danny doesn't so much as put on a necktie without consulting them. They even tie it for him and part his hair for him."

"That may be," said one of the men. "But let me tell you that any one who thinks Dan Leitzel hasn't any force of character better take another guess. If he lets his sisters choose his neckties for him, it's because he doesn't want to do it himself. He's the most consummately selfish individual I've ever known in the whole course of my long and useful life, and the most immovably obstinate. Weak? Why, when that fellow takes a notion, he's a mule for sticking to it. Reason with him? Go out in your chicken yard and reason with your hens! It wouldn't be as futile."

"He may be independent of his sisters, but his wife won't be," prophesied the rector's daughter darkly.

"Anyway," said Miss Ocksreider, "it'll be interesting—won't it?—to look on this winter at the drama or comedy or tragedy, as the case may be, of Danny Leitzel's marriage."

"Won't it?" exclaimed her hearers, in chorus.

But at one of the other tables a man was at this moment remarking:

"You may all laugh at Dan Leitzel—he's funny, of course—but he's all the same a man of brains and education, of wealth and influence and power. In short, he's a *successful* man. And in Pennsylvania who asks anything more of a man?"

### CHAPTER III.

Meantime, several hundred miles away, the two objects of all this criticism and speculation were not so apprehensive for their future as were the gossips of New Munich, though it must be confessed that the prospective bridegroom, in spite of his jubilant happiness, did have one or two misgivings on certain points, and that the bride, while wholly ignorant of the real caliber of the man she was about to marry, and having no conception of such a domestic and social environment as that from which he had sprung, nevertheless did not even imagine herself romantically in love with him.

That a girl like Margaret Berkeley could have become involved in a love affair and an actual betrothal with a man like Daniel Leitzel, while apparently inexplicable, becomes, in view of her unique history and circumstances, not only possible but almost inevitable.

Her entanglement with him may be dated from a certain evening just twenty-four hours before she met or even heard of him, when a little episode, trivial enough in itself, opened her eyes to an ugly fact in her relation with her sister to which she had been rather persistently blind.

She had been radiantly happy all that day because of the unusual circumstance that she had something delightful to anticipate for the evening. Her godmother, who lived in Charleston, had phoned out to Berkeley Hill to invite her to go with her to see Nazimova in

"Hedda Gabbler"; and, as Margaret had never in all the twenty-five years of her life seen but three plays—though she had avidly read every classic drama in the English and French languages—she was greatly excited at the prospect before her. So barren had her girlhood been of youthful pleasures, so somber and uneventful her daily routine, and so repressed every natural, restless instinct toward brightness and happiness, that the idea of seeing a great dramatic performance loomed large before her as an intoxicating delight.

All day, alone in her isolated suburban home, in charge of her elder sister's three small children and of the two rather decrepit negro servants of the great old place, she had gone tripping and singing about the house, unable to settle down to the prosaic work of mending the week's laundry, or of wrestling with the intricacies of Henry James' difficult style in "The Golden Bowl," in which, the night before, she had been passionately absorbed.

She could scarcely wait for her sister Harriet to come home from town—where she was attending a young matrons' lunching party—so eager was she to tell her of the treat she was going to have.

"She'll be so glad for me! I've scarcely been outside the hedge for a month, and she's been having such a gay time herself. She's so awfully popular. She'll be *so* glad I'm going!" she repeated to herself, trying to ignore the doubt in her heart on that point.

But when, at half past four in the afternoon, Harriet returned, the blow fell upon Margaret.

"Harriet, dear," she exultantly greeted her sister with the splendid news the moment the latter came into the house, "Aunt Virginia is going to take me to see Nazimova to-night! Oh!"

She laughed aloud and danced about the spacious hall in her delight, while

her sister, a very comely young matron of thirty-five, leisurely removed her wraps.

"But Walter and I are going," Harriet remarked casually, as she tossed her cloak over a carved, high-backed chair. "The editor of the *Bulletin* gave Walter two tickets as part payment for some legal business Walter did for him. Of course you and I can't both be away from the children. Has the baby had her five-o'clock bottle?"

"It isn't quite five yet."

"Will you see that she gets it, dearie? I'm so dead tired, I'll have to rest before dinner if I'm going in to the city again to-night. Will you attend to it?"

"Yes."

"That's a dear. I'm going up to lie down. Don't let the children come to my room and wake me, will you, dear?" she added, as she started languidly upstairs.

"But, Harriet——"

"What?" Harriet asked, not stopping.

"I accepted Aunt Virginia's invitation, and she is coming out in her motor for me."

"Too bad! I'm awfully sorry. You'd better phone at once, or she'll be offended. Tell her that as we are much too poor to *buy* tickets for the theater, we can't possibly refuse to use them on the rare occasions when they're given to us." Harriet laughed as she disappeared around the curve of the winding stairway.

Margaret sprang after her.

"Oh, Harriet, I can't give it up!" Her voice was low and breathless.

"But if you phone at once, Aunt Virginia won't be cross. You know, dearie,



"But Walter and I are going," Harriet casually remarked. "Of course you and I can't both be away from the children."

you shouldn't make arrangements without first finding out what ours are." And Harriet moved on up the stairs to her bedroom.

Margaret was ashamed of her childishness when, at dinner that evening—Walter, her brother-in-law, having inquired, in his kind, solicitous way, the cause of her pallor and silence—she burst out crying and rushed from the table.

Walter, looking shocked and distressed, turned to his wife for an explanation. But Harriet's face expressed blank astonishment.

"Why, I can't imagine. Unless she's tired out from having had the children all day. I was at Mrs. Duncan's luncheon, you know. I didn't get home until nearly five. I'll tell Margaret to go to bed early to-night and rest up."

Walter Eastman, searching his wife's face keenly, shrugged his big shoulders at the impenetrability of its innocent candor. No use to try to get at the truth of anything from Harriet. She wasn't exactly a liar, but she had a genius for twisting facts to suit her own selfish ends—and all Harriet's ends were selfish. Even the welfare of her children was secondary always to her own comfort and convenience. Walter had no illusions about the wife of his bosom and the mother of his three children. He knew perfectly well that she loved no one as she loved herself, and that this dominating self-love made her often cold-blooded and even sometimes a bit false, though always, he was sure, unconsciously so. He was still quite fond of her, which spoke well for them both, considering that they had been married nine years. Of course, after such a length of time, they were no longer "in love." But Harriet was an easy-going, good-natured woman, when you didn't cross her; and, as he was also easy-going and good-natured, and never crossed her when he could avoid it, they got on beautifully and had a pretty good time together.

"Take Margaret to the play with you to-night, and I'll stay home with the kiddies, Harriet," he suggested, looking at his wife across their beautifully appointed dinner table, with its old family china and silver. Harriet, in her homemade evening gown, graced with distinction the stately dining room with its shining antique mahogany, its walls hung with portraits. "If Margaret's had charge of the children all day, she ought not to have them to-night."

"No"—Harriet shook her head—"Margaret ought not to go out to-night. She's too tired. And I want *you* with me, dear. Margaret is not my husband, you know. That's the danger of having one of your family living with you." She sighed. "It's so apt to make a husband and wife less near to each other.

I'm always resisting the inclination, Walter, dear, to pair off with Margaret instead of with *you*. I resist it for your sake, for the children's sake, for the sake of our home."

"I shall feel a selfish beast—going to a play and leaving that dear girl alone here with the babies. They're our babies, not hers, you know."

"She loves them like her own—she's crazy about them. They're the greatest pleasure she has, Walter."

"Because she hasn't the sort of young pleasures she ought to have, and because she's so unselfish, Hat, that she lets herself be imposed upon to the limit. I've been thinking lately that we ought to do more than we do for Margaret. She ought to know girls of her own age; she ought to have a bit of social life, now that the year of mourning is over. It's too damned dull for her, sticking out here eternally, minding our children and seeing after the house."

"But she's used to sticking out here and seeing after the house. When she lived here with Uncle Osmond, she had a lot less diversion and life about her than she has now, and you know how deadly gloomy it was here then. We've brightened it up and made it a *home* for Margaret."

"The fact that she had to sacrifice her girlhood for your uncle is all the more reason why she shouldn't sacrifice what's left of it to our children."

"If Margaret doesn't complain. I don't see why you need, dear."

"*She'd* never complain—she never thinks of herself. Your Uncle Osmond took care not to let her form the habit. For that very reason we should think *for* her a bit, Hattie, dear. I say we've got to let Margaret in for some young society."

"When I can't afford to keep up *my* social end, let alone hers? And if we should spend money that way for Mar-

garet, where would the children come in?"

"Oh, pshaw!" said Walter impatiently. "You're bluffing. You care no more about the money side of it than I do. You're not a Yankee tightwad. Margaret need not live the life of a nursemaid because we're not rich, any more than you do, honey. It's absurd. And it's all wrong. What you're really afraid of, Hat, is that if she went about more, *you'd* have to stay at home now and then with your own babies. Eh, dear?"

But he was warned by the look in his wife's face that he must go no further. He was aware of the fact that Harriet was distinctly jealous of his too manifest liking for Margaret. Being something of a philosopher, he had felt occasionally, when his sister-in-law had seemed to him more than usually charming and irresistible, that a wife's instinctive jealousy was really a providential safeguard to hold a man in check.

He wondered often why he found Margaret so tremendously appealing, when undoubtedly his wife, though ten years older than her sister, was much the better looking of the two. He was not subtle enough to divine that it was the absolutely feminine quality of Margaret's personality, the penetrating, all-pervasive womanliness that one felt in her presence, expressing itself in her every movement, in every curve of her young body; it was this that so poignantly appealed to his strong virility that at times he felt he could not bear her presence in the house.

He would turn from her and look upon his wife's much prettier face and finer figure—only to have the fire of his blood turn lukewarm. For he recognized with fatal clearness that though Harriet had the beautiful, clear-cut features and look of high breeding characteristic of the Berkeley face, her inexpressive countenance betrayed a

commonplace mind and soul, while Margaret, with less actual beauty, had, with the family look and air of breeding, a countenance of intelligence and sensitiveness that gave her a marked distinction; and Walter Eastman was a man not only of temperament, but of the poetic imagination that idealizes the woman with whom he is at the time in love.

"The man that marries Margaret will never fall out of love with her—she's magnetic to her finger tips. What's more, there's something in her *worth* loving—worth loving forever!"

At this stage of his reflections, he usually pulled himself up short, uncomfortably conscious of his disloyalty. Harriet, he knew, was wholly loyal to him, proud of him, believing him all that any woman could reasonably expect a husband to be—a gentleman of old family, chivalrous to his wife, devoted to his children, temperate in his habits, upright and honorable. She did not even criticize his natural indolence which, rather than lack of brains or opportunity, kept his law practice and his earnings too small for the needs of his growing family. But Harriet preferred to do without money rather than have her husband a vulgar "hustler," like a "Yankee upstart."

It was this same indolence of Walter's, rather than want of force of character, that led him to stand by passively and see his sister-in-law constantly imposed upon, as he distinctly felt that she was; though he realized that Margaret herself, dear, sweet girl that she was, never seemed conscious of it. Her unexpected outburst at dinner to-night had shocked and hurt him to the quick. He was sure that something really outrageous on Harriet's part must have caused it. Yet, rather than "raise a row" with Harriet, he acquiesced in her decision to leave Margaret at home. It must be said, in justice to him, that had his astute wife not kept him in igno-

rance of their Aunt Virginia's invitation to Margaret, he would undoubtedly have taken a stand in the matter. Harriet, carefully calculating the limit of his easy forbearance, knew better than to tell him of that invitation; and she could safely count upon Margaret not to put her in the wrong with Walter.

Margaret, meantime, locked in her room, had quickly got over her outbreak of weeping, and was now sitting upon her bed, resolutely facing her quandary.

It was Harriet's assumption of authority, with its implication of her own subservient position, that was opening Margaret's eyes this evening to the real nature of her position in her sister's household.

"Suppose I went straight to her now, all dressed for the theater, and told her in an offhand, careless, artistic manner that I couldn't possibly break my engagement with Aunt Virginia!"

Margaret, perched Turk fashion on the foot of her bed, her hands clasped about one knee, her cheeks flushed, her eyes very bright, contemplated in fancy Harriet's consternation at such an unwonted procedure on her part—and she knew that she would not do it. Not because, like Walter, she was too indolent to wrestle with Harriet's cold-blooded tenacity; nor because she was in the least afraid of her sister. After living eight years with Uncle Osmond, she would hardly quail before Harriet. But it was what Harriet had said to her this afternoon—that awful thing that burned in her brain and heart—it was *that* with which she must reckon before she could take any definite stand.

"You should not make any engagements without first finding out what ours are," Harriet had said; which, in view of all the circumstances, simply meant: "Being dependent upon us for your food and clothes, your time should be at our disposal. You are no more

free to go and come than are the cook and butler."

Now, of course, Harriet would never admit for an instant that she felt like that. Margaret knew perfectly well that her sister did not begrudge the little it cost to keep her with them. Harriet was not so thrifty as that. This attitude, then, was probably only a pretext to cover something else that Harriet was no doubt unwilling to admit even to her own soul; that something else which Margaret herself had tried so long not to see, which made her presence at Berkeley Hill unwelcome to both Walter and Harriet. And Harriet, too proud to acknowledge her true reason for wishing her sister away, pretended to an economic one.

"Suppose I said to *her*, 'You must not make engagements without first finding out what mine are'? Now if she had only said, '*We* should not make engagements without first consulting with each other.' But she put all the obligation where she tries to persuade herself it belongs."

When presently Margaret heard her sister and Walter leave the house to go to the theater, she got up from her bed and went to Harriet's room, adjoining the nursery, to keep guard over the three sleeping children until their parents should come home.

Lying on a chintz-covered couch at the foot of Harriet's huge, four-poster bed, she thought long and earnestly upon every phase of her difficult situation, determined that before she slept she would solve the apparently impossible problem of how she might leave Berkeley Hill.

#### CHAPTER IV.

Nine years ago it was that Margaret, a girl of sixteen, had come out from Charleston to live at Berkeley Hill, as nurse, amanuensis, housekeeper, and companion to her sickly, irritable, and



eccentric old Uncle Osmond Berkeley, eminent psychologist, scholar, and author, who at that time owned and occupied the Berkeley homestead.

It was the death of her father, and Harriet's immediate marriage, that, leaving her homeless and penniless, had precipitated upon her these years of imprisonment with an irascible invalid. Indeed, so completely stranded had she been that she had accepted only too thankfully her uncle's grudging offer to give her a home with him on condition that she give him in return every hour of her time, making herself useful in every variety of occupation he might see fit to impose, and doing it all with entire cheerfulness. That had been chief of his many "unqualified conditions"—a cheerful countenance at all times, no matter what her fancied reason for dissatisfaction, and no matter how gloomy *he* might be.

"I'm never cheerful," he affirmed, "and that's why I require you always to be so. If that seems to you unreasonable and illogical, you're stupid. Give the matter a little thought, and light may come to you. You'll have plenty of chance, living with me, to develop what little thinking powers you may have; much more chance than you'd ever have in a school for young ladies, where you no doubt think I ought to send you for the next two or three years. Schools for young ladies! Ha!" he laughed sardonically. "Ye gods! Thank me for rescuing you from the fate of being 'finished' at one of them. Well are they named 'finishing schools.' They certainly are a girl's finish so far as common sense, capacity for usefulness, and ability to think for herself are concerned. And there actually are parents of daughters who seriously regard such schools as institutions of education! Yes, education! You'll get more education, my girl, from one week of my conversation than you would

from a decade of one of those parasite factories."

It was in the library at Berkeley Hill, the stately old country home which for seven generations had belonged to the Berkeley family, that this preliminary interview took place, her uncle in his reclining chair before a great open hearth, the firelight playing upon his pallid, intellectual face, crowned with thick, white hair, and upon the emaciated hands clasping a volume on his knee. Repellently harsh he seemed to the shrinking maiden standing before him in her deep mourning, to be inspected, appraised, and catechized. For in spite of the fact that she had been born and brought up in the city of Charleston, only two miles away, her uncle had never seen enough of her to know anything about her.

Perceiving, now, how the girl shrank from him, his eyes sparkled. There was something ghoulish in his love of cowing those who served him. For the past ten years he had had no woman near him save hired attendants who cringed before his bullying.

"A human creature who lets itself be bullied deserves no better," was his theory, and he never spared a sycophant.

"The day I have you weeping on my hands," he warned his niece, as she stood pale and silent before him, "or even looking as if you were trying *not* to weep—out you go!"

The fact that the girl was scarcely more than a child, that she was alone and penniless, did not soften him.

"She's old enough to show her mettle if she has any. If she hasn't, no loss if she's crushed in the grind of serving me. For *I'm* useful, and shall be while I breathe and think."

"Well, what have you to say for yourself, wench?" he demanded, when she had heard without a word his uncompromising statements as to what he





*"The day I have you weeping on my hands, or even looking as if you were trying not to weep—out you go!"*

would require of her in return for the "home" he would give her.

"I accept all your unqualified conditions, Uncle Osmond," she answered quietly, no tremor in her voice—and her musical, soft drawl fell with an oddly soothing effect upon the invalid's rasped nerves—"if you'll accept my one condition."

Her uncle's white head jerked like a startled animal's.

"What? What?" he ejaculated, after an instant's stunned silence. "Your

condition? Huh! You making a condition! Upon my word! What pertness is this? A condition upon which you'll accept my charity!"

"Not your charity. The self-supporting position of your cheerful, uncomplaining, industrious, capable, untiring, companionable, intelligent chattel," came the musical, lazy drawl, in reply. "My condition is that you solemnly promise never again to call me a 'wench.'"

"I'll call you what I see fit to call

you! If you're so damned squeamish, I won't have you near me! I'd be hurling books at your head."

"I'm not squeamish, Uncle Osmond; indeed I'm not. I really rather like the way you swear—it's so manly and exciting. But I won't be called a wench."

"Why not? I won't have my liberty of speech hampered!"

"Very well, then, Uncle Osmond, dear, I won't come."

"You shan't come! I wouldn't have you in the house, Miss Pernicketty!"

"Good-by, then. I'm very sorry for you, Uncle Osmond. I'm sure the loss is yours. I would have been very kind to you."

"Sorry for me! You think well of yourself, don't you, wench?"

"At least so well that I'll go out sewing by the day, or stand in a store, or go on the stage, or turn evangelist—I've heard there's money in that—before I'll be called a wench."

"What in hell do you imagine the word means?"

"I don't know what it means. But I won't be addressed as a wench."

"Get the dictionary. Look it up."

"But I won't be called a wench, no matter what it means."

"*Won't* be called one! You dictate to me? Understand, girl, nobody dictates to me! Read Shakespeare's 'Lucrece'—"

"Know, gentle wench, it small avails my mood—"

No offense in the word, you see—my authority being our greatest English poet."

"Good-by, Uncle Osmond," she said, turning away and walking toward the door.

"Come back and behave yourself."

She came back at once.

"All right—and don't ever forget your promise."

"I promised nothing. I never make promises."

"Your acceptance of my condition is a promise."

"Acceptance of your condition!" He choked and spluttered over it.

"And it's a mighty small condition, considering all I'm going to do for you with cheerfulness, amiability, a pleasant smile——"

"Hold your tongue and speak when you are spoken to!" he growled, apparently furious, but secretly exulting at the child's refreshing fearlessness with him.

It had been an instinct of self-preservation that had led Margaret to demonstrate to her uncle, in that very first hour with him, that the line would have to be drawn somewhere in his brow-beating. And the word "wench" had served her purpose. Thereafter, in the eight years that she lived with him, docile and patient as she always was, he never forgot, and she never had to remind him, that there was a limit past which he could not safely venture in the indulgence of his tendency to tyrannize.

But her life was hard. Most girls would have found its monotony and self-sacrifice unbearable; its gloomy environment in the great, empty barn of a house too depressing; its close confinement within the narrow limits of the unkept grounds, overgrown with weeds and bushes and dark with big trees and a high hedge of hemlocks, as bad as any jail. There were sometimes weeks at a stretch during which she saw no human being save her uncle and the old negro couple who had lived on the place for a quarter of a century. For, though Harriet and her husband lived in Charleston, her uncle would spare her so seldom to visit them, and was so exacting as to her speedy return to him, that she soon fell into the way of confining her intercourse with her sister almost entirely to a weekly exchange of letters.

In spite, however, of her isolation, Margaret felt that there were compen-

sations in her lot. She had resources within herself in her love of books, and she found in her uncle's rich intellectual equipment, of which he freely gave her the benefit in their daily association, a stimulus, a variety, and even an excitement that meant much more to her than the average girl's diversions of frocks, parties, and beaux. It is true she often longed for a congenial companion of her own age, she hungered for affection, she suffered keenly in her occasional feverish paroxysms of restlessness, and there were times when the surging fountains of her youth threatened to break down the barriers imprisoning a nature that was both large and impassioned.

"She's temperamental enough," was her uncle's early conclusion, as, from day to day, the girl's mind and heart were unfolded to his keen observation.

Her rare periods of passionate discontent, however, though they left her spent and listless for a time after they had passed over her, did not embitter her. There was a fund of native sweetness in Margaret's soul that even her life with cynical old Osmond Berkeley could not blight. That philosopher marveled often at his inability to spoil her, remarkably open as he found her young mind to the ideas and theories that he delighted in impressing upon her. It was indeed amazing how readily she would select from the intellectual feast daily spread before her what was wholesome and pure and reject what was morbid.

"That's right," he would approve, when she would frankly refuse to accept a dogma laid down to her. "Better think for yourself, even though you think wrongly, than do as the other females of the species do—believe whatever they're told to believe; or, worse, what it suits their personal interests to believe. Be everlastingly thankful to me that I encourage you to think for yourself—to face the *facts* of life.

George Meredith writes: 'The education of girls is to make them think that facts are their enemies.' *You* shall not escape some knowledge of facts if I can help it."

"It's awfully nice of you to care so much about my mind, Uncle Osmond," she responded gratefully, "to really care for *anything* about me. I do love to be mothered and coddled and made much of!"

"Huh! Mothered and coddled and made much of! You're at the wrong shop. And don't let me hear you misuse that word 'nice.'"

"I insist upon being pleased at your caring at least about my mind. I'd be grateful even to a dog that was good to me."

"I'm not a dog, and I'm never so good to any one that you could notice it particularly."

"Don't try to make yourself out worse than you are. You're bad enough, honey, in all conscience."

"Hold your impudence and bring me volume third of Kant's 'Critique.'"

"Oh, dear!" Margaret sighed as she obeyed. "Is it going to be *that* awful dope to-day? I hoped up to the last you'd choose an exciting novel. Do you know, I don't think it's womanly to understand Kant's 'Critique.'"

"I've no desire to be womanly. Do as I tell you."

In addition to finding his niece capable and patient as nurse and housekeeper, he was more interested in Margaret than in any individual he had known in many years. He secretly blessed the hour when she had come into his somber life to enliven and—yes, to enrich it. Not for worlds, however, would he have let *her* know what she was to him.

There were rare moments when he was actually moved to an expression of gratitude and tenderness for his long-suffering victim. But Margaret's touchingly eager response to such over-

tures—heart hungry as she was in her loneliness—while gratifying him, had always the effect of making him promptly withdraw into his hard shell again and try to counteract, by his exactions, his momentary softness; so that in time she learned to dread any least sign of amiability.

She did not know the full extent of her uncle's selfishness in his treatment of her—how ruthlessly he schemed to avert the danger that he thought often threatened him of losing her to some one of the half dozen middle-aged or elderly gentlemen of learning who had the habit of visiting him in his retirement, and who, to the last man of them, whether married or single, adored his niece. It seemed that no man could lay eyes on her without promptly loving her—what men called love. Even his physician, happily married and the father of four lusty boys, was, Berkeley could see, quite mad about her—though Margaret never discovered it; she only thought him extremely agreeable and kind and liked him accordingly. Indeed the only fun she ever got out of this train of admirers was an occasional hour of liberty while they were closeted with her uncle. For he took care, as soon as he realized how alluring she was to most men, to have her out of the way when his acquaintances dropped in—a deprivation to his own comfort for which the visitor paid in an extra dose of pessimism and irony.

"When that child falls in love," Berkeley once told himself, "as, of course, so temperamental a girl is bound to do sooner or later, it will go hard with her. Let her wait, however, until I'm gone. Time enough for her then. I need her. Couldn't endure life without her, now that I'm used to her."

So he not only gave her no opportunity to meet marriageable men, but he tried to unsex her, to engraft upon her mind his own cynicism as to the thing called love—his conviction of its gross

selfishness; his scorn of sentimentality and of "the hypocrisy that would idealize an ephemeral emotion grounded in base, egoistic appetite."

"All 'love,' all attraction, of whatever nature, is grounded in sex," he would affirm. "The universe is upheld and constantly recreated by the ceaseless action of so-called love. A purely natural, physical phenomenon, therefore. There is not in life such a thing as disinterested love."

"A mother's love?" Margaret once suggested, in reply to this avowal.

"Entirely selfish. She loves her child as part of herself. All her pride and ambition for it are because it is *hers*."

"Well, if you call a mother's love selfish, there's no use saying anything more."

"And, not to mince matters," he reaffirmed, "I want you to know, for your own protection, that a man's love for a woman is that of a beast of prey for its victim."

"But I'm so safe here; I don't need such protection. I never *see* a man. No one but learned scholars ever come here."

"Learned scholars are not men, then, in your category?"

"Not the interesting, wild kind that you warn me against."

"The man, woman, or learned scholar who has not a devil as well as an angel in his soul, a beast as well as a god, is too limited a creature to see life whole and big and round."

"Am I, then," she inquired, with interest, "a devil and a beast, as well as an angel and a goddess, do you think?"

"Mostly devil, you! I couldn't stand the angel-goddess combination. Even you, my girl, are wholly selfish. You would not stay with me for one day if it were not that I give you a home. Come, now!" He invited and evidently expected a protest against this assertion.

"Why, of course I wouldn't. Why should I?"

He looked rather blank at this, though privately he never failed to find her honesty refreshing.

"I never understood," she added, "that it was a question of affection between you and me, did you, my dear?"

"Affection!" he sneered bitterly. "Affection for ourselves!"

"Of course. You wouldn't give me a bright and happy home like this if you did not need me to wait on you thirty-six hours out of the twenty-four, with a cheerful, Chessie-cat smile, and all for my food, bed, and two new frocks and hats a year."

"Have you no appreciation, girl, of the liberal education it is for you to be with me, to be permitted to read to me, to have such a library as mine at your command?"

"Yes, indeed, Uncle Osmond."

"Well, then?"

"But I don't stay here for the pleasure of your amiable society, dear," she assured him, patting his hand. "You're far too much like your old Scotch Thomas Carlyle that you admire so much. My goodness, what a life Jane must have led with that old curmudgeon!"

"Hold your impudent tongue!"

"Yes, dear."

"Don't speak to me again to-day!"

"Thanks. I'm so glad you don't also require me to be brilliantly conversational. I'd really have to charge extra for that, Uncle Osmond."

"Get me my egg-nog!"

In spite of all Osmond Berkeley's precautions, however, Margaret did, of course, go through the intense and fiery ordeal of "falling in love"; for, when a maiden's budding soul begins to unfold to the beauty of life, to throb and thrill before the wonder and mystery of the universe, no walled imprisonment can check the course of nature;

she is bound to suffer the bittersweet experience of becoming enamored of something, it doesn't much matter what—a cigar-shop Indian will suffice, if nothing more lively comes her way. Berkeley, priding himself on his knowledge of sex psychology, knowing that girls isolated in boarding schools fall in love with their woman teachers, and in colleges with each other, nevertheless persuaded himself that he could in this instance defeat nature; that Margaret was being safeguarded too absolutely to admit of her finding any outlet whatever for the pent-up emotional current of her womanhood.

But there came to Berkeley Hill one day a stranger, an earnest young minister of Charleston, who, having read a magazine article of Osmond Berkeley's in which "the hysterical, unwholesome excitement of evangelistic revivals" was demonstrated to be purely physiological, wished to remonstrate with its author and, point out to him that he was grievously mistaken.

One keenly appraising glance at the embarrassed, awkward young man, as he was shown into the library where Berkeley sat in his armchair before the fire, with Margaret at his side reading to him from a work by Josiah Royce, made her uncle decide that it would be superfluous to send her from the room—"on account of a creature like *this*, with no manners, no brains, and an Adam's apple!"

But it was the young man's deadly earnestness in the discussion between these two unequal protagonists that impressed itself upon Margaret's hungry imagination—his courage in coming with what he conceived to be his burning message of truth to such a formidable enemy to truth. Evidently the young man's conscience, in spite of his painful shyness, had lashed him to this visit, more dreadful than entering a den of lions. There were still, even in these days, it seemed, martyrs for religion.

Now, while Margaret, of course, recognized the intellectual feebleness of the young minister's side of the question, nevertheless, before his visit was concluded, his brow wore for her a halo, his thin little voice was rich music to her quivering nerves, his unsophisticated manner the outward sign of a beautiful simplicity, his Adam's apple a peculiar distinction.

Berkeley, as soon as he found his visitor a bore, made short work of him and got rid of him without ceremony. In Margaret's eyes the young man stood up to his rebuffs like a hero and a martyr.

Her uncle did not notice, upon her return to the library after seeing the young man into the hall, how bright were her eyes, how flushed her cheeks, how sensitive the curve of her lips.

"Ha, ha!" he laughed sardonically. "Wouldn't you rather go to hell than have to hear him preach?"

"You laugh like a villain in a melodrama!" retorted Margaret.

"I haven't laughed for twenty years, except at damned fools. When did you ever see a melodrama?"

"Aunt Virginia took Harriet and me to see 'The Two Orphans' once."

"Damned presumption of the fellow to come here and take up my time! He isn't even a gentleman."

"I thought you prided yourself on not being a snob, Uncle Osmond."

"Don't be stupid! Breeding is *breeding!*"

"Well, what is good breeding if it isn't being courteous in your own house? You may call that young man common, but I doubt whether he bullies women."

"You're cross!" he snapped at her. "Look pleasant!" he commanded, bringing his hand down heavily on the arm of his chair.

"I won't!" And for the first and only time in all the eight years of her

life with him, Margaret turned upon him with a stamp of her foot.

He stared at her incredulously.

"You call *that* good breeding, do you—stamping your foot at your benefactor?"

"Benefactor?" Margaret flew across the room and violently turned the pages of the dictionary on a stand in the corner. "'Benefactor,'" she read, "'a doer of kindly deeds; a friendly helper.' You see, I'm *your* benefactor, according to the dictionary."

"You're begging the question. Is it well bred for a young lady to stamp her foot?"

"I'm ashamed that I did it, Uncle Osmond, and I beg your pardon."

"Your tone is not contrite," he objected. But an unwonted flash in her eyes made him see that this was one of the places where he would have to draw the line. "You're tired," he said abruptly. "No wonder, after listening to the braying of that evangelical ass for nearly an hour! Put on your wraps and take a run about the grounds." And as, with a look of relief, Margaret turned to leave the room, he added, in a tone that was almost gentle: "Put on your heavy coat, child. The air is very raw."

"Thank you, Uncle Osmond."

"And come back looking cheerful."

"I shall have to turn Christian Scientist if I'm to be cheerful under *all* circumstances—and you say you hate Christian Scientists because they are always so pleasant."

"You can't turn Christian Scientist and live in the same house with *me*!"

"But, Uncle Osmond, dear, I'm beginning to see that a Christian Scientist is the only thing that *could* live in the same house with you."

With that she left him to a half hour of anxious consideration of her final thrust; for the one dread that hung over his life was the fear that Margaret might desert him.



## CHAPTER V.

Margaret's suddenly conceived passion for the young minister went through all the usual phases. It was not, of course, the individual himself, but her impossible, inhuman ideal of him of which she was enamored. The man himself was as unknown to her as if she had never seen him; his image merely served as a dummy to be clothed with her rich imaginings. The thought of him dwelt with her every moment of the day, making her absent-minded and listless, or feverishly talkative.

She made excuses to go frequently to town, to a dentist, to a doctor, to see Harriet—just for a chance to drive past the minister's parsonage; for even if she did not catch a glimpse of him, it was manna to her soul to look upon the place of his abode. She would have loved to lay her cheek upon the door-sill his foot had pressed. The actual sight, once or twice, of his ungainly figure on the street, set her heart to thumping so that she could not breathe. Her discovery, through a paragraph in the religious news of a daily paper, that he was married, did not affect her, for she was not conscious of any desire to marry him; she only wanted to see him, to hear him, to feel herself alive in all her being in his presence.

Even the sermon she managed to hear him preach one Sunday morning, when a visit from one of the scholarly gentlemen whom her uncle considered dangerous gave her a free half day, even her recognition, through that sermon, of the man's mental barrenness, did not quench her passion.

What did finally kill it, after three months of mingled misery and ecstasy, was an occasion as trivial as that which had given birth to it. One day, in front of a grocery shop, where some provisions were being piled into a phaëton, and where, to her quivering delight, the object of her adoration chanced at that moment to come and make some pur-

chases, she heard him say to a negro employee of the grocer's:

"Yes, sir, two pecks of potatoes and a head of cabbage. No, sir, no strawberries."

To say "sir" to a negro! The scales fell from Margaret's eyes; her heart settled down comfortably in her bosom; her nerves became quiet. The young minister stood before her as he was. His Adam's apple was no longer a distinction, but an Adam's apple. For this was South Carolina.

Thereafter her uncle found her a much more comfortable companion. But, keenly observant though he was, he had never suspected for a moment, during those three months of Margaret's obsession, that she was actually experiencing the thing he was so persistently trying to avert. For it would not have been conceivable to him that any woman, least of all his niece, Margaret Berkeley, could fall in love with "a milksop" like "Rev. Hoops," as the poor man's printed visiting card proclaimed him.

Never in all the rest of her life could Margaret laugh at that youthful ordeal. That she could have been so insanely deluded was a mystery to wonder over, to speculate about; but the passion itself—the depth, the height, the glory of it, its revelation of human nature's capacity for ecstasy—all this was a reality that would always be sacred to her.

At the same time, her discovery that an emotional experience so intense and vital, so fundamental, could grow out of an absolute illusion and be so ephemeral, made her almost as cynical about love as was her uncle himself; so that, after that, the seed of skepticism which he so earnestly endeavored to plant in her mind fell on prepared soil.

Had Margaret adopted indiscriminately her uncle's philosophical, ethical, social, political, or even literary ideas, it would certainly have unfitted her for living in a society so complacent, opti-





*The young minister stood before her as he was. His Adam's apple was no longer a distinction, but an Adam's apple.*

mistic, and conventional as that of most American communities. As it was, the opinions she did come to hold, from her intercourse with this fearless, if pessimistic, thinker and from her wide and varied reading with him, and also the ideals of life she formed in the solitude that gave her so much time for thought, were unusual enough to make her unique among women. One aspect of this difference from her kind was that she was entirely free from the false sentimentality of the average young woman—and this in spite of the fact that she was fervently imaginative and, in a high degree, sensitive to the beauty and poetry of life. Another and more radical

point of difference was that she had—what so very few women do have—spiritual and intellectual fearlessness. And both of these mental attitudes she owed not only to her own natural largeness of heart and mind, but to the strong bias given her by her uncle toward absolute honesty.

While, by reason of her more than ordinary mentality, as well as because of a very adaptable disposition, Margaret bore her life of self-sacrifice and isolation with less unhappiness than most girls could have done, there was one phase of it that was vastly harder upon her. Her nature being unusually strong in its affections, it took hard

schooling indeed before she could endure with stoicism the loveless life she led. It was upon her relation with her elder sister, Harriet, the only human being who really belonged to her, that she tried to feed her starved heart, cherishing almost with passion this one living bond; idealizing her sister and her sister's love for her; looking with an intensity of longing to the time when she would be free to be with Harriet, to lavish upon her all her unspent-love, to live in the happiness of Harriet's love for her.

Harriet's lukewarmness in response, not manifest under her easy, good-natured bearing, was destined one day to come as a great shock to Margaret.

One night, about five months before her uncle's sudden death, he talked with her of his will. They were together in the library, waiting for Henry, the negro manservant, to finish his chores about the place before coming to help the master of the house to bed.

"I trust, Margaret," Berkeley, with characteristic abruptness, broke a silence that had fallen between them, "that you are not counting on flourishing as an heiress when I have passed out."

"I must admit," said Margaret apologetically, "that I never thought of that—stupid as it may seem to you, Uncle Osmond. Now that you mention it it *would* be pleasant."

"Pleasant? To have me die and leave you rich?"

"I mean only the heiress part would be pleasant—and having English dukes marrying me, you know, and all that."

"How many English dukes, pray? I fancy they are a high-priced commodity and my fortune isn't colossal."

"I shouldn't want a really colossal fortune."

"Modest of you, but," he added, "if I did mean to do you the injury of leaving you all I have, it would be more

than enough to spoil what is quite too rare and precious for spoiling"—he paused, his keen eyes piercing her as he deliberately added—"a very perfect woman."

"Meaning *me*?" Margaret asked, with wide-eyed astonishment.

"So I don't intend to leave you a dollar."

"Suit yourself, honey."

"You're like all the Berkeleys—entirely lacking in money sense. Now the lack of money sense is refreshing and charming, but disastrous. I shall not leave my money to you for four reasons." He counted them off on his long, emaciated fingers: "First, because you wouldn't be sufficiently interested in the damned money to take care of it; second, you'd give it away to your sister, or to her husband, or to your own husband, or to any one that knew how to work you; third, riches are death to contentment and to usefulness and the creator of parasitism; fourth, I wish you to be married for your good, sweet self, my dear child, and not for my money."

"But if I am penniless, I may have to marry for money. From what you tell me of love, money is the only thing left to marry for. And if it has to be a marriage for money, I prefer to be the one who has the money, if you please, Uncle Osmond."

"Well, you won't get mine. I tell you, you are worth too much to be turned into one of these parasitical women who are a blot on our modern civilization. In no other age of the world has there been such a race of feminine parasites as at the present. Let me tell you something, Margaret—there is just one source of pure and unadulterated happiness in life, and that I bequeath to you in withholding from you my fortune. Congenial work, my girl, is the only sure and permanent joy. Love? Madness and anguish. Family affection? Endless anxiety,

heartache, care. You are talented, child. Discover what sort of work you love best to do, fit yourself to do it pre-eminently well—and you'll be happy and contented."

"But, my gracious, Uncle Osmond, what chance have I to fit myself for an occupation out here at Berkeley Hill, taking care of you? These years of my youth, in which I might be preparing for a career, I'm devoting to *you*, my dear. So I really think it would only be poetic justice for you to leave me your money, don't you?"

Her uncle, looking as if her words had startled and surprised him, did not answer her at once, considering her earnestly as she sat before him, the fire-light shining upon her dark hair and clear olive skin. The peculiar expression of his gaze puzzled Margaret.

"That," he said slowly, "is an aspect of your case I had not considered."

"Of course you had not. It wouldn't be at all like you to have considered it, my dear."

"Well," he snapped, "my will is made. I'm leaving all I have, except this place, for the founding of a college that shall be after *my* idea of a college. Berkeley Hill, however, must, of course, remain in the family."

"Don't, for pity's sake, burden the family—that's Harriet and me—with Berkeley Hill, Uncle Osmond, if you don't give us the wherewithal to keep it up and pay the taxes on it!" protested Margaret.

Again her uncle gazed at her with an enigmatical stare.

"Huh!" he muttered. "You've got some money sense, after all. More than any Berkeley I ever met."

"I know this much about money," she said sententiously, "that while poverty can certainly rob us of all that is worth while in life, wealth can't buy the two essentials to happiness—love and good health."

"Since when have you taken to making epigrams?"

"Why, that is an epigram, isn't it? Good enough for a copybook."

"I tell you, girl, if I leave you rich, I rob you of the necessity to work—and that is robbing you of life's only worth. The most pitiable wretches on the face of the earth are idle rich women."

"If it's all the same to you, Uncle Osmond, I'd rather take my chances of happiness with riches than without them."

"I am to understand, then, that you actually have the boldness to tell me to my face that you expect me to leave to you all I die possessed of?"

"Yes, please."

"It's wonderfully like your damned complacency! Well, as I've told you, I've already made my will."

"Here's Henry to take you upstairs. But you can make it over, or add a codicil. Which shall I bring you tonight—an egg nog or beer?"

"I'm sick of all your slops! Let me alone!"

"Yes, dear. Good night," she answered, with the perfunctory, artificial pleasantness that she always employed, as per contract, in responding to his surliness; and the absurdity, as well as the audacity, of that bought-and-paid-for cheerfulness of tone never failed to entertain the old misanthrope.

Five months later, the will that Osmond Berkeley's lawyer read to the "mourners" gave Berkeley Hill to Margaret and her sister, Mrs. Walter Eastman, while all the rest of the considerable estate was left to a board of five trustees, to be used for the founding of a college in which there should be absolute freedom of thought in every department—such a college as did not then exist on the face of the earth.

Harriet's husband, being a lawyer, offered at once to secure Margaret, through process of law, a reasonable

compensation for her eight years of service. But Margaret objected.

"You see, Uncle Osmond didn't *wish* me to have any of his money, Walter."

"Don't be sentimental about it, Margaret. Your uncle had a lot of sentiment—didn't he?—about your sacrificing your life for him!"

"He had his reasons for not giving me his money. He sincerely thought it would be better for me not to have it. He really did have some heart for me, Walter. I'm not sentimental, but I couldn't touch a dollar he didn't wish me to have."

"Then you certainly are sentimental," Walter insisted.

Almost immediately after the funeral, Harriet and her family moved out from Charleston to live at Berkeley Hill with Margaret, retaining the two old negroes who for so many years had done all the work that was done on the estate.

"We couldn't rent the place without spending thousands in repairing it, so we'll have to live on it ourselves."

The sentiment that Margaret and Harriet cherished for this old homestead, which had for so long been occupied by some branch of the family, was so strong as to preclude any idea of selling the place.

It was Margaret's wish, at this time, to go away from Berkeley Hill and earn her own living—as much for the adventure of it as because she thought she ought not to be a burden to Walter. But the Southerner's principle that a woman may with decency work for her living only when bereft of all near male kin to earn it for her led Walter to protest earnestly against her leaving their joint home.

Harriet, too, was at first opposed to it.

"You could be such a help and comfort to me, Margaret, dear, if you'd stay. Henry and Chloe are too old, and have too much work to do on this huge place, to help me with the chil-

dren; and out here I can't do as I did in Charleston—get in some one to stay with the babies whenever I want to go anywhere. So you see how tied down I'd be. But with you here, I should always feel so comfortable about the children whenever I had to be away from them."

"But for what it would cost Walter to support me, Harriet, dear, you could keep a nurse for the children."

"And spend half my time at the employment agency. A servant would leave as soon as she discovered how lonesome it is out here, a half mile from the trolley line. It's well Henry and Chloe are too attached to the place to leave it."

"So the advantage of having me rather than a child's nurse is that I'd be a fixture?" Margaret asked, hiding with a smile her inclination to weep at this only reason Harriet had to urge for her remaining with her.

"Of course you'll be a fixture," Harriet answered affectionately. "Walter and I are only too *glad* to give you a home."

So for nearly a year after her uncle's death Margaret continued to live at Berkeley Hill. Harriet always referred to their home as "my house," "my place," and never dreamed of consulting her younger sister as to any changes she saw fit to make in the rooms or about the grounds.

It was during those first weeks of Margaret's life with Harriet that she suffered the keen grief of finding her own warm affection for her sister thrown back upon itself in Harriet's want of enthusiasm over their being together; her always cool response to Margaret's almost passionate devotion; her abstinence from any least approach to sisterly intimacy and confidence. It was not that Harriet disliked Margaret or meant to be cold to her; it was only that she was constitutionally selfish and indifferent.

So in the course of time Margaret came to lavish all the thwarted tenderness of her heart upon her sister's three very engaging children.

But before the first year of her new life had passed over her head, she came to feel certain conditions of it to be so unbearable that in spite of Walter's protests—only Walter's this time—she made a determined effort to get some self-supporting employment. And it was then that she became aware of a certain fact of modern life of which her isolation had left her in ignorance—she discovered that in these days of highly specialized work there was no employment of any sort to be obtained by the untrained. School-teachers, librarians, newspaper women, even shop-girls, seamstresses, cooks, and housemaids must have their special equipment. And Margaret had no money with which to procure this equipment. There is, perhaps, no more tragic figure in our strenuous modern life than the penniless woman of gentle breeding, unqualified for self-support.

The worst phase of Margaret's predicament was that it had become absolutely impossible for her to continue to live longer under the same roof with Walter and Harriet. The simple truth was that Harriet was jealous of Walter's quite brotherly affection for her—for so Margaret interpreted his kindly attitude toward her. Having no least realization of her own unusual charm, the fact that her brother-in-law was actually fighting a *grande passion* for her would have seemed to her grotesque, incredible; for Walter, being a Southern gentleman, controlled his feelings sufficiently to treat her always with scrupulous consideration and courtesy. Therefore she considered Harriet's jealousy wholly unreasonable. Why, her sister seemed actually afraid to trust the two of them alone in the house together—Margaret did not dream that Walter was afraid to trust

himself alone in the house with her—and if by chance Harriet ever found them in a tête-à-tête, she would not speak to Margaret for days. And as Walter, too, was made to take his punishment, Margaret was sure he also must wish her away. Of course, since she had become a cause of discord and unhappiness between Harriet and Walter, she must go. A way *must* be found for her to live away from Berkeley Hill.

It was this condition of things that she faced the night she lay on the couch in her sister's room keeping guard over her sleeping children, while Harriet and Walter were seeing Nazimova in "Hedda Gabbler."

## CHAPTER VI.

Walter Eastman, on his way to his law office next morning, considered earnestly his young sister-in-law's admonition, delivered just after breakfast, that he must that day borrow for her a sufficient sum of money to enable her to take a course in a school for librarians, giving as security a mortgage on her share in Berkeley Hill. And the conclusion to which his weighty consideration of the proposition brought him was that instead of mortgaging their home, he would bring Daniel Leitzel, esquire, out to Berkeley Hill to dinner.

"Margaret's never had a chance. She's never in her life met any marriageable men. It's about time she did. She hasn't the least idea what a winner she'd be, given her fling. And the sooner she's married," he grimly told himself, "the better for me, by Heaven."

Walter was too disillusioned as to the permanence and reality of love to feel any scruples about letting Margaret in for matrimony with a man twenty years her senior and of so little personal charm as was the prominent Pennsylvania lawyer, Mr. Leitzel, so long as the man was decent—as Leitzel mani-

festly was—and a gentleman. It would have taken a keener eye than Walter Eastman's to have perceived, on a short, casual acquaintance, that the well-mannered, able, and successful corporation lawyer was not, in Walter's sense, a gentleman.

And so it came to pass that that same evening found Mr. Leitzel, after a dainty and beautifully appointed dinner at Berkeley Hill, alone with his host's young sister-in-law in the wonderfully equipped library of the late eminent Doctor Osmond Berkeley. His comely hostess, Mrs. Eastman, had excused herself after dinner to go to her babies, and Eastman himself had just been called to the telephone. Daniel, always astutely observant, recognized their scheme to leave him alone with this marriageable young lady of the family, while Margaret herself never dreamed of such a thing.

Daniel was always conscious, in the presence of young women, of his high matrimonial value. He had always regarded his future wife—whoever she might be—as a very fortunate individual indeed. His sisters, in whom his faith was absolute, had for twenty-five years been instilling this dogma into him. Also, Daniel was mistaking the characteristic Southern cordiality of this family for admiration of himself. Especially did this attractive girl, alone with him here in the great, warm, bright room, packed with books and hung with engravings and prints, manifest by her attentive and pleasant manner how irresistible she found him. Daniel loved to be made much of. And by such a girl as this!

The blood went to his head as he contemplated her, seated before him in a low chair in front of the big, old-fashioned fireplace, dressed very simply all in white. How awfully attractive she was! Odd, too, for she wasn't just to say a beauty. Daniel considered himself a connoisseur in girls, and he was

sure that Miss Berkeley's warm olive skin just escaped being sallow, that her figure was more boyish than feminine, and that her features—except, perhaps, her beautiful dark eyes—were not perfect. But it was her arresting individuality, the subtle magnetism that seemed to hang about her, challenging his curiosity to know more of her, to understand her, that fascinated him in a manner unique in his experience of womankind. Subtle indeed was the attraction of a woman who could, in just that way, impress a mind like Daniel's, which, extraordinarily keen in a practical way, was almost devoid of imagination.

But everything, this evening, had conduced to the firing of what small romantic faculty he possessed—the old homestead, suggestive of generations of ease and culture; the gracious, soft-voiced ladies; their marked appreciation of himself—though that was, of course, only his due; the beautiful drawing-room into which he had been shown upon his arrival, furnished in real Heppelwhite, its walls hung with Spanish and Dutch oils; the good dinner served on exquisite china and silver in the spacious dining room. Daniel, in his own home, had never committed the extravagance of solid mahogany, Oriental rugs, and family portraits, but he had gone so far as to price them and therefore understood what an "outlay" must have been made here.

And now this distinguished-looking library in which they sat! Almost all the books Daniel possessed, besides his law books, were packed into a small oak bookcase in his own bedroom. But here were books in many languages—hundreds of old volumes in calf and cloth that showed long and hard usage, as well as shelves and shelves of modern works in philosophy, science, history, poetry, and fiction. What would it feel like to have been born of a race that for generations had been educated,





*Daniel loved to be made much of. And by such a girl as this! The blood went to his head as he contemplated her.*

rich, and respectable—not to remember a time when your family had been poor, ignorant, obscure, and struggling for a bare existence? In New Munich the "aristocracy" was made up of people who kept large department or jewelry or drug stores, or were in the wholesale grocery business. Even Congressman Ocksreider had started life as an office boy, and Judge Miller's father had kept a livery stable. *This* home seemed to stand for something so far removed from New Munich values! And these two ladies of the house—he was sure he had never in his life met

any ladies so "elegant and refined" in speech, manner, and appearance.

Daniel's recognition of all this, however, did not humble or abash him. He had too long enjoyed the prerogatives that go with wealth not to feel self-assured in any circumstances, and his attitude toward mankind in general was patronizing. It never occurred to him that people living like this could be poor. Wealth seemed to him so essentially the foundation of civilization that to be enjoying social distinction, ease, even luxury, with comparative poverty, would have savored of anarchy.

Margaret, meantime, was regarding "Walter's odd little lawyer man"—who had been quite carelessly left on her hands—with rather lukewarm interest, though there were some things about him that did arrest her curious attention—the small, sharp eyes that bored like gimlets straight through one and the thin, tightly closed lips that seemed to express concentrated, invincible obstinacy.

"No wonder he's a successful lawyer," she reflected. "No detail could escape those little eyes, and there'd be no appeal, I fancy, from his viselike grip of a victim. He'd have made even a better detective."

The almost sinister power of penetration and strength of will that the man's sharp features expressed seemed to her grotesquely at variance with his insignificant physique.

"There never has been a great woman lawyer, has there?" she asked him. "Except Portia."

"Portia? Portia who? I had not— You mean, perhaps, some ancient Greek?" asked Daniel. "Ah! 'The quality of mercy is not strained!' Yes. Just so. Portia. 'Merchant of Venice,'" he added, looking highly pleased with himself. "I studied that drama in my freshman year at Harvard."

"Did you?"

"Yes. My sisters had me very thoroughly educated. Very expensively, too. But this Portia—she was of course a fictitious, not a historic, character, if I remember rightly. Women haven't really brains enough—or of the right sort—to cope with such a severe study as that of the law." He waved the matter aside with a gesture of his long, thin fingers.

"I'm not sure of *that*," Margaret maintained.

"But the courtroom is no place for a decent woman," said Daniel dogmatically.

"But she could specialize. These are the days, I'm told, when to succeed is to specialize. She wouldn't need to practice in the criminal courts."

"I trust," said Daniel stiffly, "you are not a suffragist. You don't look like one. You look much too womanly."

"I hope that to look womanly isn't to look stupid," said Margaret solicitously.

"Why should it? Though to be sure a woman does just as well if she isn't too bright."

"If to be womanly meant all that some men seem to think it means, we'd have to have idiot asylums for womanly females," declared Margaret. "I suppose"—she changed the subject, and perfunctorily made conversation—"a lawyer's work is full of interest and excitement?"

"Well"—Mr. Leitzel smiled—"in these days a lawyer for a corporation has got to be Johnny on the spot!"

"I've always thought that a general practitioner must often find his work a terrible strain upon his sympathies," said Margaret.

"Oh, no. Business is business, you know."

"And necessarily inhuman?"

"Unhuman, rather. A man must not have sympathies in the practice of the law."

"He can't help it, can he? Unless he's a soulless monster."

Daniel looked at her narrowly. What a queer expression for a young lady to use—"a soulless monster!"

"Your brother-in-law, for instance," he inquired, with his thin, tight, little smile, "does he, as a general practitioner, find his cases a great strain on his sympathies?"

"Oh, he hasn't enough cases to find them a great strain of any kind."

"So?" Daniel lifted his pale eyebrows.

It was, then, inherited wealth, he reflected, that maintained this luxurious

home, and, if so, this Miss Berkeley probably shared that inheritance. His heart began to thump in his narrow chest. His calculating eye scanned the girl's figure, from her crown of dark hair to her shapely foot.

Now, it is necessary to state just here that, Daniel's one vulnerable spot being his fondness for young pets of any species, and especially for children—combined with a deep-seated aversion to the idea of his money going to the offspring of his brother Hiram, for of course he would never will a dollar of it away from the Leitzel family—this shrewd little man never appraised a woman's matrimonial value without considering her physical equipment for successful motherhood. He had even read several books on the subject and had paid a big fee to a specialist to learn how to judge of a woman's health and capacity for childbearing.

The distinguished specialist had laughed afterward at the way he had "bluffed and soaked the rich little cad."

"I certainly did make him pay up!" he had chuckled. "And as he'll never find just the combination of physical and mental endowments I've prescribed for him, I've saved some woman from the fate of becoming his wife. Money-making is his passion—a woman will never be—and his interest in it is matched only by his keenness and his caution. He's a peculiar case of mental and spiritual littleness combined with an acumen that's uncanny, that's genius!"

It was, in fact, Daniel's failure to discover a maiden who answered satisfactorily to all the tests with which this specialist had furnished him, together with his sisters' helpful judgment in "sizing up" for him any possible candidate for his hand, that had thus far kept him unmarried—that had, he was sure, saved him from a matrimonial mistake.

As to his view of his own fitness

for fatherhood, had he not always led a clean and wholesome life? Was he not expensively educated, clever, industrious, honest within the law, and eminently successful? What man could give his children a better heritage?

Yet the day came when the wife of his bosom wondered whether she was committing a crime in bearing offspring that must perpetuate the soul of Daniel Leitzel.

"This estate"—Daniel cautiously put out a feeler—"belonged to your grandfather?"

"To several of my grandfathers. It came to us from my uncle."

"A lawyer?"

"Doctor Osmond Berkeley," Margaret said, thinking this an answer to the question, for she had never in her life met any one who did not know of her famous uncle. "The psychologist," she explained, as she saw that Mr. Leitzel looked unenlightened.

"Are you a college graduate?" Daniel asked, with sharp suspicion; he didn't care about tying up with an intellectual woman. The medical specialist had said they were usually anæmic, passionless, and childless.

"No," Margaret admitted sadly. "I never went to school after I was sixteen." Daniel breathed again, and beamed upon her so approvingly that she hastened to add: "But I lived here with Uncle Osmond, so I could not escape a little book learning. I'm really not an ignorant person for my years, Mr. Leitzel."

"I can see that you are not," Daniel graciously allowed. "Are you fond of reading?" he added conversationally, not dreaming how stupid the question seemed to the young lady he addressed.

"Well, naturally," she said.

"Yes, I suppose so—with such a library as this in the house. It—belongs to—to you?"

"What? The books?" she vaguely repeated. "They go, of course, with

the house. Do you accomplish much reading outside of your profession, Mr. Leitzel?"

"No."

"Not even an occasional novel?"

"I never read novels."

Margaret stared for an instant, then recovered herself.

"I see now," she said, "why you have done what they call 'made good.' You have specialized, excluding from your life every other possible interest save that one little goal of your ambition."

"Little goal? Not very little, Miss Berkeley! The law business of which I am the head earns a yearly income of—"

But he stopped short. If this girl were destined to the good fortune of becoming Mrs. Leitzel, she must have no idea of the size of his income. Nobody had, not even his sisters. He often smiled in secret at his mental picture of the astonishment and delight of Jennie and Sadie if they should suddenly be told the exact figures. And certainly his wife was the last person in the world who must know; it might make her extravagant.

"The annual earnings of our law firm"—he changed the form of his sentence—"are sufficient to enable me to invest some money every year, after paying the twenty-five lawyers and clerks in my employ salaries ranging from twenty-five hundred dollars a year down to five dollars a week. So you see my goal was not little."

"I suppose even your five-dollar-a-week clerks have to be especially equipped, don't they?" Margaret asked, with what seemed to him stupid irrelevance, since he was looking for an exclamation of wonder and admiration.

"Of course we employ only experienced stenographers," he curtly replied.

"This specializing of our modern life—narrowing one's interests to just one point—one can't help wondering what effect it's going to have upon the race."

"Eugenics." Daniel nodded intelligently. "You are interested in eugenics?" he inquired politely. "It's quite a fad these days, isn't it, among the ladies? And even among some gentlemen, if one can believe the newspapers."

"It's not my fad," said Margaret.

"You like children, I hope?" he asked quickly.

"Do I look like a woman who *doesn't*?" she protested, not, of course, following his train of thought.

She rose as she spoke, and went across the room to turn down a hissing gas jet. Daniel's eyes followed her graceful, leisurely walk down the length of the room, and as she raised her arm above her head, he took in the delicate curve of her bosom, her rather broad, boyish shoulders, the clear, rich, olive hue of her skin. The specialist he had consulted years ago had said that a clear olive skin meant not only perfect health, but a warm temperament that loved children.

"Anyway," thought Daniel, with a hot impulse, the like of which his slow blood had never known, "she's the woman I want. I believe I'd want her if she didn't have a dollar!"

It was upon this reckless conclusion that, when she had returned to her seat, he suddenly decided to put a question to her that would better be settled before he allowed his feelings to carry him too far.

"But," thought he as he looked at her, "I've got to put it cautiously and—*and delicately*."

"Miss Berkeley?"

"Yes, Mr. Leitzel?"

"I've been thinking of buying myself an automobile."

"Have you?"

"A very handsome and expensive one, you know."

"Ah!"

"Yes. But—now I'm hesitating, after all."

"Are you?"

"Yes. Because there's another expense I may have to meet. I'm going to ask you a question. Which, in a general way, do you think would cost more to keep—an automobile or—or a—well, a wife?"

"Oh, an automobile!" laughed Margaret.

Daniel grinned broadly as he gazed at her. Evidently she suspected the delicate drift of his idea and was advising him for her own advantage. Nothing slow about *her*!

"Wives are cheap compared to automobiles," she insisted.

"You really think so?" He couldn't manage to keep from his voice a slight note of anxiety. "Living here with your married sister, you are in a position to judge."

Margaret began to wonder whether this man were a humorist or an idiot. But before she could reply their tête-à-tête—so satisfactory to Mr. Leitzel—was interrupted. Mr. and Mrs. Eastman returned to the library.

Now, as the formality of chaperoning was not practiced in New Munich, Daniel, with all his "advantages," had never heard of it. When, therefore, the Eastmans settled themselves with the evident intention of remaining in the room, their guest found himself feeling chagrined—not only because he preferred to be alone with Miss Berkeley, but because the conclusion was forced upon him that he must have been mistaken in assuming that they had designedly left him with her after dinner.

This conclusion was confirmed when Miss Berkeley, quite deliberately leaving the obligation of entertaining him to her elders, changed her seat to a little distance from him, and took very little part in the conversation that followed. She even seemed, in the course of a half hour, rather bored, and—Daniel couldn't help seeing it—sleepy.

Could it be, he wondered, with a sinking heart, that she was already engaged to another man? How else explain this indifference?

But as the evening moved on, and the married pair, in spite of some subtle hints on his part, still sat glued to their chairs, though he could see that they, too, were tired and sleepy, he surmised that their game was to *hinder* Miss Berkeley's marriage!

"They'd like to keep her money in the family—for *their* children, I guess," he concluded shrewdly.

The easy indifference to money that was characteristic of the whole tribe of Berkeleys would have seemed an appalling shortcoming to Daniel Leitzel, had he been capable of conceiving such a mental state. With a mind keen to see minute details, interpreting what he saw in the light of his own narrow, if astute, vision, and incapable of seeing anything from another's point of view, he came to more false conclusions than a wholly stupid and less observant man would have made.

When, after another half hour, Miss Berkeley, evidently considering him entirely her brother-in-law's guest, rose, excused herself, said good night, and left the room, Daniel could only reason that Mr. Eastman had purposely withheld from her all knowledge as to *who* his dinner guest was.

"I'll circumvent *that* game," he concluded, the idea of opposition, together with the indifference of the young lady herself, augmenting to a fever heat his budding passion. "I'll let her know who and what I am!"

Indeed, by the time he left Berkeley Hill that night, so enamored was he with the idea of courting Miss Berkeley he did not even remember that, in a matter so important, he had never in his life gone ahead without first consulting his sisters' valuable opinion.



## STRAIGHTENING CROOKED IDEAS

By William H. Hamby

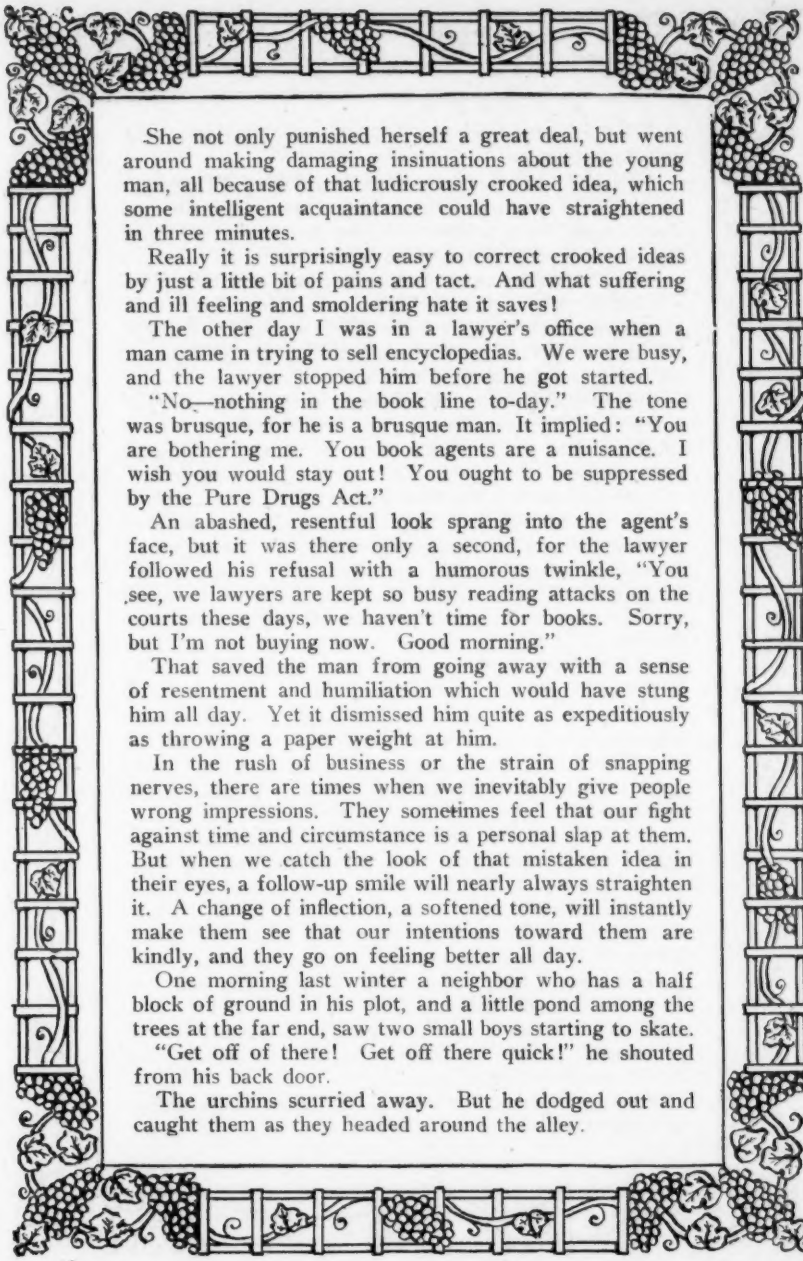
SOME humorist has said that the way for an amateur gardener to tell the weeds from the flowers is to pull them both up; then the ones that come up again are the weeds.

Weeds do seem to have a wonderful faculty for multiplying themselves. But it is not because they are weeds, but because they are hardy. And you know often weeds are not really weeds, after all, but valuable plants gone wrong from lack of cultivation.

That is why we so often fail in trying to correct wrong impressions and eradicate foolish notions in people's minds. We grip the idea with a pugnacious argument and try to pull it up, root and fruit. We hardly ever succeed; and when we do, seven other notions worse than the first spring up in the loose, empty soil. It is natural for a man to hold on to his ideas and notions and prejudices, especially when you are trying to take them away from him. Ideas, even the weakest and most foolish ones, are very hard to kill or to pull up. Anyhow, that is not the way to go at it. What is needed is not to remove the idea, but to straighten it.

Two-thirds of the trouble and friction in the world comes from crooked ideas. Some of these warped notions and inaccurate impressions are so simple and foolish they seem ludicrous to us. Yet they may cause great suffering. I know a good, ignorant country woman, who weighs two hundred and fifty, is nearly sixty years old, and wears her hair in a very unbecoming knot at the back of her head, who stewed and fumed for two months because she thought the school-teacher had insulted her. The young man boarded at her house, and, after he returned home at the close of school, wrote her a polite little note of thanks for her hospitality. The note began: "My dear Mrs. Amos." The virtuous soul stormed angrily: "What right has he got to insult me by calling me 'dear'?"





She not only punished herself a great deal, but went around making damaging insinuations about the young man, all because of that ludicrously crooked idea, which some intelligent acquaintance could have straightened in three minutes.

Really it is surprisingly easy to correct crooked ideas by just a little bit of pains and tact. And what suffering and ill feeling and smoldering hate it saves!

The other day I was in a lawyer's office when a man came in trying to sell encyclopedias. We were busy, and the lawyer stopped him before he got started.

"No—nothing in the book line to-day." The tone was brusque, for he is a brusque man. It implied: "You are bothering me. You book agents are a nuisance. I wish you would stay out! You ought to be suppressed by the Pure Drugs Act."

An abashed, resentful look sprang into the agent's face, but it was there only a second, for the lawyer followed his refusal with a humorous twinkle, "You see, we lawyers are kept so busy reading attacks on the courts these days, we haven't time for books. Sorry, but I'm not buying now. Good morning."

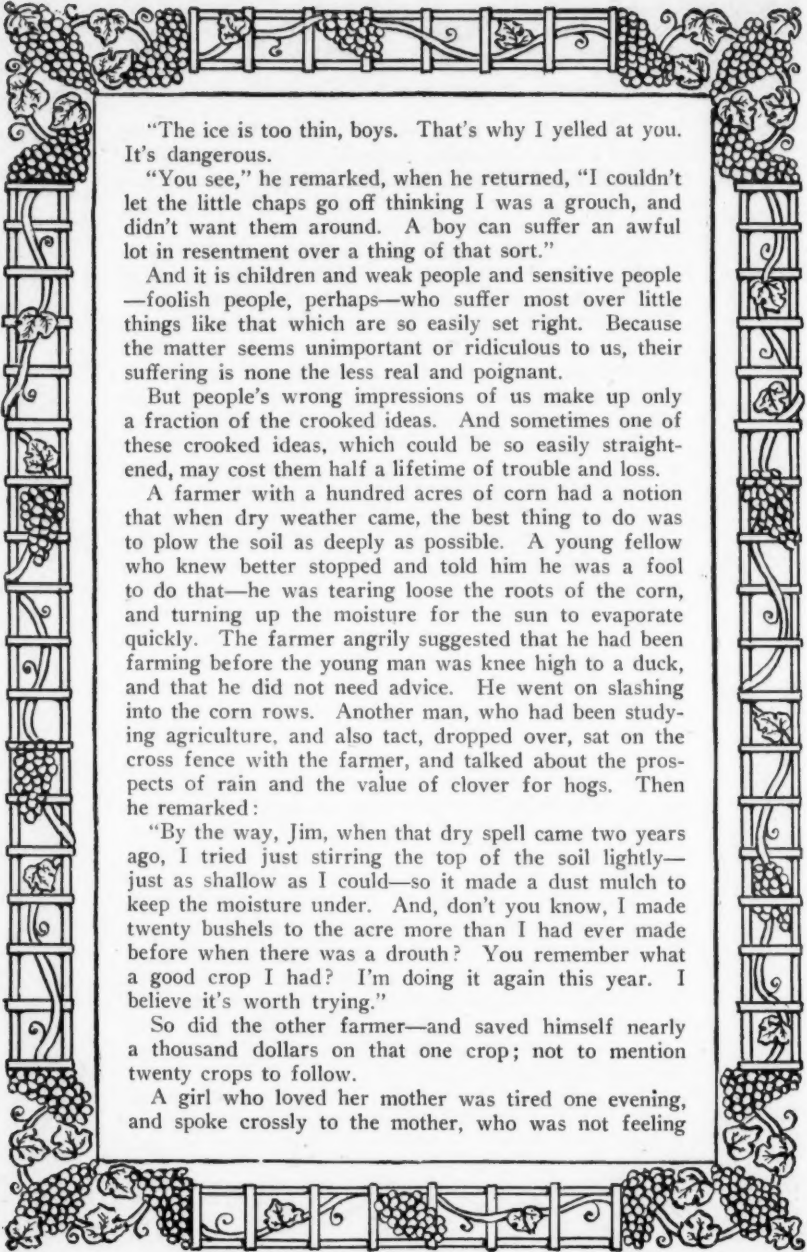
That saved the man from going away with a sense of resentment and humiliation which would have stung him all day. Yet it dismissed him quite as expeditiously as throwing a paper weight at him.

In the rush of business or the strain of snapping nerves, there are times when we inevitably give people wrong impressions. They sometimes feel that our fight against time and circumstance is a personal slap at them. But when we catch the look of that mistaken idea in their eyes, a follow-up smile will nearly always straighten it. A change of inflection, a softened tone, will instantly make them see that our intentions toward them are kindly, and they go on feeling better all day.

One morning last winter a neighbor who has a half block of ground in his plot, and a little pond among the trees at the far end, saw two small boys starting to skate.

"Get off of there! Get off there quick!" he shouted from his back door.

The urchins scurried away. But he dodged out and caught them as they headed around the alley.



"The ice is too thin, boys. That's why I yelled at you. It's dangerous.

"You see," he remarked, when he returned, "I couldn't let the little chaps go off thinking I was a grouch, and didn't want them around. A boy can suffer an awful lot in resentment over a thing of that sort."

And it is children and weak people and sensitive people—foolish people, perhaps—who suffer most over little things like that which are so easily set right. Because the matter seems unimportant or ridiculous to us, their suffering is none the less real and poignant.

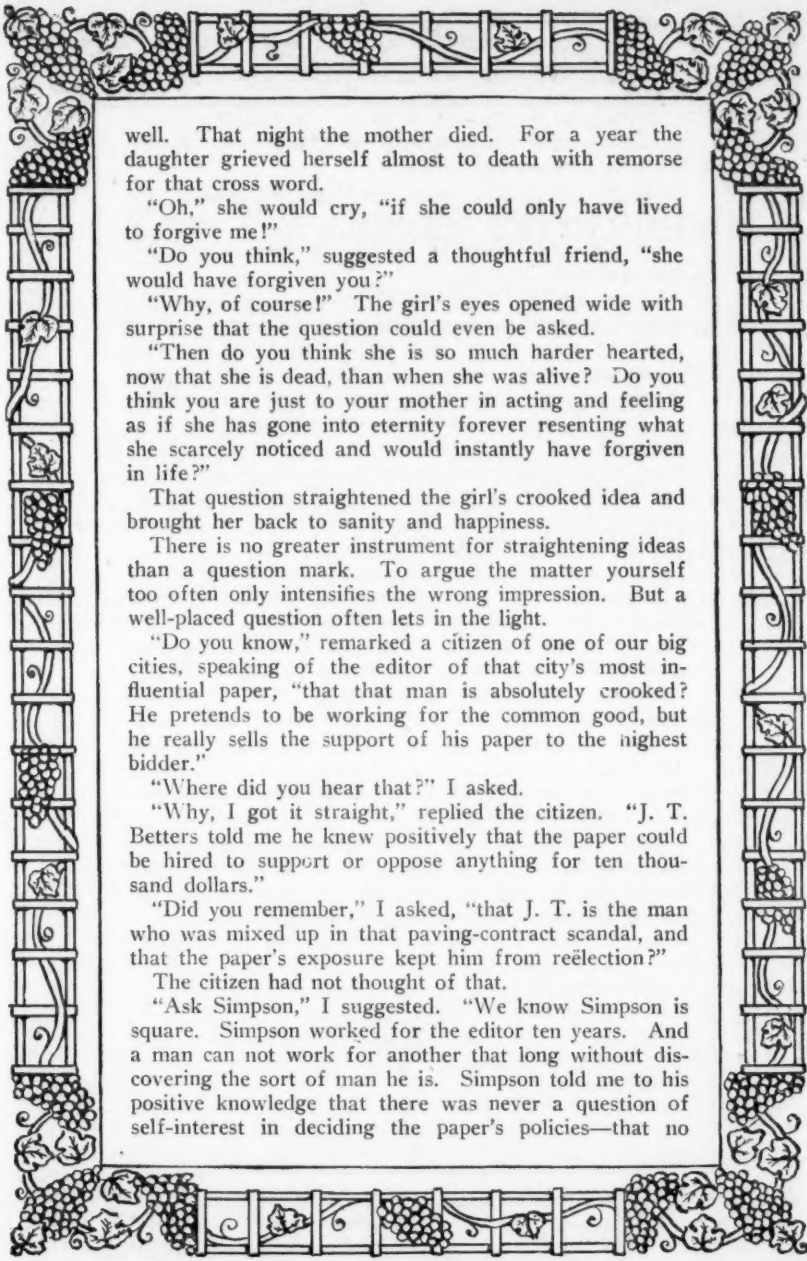
But people's wrong impressions of us make up only a fraction of the crooked ideas. And sometimes one of these crooked ideas, which could be so easily straightened, may cost them half a lifetime of trouble and loss.

A farmer with a hundred acres of corn had a notion that when dry weather came, the best thing to do was to plow the soil as deeply as possible. A young fellow who knew better stopped and told him he was a fool to do that—he was tearing loose the roots of the corn, and turning up the moisture for the sun to evaporate quickly. The farmer angrily suggested that he had been farming before the young man was knee high to a duck, and that he did not need advice. He went on slashing into the corn rows. Another man, who had been studying agriculture, and also tact, dropped over, sat on the cross fence with the farmer, and talked about the prospects of rain and the value of clover for hogs. Then he remarked:

"By the way, Jim, when that dry spell came two years ago, I tried just stirring the top of the soil lightly—just as shallow as I could—so it made a dust mulch to keep the moisture under. And, don't you know, I made twenty bushels to the acre more than I had ever made before when there was a drouth? You remember what a good crop I had? I'm doing it again this year. I believe it's worth trying."

So did the other farmer—and saved himself nearly a thousand dollars on that one crop; not to mention twenty crops to follow.

A girl who loved her mother was tired one evening, and spoke crossly to the mother, who was not feeling



well. That night the mother died. For a year the daughter grieved herself almost to death with remorse for that cross word.

"Oh," she would cry, "if she could only have lived to forgive me!"

"Do you think," suggested a thoughtful friend, "she would have forgiven you?"

"Why, of course!" The girl's eyes opened wide with surprise that the question could even be asked.

"Then do you think she is so much harder hearted, now that she is dead, than when she was alive? Do you think you are just to your mother in acting and feeling as if she has gone into eternity forever resenting what she scarcely noticed and would instantly have forgiven in life?"

That question straightened the girl's crooked idea and brought her back to sanity and happiness.

There is no greater instrument for straightening ideas than a question mark. To argue the matter yourself too often only intensifies the wrong impression. But a well-placed question often lets in the light.

"Do you know," remarked a citizen of one of our big cities, speaking of the editor of that city's most influential paper, "that that man is absolutely crooked? He pretends to be working for the common good, but he really sells the support of his paper to the highest bidder."

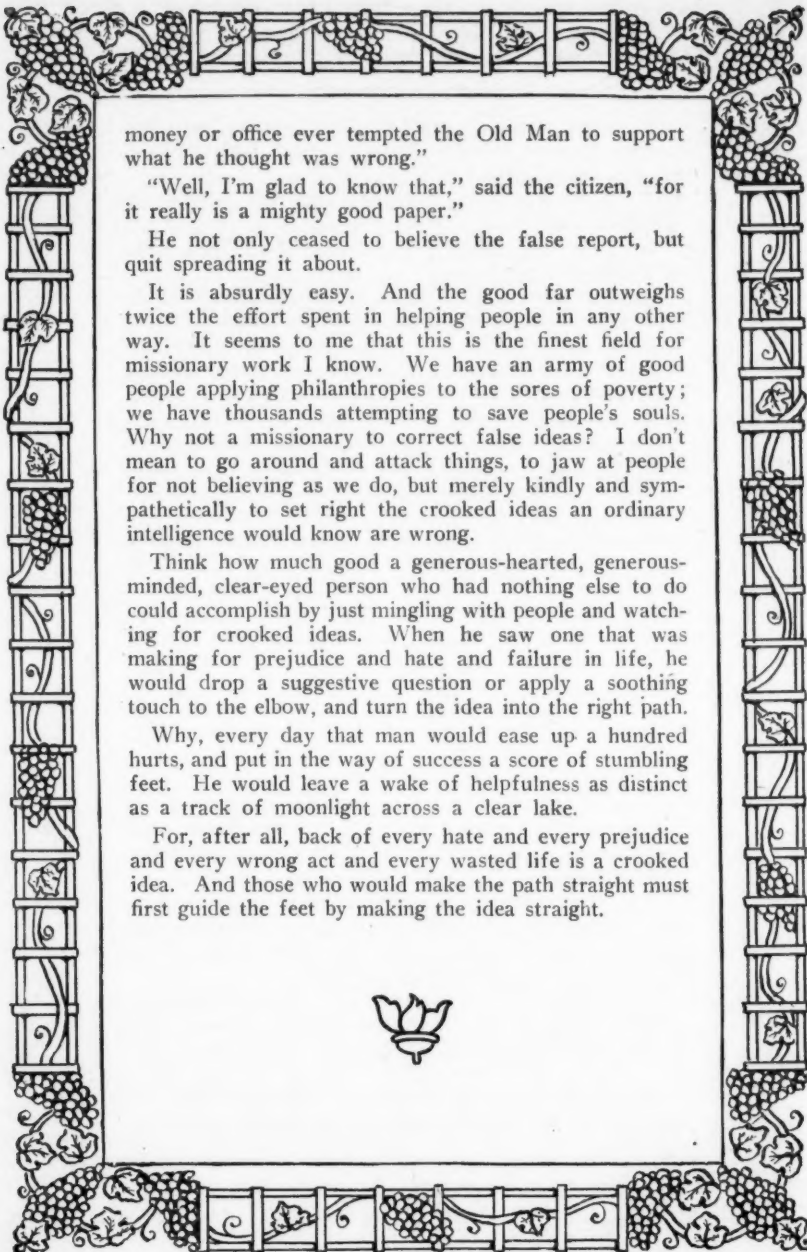
"Where did you hear that?" I asked.

"Why, I got it straight," replied the citizen. "J. T. Betters told me he knew positively that the paper could be hired to support or oppose anything for ten thousand dollars."

"Did you remember," I asked, "that J. T. is the man who was mixed up in that paving-contract scandal, and that the paper's exposure kept him from reelection?"

The citizen had not thought of that.

"Ask Simpson," I suggested. "We know Simpson is square. Simpson worked for the editor ten years. And a man can not work for another that long without discovering the sort of man he is. Simpson told me to his positive knowledge that there was never a question of self-interest in deciding the paper's policies—that no



money or office ever tempted the Old Man to support what he thought was wrong."

"Well, I'm glad to know that," said the citizen, "for it really is a mighty good paper."

He not only ceased to believe the false report, but quit spreading it about.

It is absurdly easy. And the good far outweighs twice the effort spent in helping people in any other way. It seems to me that this is the finest field for missionary work I know. We have an army of good people applying philanthropies to the sores of poverty; we have thousands attempting to save people's souls. Why not a missionary to correct false ideas? I don't mean to go around and attack things, to jaw at people for not believing as we do, but merely kindly and sympathetically to set right the crooked ideas an ordinary intelligence would know are wrong.

Think how much good a generous-hearted, generous-minded, clear-eyed person who had nothing else to do could accomplish by just mingling with people and watching for crooked ideas. When he saw one that was making for prejudice and hate and failure in life, he would drop a suggestive question or apply a soothing touch to the elbow, and turn the idea into the right path.

Why, every day that man would ease up a hundred hurts, and put in the way of success a score of stumbling feet. He would leave a wake of helpfulness as distinct as a track of moonlight across a clear lake.

For, after all, back of every hate and every prejudice and every wrong act and every wasted life is a crooked idea. And those who would make the path straight must first guide the feet by making the idea straight.





# The Perpetual Providence

By Marie Manning

Author of "The F. F. V.'s and 'The Political Person'," "The Destiny of Ingersollia," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY G. C. FUGSLEY

THE family hotel prided itself more on its markedly intellectual features than on its Italian-Gothic architecture, which, for New York, was gratifyingly individual. Cuisine, bank accounts of patrons, number of Louis' suites, might be matters of pride to other establishments, but celebrities—hemi-celebrities, even semi-hemi-celebrities—were the specialty of this house.

If a wanderer from one of the bepalmed, beplushed, begilded, orientalized dinner factories uptown scoffed at this substitution of names for what he was pleased to call conveniences, the loyal denizen of the Gothic structure never failed to aim casually with the name of a certain beloved vagabond of the world of letters who gave to the multitude the gift of tears and laughter, who went into exile rather than be lionized, and who threatened to sue a morning paper if it again referred to him as "the Shakespeare of the streets."

"Did he live here?" the scoffer would ask, and even the glories of his communal "Persian Garden" would seem tawdry.

Then the Parnassian would follow up his advantage with a shotgun volley of names, winding up always with that of Margaret Greenleaf.

"Margaret Greenleaf—Margaret Greenleaf? Who is she?"

And the Parnassian would suddenly remember that her fame was entirely local, that to the outsider she was only an humble artisan of the world of art, "doing" fashions for a pattern sheet, when she might have been painting notable portraits. And he would probably fall back on "To understand Miss Greenleaf's relationship to this particular little cosmos, you've got to live here."

On a certain December morning, a deluge of rain gave to the front hall and vestibule of the family hotel the preternatural activity of a disturbed ant hill. It was an inconvenient hour for weather tantrums. Clocks pointed to the stroke at which the professional toiler goes forth to accumulate upon his brow those drops that pay the rent, give his wife her allowance, and provide the check for the motor, according to its sweating capacity. Torn between the immediate recklessness of ordering a taxi, or the slower extravagance of ruining their clothes, patrons of the family hotel missed a little drama that for the past ten minutes had been trying desperately to catch an individual or a collective eye.

The drama in question was that of a little girl being made ready for the storm. The manner in which she was being bundled and swathed recalled to

the older theatregoers the preparations of the players for the snow scene in "Way Down East." In the case of little Monica, also, the defenses against the weather were almost too terrible to be convincing. Her mother, as property man, manipulated the little arctics, raincoat, and mittens with an untiring display of energy, flashing nervous glances, meanwhile, at the lookout in the lower hall.

At last, when the bundling and swathing were as tight and as waterproof as hands could make them, and there wasn't a shred of excuse for further lingering, and not a soul had offered to keep the little girl for the morning, dumb wretchedness and anxiety jerked by turns at the heart of the property man. It was inhuman to take a child out on such a day! She flung up her head with the appeal of a doe whose fawn is menaced. Helen's face that launched the thousand ships was no more fair; beauty of line and color were there with such lavishness as to convey the effect of artificiality. Another five minutes passed, and no one offered to take Monica.

Again the mother went down on her knees before the muffled cocoon on the hall chair, adjusting the muffler more carefully; the human sacrifice within was already half smothered. Then, rather desperately, she caught the eye of a middle-aged man with a fine head; her glance, strained, tearful, indicated the cocoon. He bowed suavely, and disappeared into the smoking room.

"Horrid old thing!" she muttered. "Come, Monica! We must go!"

Then, like the belated horseman of the old romance, who dashes up, foam-flecked and breathless, waving a reprieve, John Fennimore bolted from the breakfast room. He seemed to feel guilty that his justly earned breakfast should have been the cause of the near-calamity. He began to unpeel the sweltering cocoon, with whom he appeared

on the friendliest terms. The young mother with Helen's face was too spent with the morning's strain for the amenities of speech. She turned the bundle, which had now become a rather homely, square-looking little girl, over to him, kissed the child, and stepped into the pelting street.

The young man who had rescued Monica had no claim to distinction beyond a certain quality of youth that seemed borrowed from the gods, it was so radiant. He bore his windfall toward the elevator, which was "up." They waited, swinging hands, and down it came presently, disgorging two more "guests." Slender, poised, well dressed, the two ladies gave the impression of being equipped for life's arrows—or its halos. A glance signified that the four made up one of those "happy-family" groups that all hotels know.

"Mr. John is going to mind me to-day," Monica announced with pride.

Mr. John looked guilty; Miss Greenleaf looked disapproving.

"Didn't you plan to work on your symphony to-day, John? Not another chance till your next day off."

"As if a newspaper slave ever forgot his weekly holiday! But I can make it up nights."

"Compose at night, after running about for a newspaper all day? Here, give me Monica. I'm not doing anything special."

The silence of the other lady was conspicuous; it had an adamant quality like the amber that preserves the fly. Miss Greenleaf led Monica into the elevator. The ominous silence, in the person of Miss DeVoe, followed. The young man, like a reprov'd child, stared after the car without a word.

"If I couldn't 'a' had Mr. John," said the child, "I'd rather have you."

Little Monica had been such a pawn all her life that a little shoving around, more or less, did not matter. Miss





"Mr. John is going to mind me to-day," Monica announced with pride.

Greenleaf smiled down on her and unlocked her sitting-room door.

The embodiment of ominous silence came, also, and found voice:

"What about *your* symphony? Aren't you ever going to stop frittering away your chances, your life, your time, for other people? That boy's got years and years to waste that you haven't. How do you know his symphony is so tremendously worth while, just because he's a nice boy, and we all like him?"

Miss Greenleaf's smile, wistful and tender, would have secured absolution for a greater sin than her incorrigible good nature.

"Why did you make me look so solvent this morning, Anna?" She glanced at the mirror, as if the well-dressed woman reflected there were a stranger. "If you'd let me look shabby, as usual, I would have remembered the chance on the *Dernier Cri*. I'll telephone Mitford I'll come this afternoon."

Miss DeVoe whirled away despairingly.

"Telephone a man you're hoping to get a job from? I wouldn't telephone. I'd just sit down and wait for the millennium."

"What a delightful destiny it would seem, with the rest of you hopping like corn in a popper!"

It will be seen that Miss DeVoe did not lack that first great requisite of life-long friendship—that of speaking her mind. She was somewhat in arrears with this privilege, it would appear, from the length and accumulation of her speech. It developed during the course of it that Miss Greenleaf had an appointment that morning that promised to lead to more congenial work. The long-suffering Miss DeVoe had robbed herself of half an hour's nap to superintend the grand toilet that was to convince the editor that the applicant for the "job" knew the last word in fashions, from personal experience. It would seem that not always did Miss

Greenleaf's appearance justify her dashing fashion plates; but this morning, thanks to the DeVoe touches, she might almost have been a cover design. And now, as usual, she'd thrown away her chance, that John Fennimore might write on his symphony.

"I wish to mercies I was big enough to mind myself!" came up from the lower level, where Monica stood between them.

She had been completely forgotten. They abased themselves in genuine contrition before the square little girl, who knew, however, what "minding" cost a busy person. Her feelings were absolutely intact; her remark, it seemed, was but one more cry for feminine emancipation. She actually wanted to mind herself. Nevertheless, she was human enough to accept the loot offered as reparation for a possible hurt.

On her way out, Miss DeVoe, as she wrestled, unnoticed, with overshoes in the hall, heard young Fennimore talking to the man whom Monica's mother had called "a horrid old thing."

Longstreet said: "Didn't the lovely Carola fasten on you as nursy this morning?"

"I was glad to have Monica—it was unthinkable to take her to the library on such a day—but Miss Greenleaf bore her off."

Longstreet's laugh had an edge.

"Did you happen to know—you can verify it in the encyclopedia—that in southern Europe the charm against a vampire is garlic? But there's no amulet for the Oliver Goldsmiths of life—they give and give till their bones are picked dry. Miss Greenleaf's a Goldsmith in petticoats."

"Margaret appears to have a valiant champion," Anna remarked to herself as she climbed into the Fifth Avenue bus.

Unless, like that morning, the weather was as violent as a stage storm, little Monica daily made a brave figure,

mounting the steps of the library, her hands warm in the woolen mittens that were gray and fuzzy like a Maltese cat before it has reached the age of discretion. In the pocket of her shabby little coat were a pencil, a sharpener, and a writing pad, with which the library child managed to get through a great deal of personal business. She was not yet five, so she never had any joyous anticipations about the library. She had spent so much time there that all the officials knew her. Their nod was the greeting of freemasonry; she was quite one of them.

Her mother had far more the air of being taken to the library than did her daughter. Carola was not the type of woman you'd find going to libraries because she enjoyed them. One knew at a glance that her natural habitat was one of those mirror-lined rooms where beautiful gowns are displayed. There, trying on shimmering chiffons in front of a long mirror, she would have looked contented and at home.

She had been so happy—or, rather, it now seemed as if she had been. Then one day the sun had set, and left her to struggle along with little Monica in the darkness. Her husband had been an architect—a coming man they had called him; but one does not come very far in that profession at his age. Of course, people had said that they ought not to have married on such indefinite prospects; but for a time their young recklessness had seemed justified. Then had come typhoid fever, weeks and weeks of it, and one morning Carola had awakened to the fact that there was Monica to be looked after, and less than fifty dollars in the bank.

All the gentlemen journalists and the lady writeresses, and the art critics of both sexes, and the solid, stolid, reliable people who compiled things; were just as sorry for Carola and little Monica as they could be; and, marshaled by Miss Greenleaf, they all fell to plotting and

planning how these two waifs of fortune could live on their annual income, which was exactly nothing.

In the end, Miss Greenleaf evolved a brand-new occupation for Carola, an occupation, apparently, that no one had ever thought of before, and would not have thought of anywhere else, perhaps, but here. Carola was to save the time of all these writing folk by doing their library work for them. They told her what subjects to look up, and she got together the necessary books of reference and made the notes. The library people, who knew all about the scheme, helped wonderfully, hunting up the best books and pointing out the meatiest paragraphs; all of which Carola faithfully copied in her big, floundering handwriting, which had never been intended for anything but sweet, foolish letters, with crosses at the end for kisses.

Little Monica had begun to go to the library with Carola when she was so young that she still took milk from a bottle. Some one always used to warm it for them, and Monica, with a nice sense of the fitness of things, took it stealthily in the cloakroom. It was she, rather than her mother, who seemed to realize that a library was not quite the place for a bottle baby, for very early in life she renounced this highly esteemed privilege of infancy and took to sharing her mother's sandwiches and the ice water from the cooler. In sheer self-defense, she learned to read at an age when most children are still fumbling over lettered blocks.

John Fennimore and Monica were great cronies. He was nearer her age than the rest of her friends at the hotel, and when they played games, he seemed as keen about beating as she. He didn't seem a bit like a grown-up. In fact, looking back over her life of nearly five winters, Monica could remember no other playfellow than John Fennimore. She had never had a child friend, or

made a mud pie, or got herself gloriously dirty; no one in New York knew better than the library child the awful cost of washing.

There was no question about the genuineness of young Fennimore's musical gift. His work had great originality and distinction. But the usual long, hard road that awaits American talent confronted him. Composition had to be done at odd hours; from twelve a. m. until the last musical assignment was covered at night, his time belonged to a morning paper. He did more thinking over his little playmate and her mother than was good for him; it got between him and his work. He was sorry for Carola, of course, but his heart ached for that small, square, valiant little figure trudging to the library day after day. Such a childhood! The outrage of it seemed to cry to Heaven. It took hold of his imagination, and began to spawn ideas in his head that never ought to have been there.

"Don't you get very tired at the library, little Monica?" he asked her one snowy day, when he happened to be temporarily in charge.

"Not tired. It's the pins and needles in my feet, 'cause the chair's too high." Monica thus casually spoke of the disadvantages of a great civic library as a nursery, much as a motorman might have picked flaws in his job.

"And what does it do then, poor thing? Does it sit in its chair, and crush its despair, and hide its head under its wing, poor thing?"

"No—I go for ice water on my tip-toes."

"Do you drink it?"

"No-o," disclaimed the square little girl; "just pretend. A walk's a mighty good thing to get the pins and needles out of feet, isn't it, Mr. John?"

But Mr. John only went over to his piano and crashed chords—big, thunderous chords, that made the pictures on the wall rattle.

"It's a shame, Monica! Put on its little hood, and we'll run in the park till there won't be a pin or needle about us—no, not even in our clothes. Hurry up! Snow's stopped!"

"May we give the squirrels peanuts?"

"All they can eat."

"Squirrels don't have libraries, do they, Mr. John?"

"Not even in a nature book. They know how to tell the wild flowers from the birds without recourse to print."

"It must be lovely to be a squirrel!"

This conversation affected Mr. John profoundly. He began turning over in his mind an offer to write the score of a comic opera that he had refused with some asperity not long ago. The proposed operatic venture had all the financial backing necessary to make it a glittering success, but Fennimore had flinched away from the ready-made plot, the tawdry theme, the vulgarity and staleness of the whole idea. But proximity was beginning to work strange sorceries in the blood of John Fennimore; these great caravansaries of the metropolis have much to answer for—the queer friendships that are born of the gregarious communal life, the gnawing canker of loneliness that lets down bars and creates false values, the thrusting of naked tragedies into the faces of strangers, the toll of sympathy levied at all costs.

The death of Carola's husband had left her practically a foundling on the steps of the family hotel, with another foundling by the hand. And the men and women who had been her husband's friends—men and women who lived by their artistic wits—had imposed upon themselves the obligation of supplying a makeshift employment to provide for these two. Up to this point the scheme was excellent; it kept warm the hearts and sympathies of these middlemen of the muses, it helped to keep them from becoming too introspective, it gave them a profound interest in a little child.

But when John Fennimore seriously began to consider the writing of a comic-opera score as a means of providing for Carola and her daughter—there you have the evils of propinquity set forth in headlines. He was not in love with Carola; he was only sorry for her. He knew it would be the end of him artistically, but every time his mind crystallized to this decision, it was melted again at the sight of Carola coming in, tired, to dinner, clad in her pathetically shabby black.

There was something about Carola—it might have been her almost intolerable beauty, or her almost equally intolerable lack of humor—but she didn't fit in with the rest of them. Of course, she ought to have married a prince, and been "happy forever after"; she was too purely ornamental in type for any other destiny, and doubtless any prince who had caught a glimpse of her would have looked up a swan, put on a Lohengrin costume, and set about his wooing in the best grand-opera style. But there were no princes, or their financial equivalents, in the family hotel.

It was rather late, one Sunday evening, when Miss Greenleaf knocked on Anna DeVoe's door. Immediately there was a scarcely perceptible flurry on the other side, followed by a silence so profound that it appeared to ring.



"It must be lovely to be a squirrel."

"It's I, Anna. Don't see me, if you're busy."

The door flung wide, revealing Miss DeVoe in a highly becoming kimono.

"Of course, you may come in. I thought it might be the same caller who dropped in to borrow a bottle of alcohol after dinner, and stayed exactly four hours——"

"Yes; I met her coming out."

"Your Sherlockian talents are entirely to blame for any lack of charity on my part. I meant to suffer in silence, but if you insist on deducing that a lady coming from my sitting room has been calling—how can I help it?"

Margaret Greenleaf, sunk in the depths of the morris chair, did not answer immediately; a companionable si-

lence was one of her gifts. She was homely, yes—that sort of perpetual-Providence woman always is—but she had a nobly symmetrical head, with a touch of the divinely brooding quality of the Venus of Milo. Any woman with a shred of feminine intuition would have dressed, sat, stood, cut her cloth of life, with this gift of the gods in view; but Margaret was deficient in the wisdom of the serpent.

She loved little Monica as if she had been her own. It was the little girl's premature development of a certain rugged stoicism of fiber that helped to make Margaret blind to the mother's lack of these qualities.

"Poor Carola—she's so unhappy!" was all she said.

"Poor Carola is a lump of beautiful ineptitude, whose soup must not only be provided, but also blown to the proper temperature. That four-hour call I'm so peevish about she spent in speculating whether, if John Fennimore wrote a comic opera, it would be a success."

This announcement was electrical in its effect on Miss Greenleaf. Her lounging attitude was immediately transformed to one of tense alertness; her grip on the arms of the chair tightened till the knuckles whitened. She had no art, apparently, with which to construct a screen. The blow had stunned her past all pretense.

"You mean she's actually considering marrying J-John Fennimore?"

"Wake up! Wake up! The rest of us are nobly considering what we shall deny ourselves to furnish forth the marriage loot."

"But his music—his music?"

It was the voice of one racked with suffering coming out of the anæsthetic. Anna DeVoe was struck by the look on her friend's face. The perpetual Providence of the family hotel suddenly seemed very old; the childlike, ingenuous look had been replaced by one of

world-old sorrow. It was all in a flash—the alchemy of pain that turned those genial contours into the anguished lines of the Greek tragic masks; her very blood seemed to whiten.

Anna averted her eyes; it was horrible to see a soul in all its nakedness. Splendid, reckless Margaret, to be able to care like that, and about John Fennimore! She must be fifteen years older than the boy. The decent thing, of course, was to pretend not to have seen. The silence that followed rang with the clamor of unspoken things. Then Margaret managed to say very naturally:

"She is very beautiful."

There was not a trace of any emotion now. She was the same fine, impractical creature they all loved and shook their heads over.

"She is that—as beautiful as the wax loveliness in the hairdresser's window, and—with just about the same amount of soul. It will be his end, all right."

"Such a marriage is out of the question. It would be worse for Carola than for John." Margaret's were the cool, even tones of impersonal detachment; of the passion-riven soul of a moment ago there was not a trace. "No one with a shred of humanity is going to sit by quietly and see such a marriage take place. We've got to send Carola off for a visit. I've a half sister in Denver, married to a railroad plutocrat, or something like that."

"Same sort of impractical perpetual Providence that you are?"

She rescued the half sister with: "Gertrude's got brains, but she loves to see pretty women about, human orchids in lovely frocks—"

"I see—background of lovely imbeciles for her own monologues. It's been done before. But Carola's got no frocks at all."

Margaret was again the schemer of schemes, the *dea ex machina*.





*Her grip on the arms of the chair tightened until the knuckles whitened.*

"I don't really need that fur coat I've been talking about——"

"You do need that fur coat, and I decline to listen to another plea for turning yourself into a scarecrow. Oh, Margaret, don't be such a divinely foolish busybody! Henry Longstreet's got a box for the opera Tuesday night. He's so keen on having you. Won't you come?"

"And who is Henry Longstreet?"

4

"Who, indeed! You've only lived in the same house with him for ten years, bowed to him every day——"

"I've got no time for that sort of thing, Anna."

"Margaret Greenleaf, another moment of your incorrigible philanthropy will cost me a night's rest! Eight hours, and I shall be facing my pupils. I owe them some degree of sanity——"

"I'm going." At the door she turned

to her friend and smiled; then she was lovely.

The green-shaded lamp, the drowsily burning fire on her own hearth, were to Margaret like the silent pressure of friendly hands. There was no use in applying mental chicanery to her own case any longer; she was in love with this boy. The knowledge of it caught her like grappling hooks which drag to the surface the dead that seek to escape the shame of prying eyes. At her age! No shred of the cruel humor of the thing was spared her. She filed before her own ruthless vision in all the folly of her thirty-nine years. The boy might have been her son.

That was the way the tragic comedy had begun—she had wished that he were her son as she had listened to him playing, and life had seemed to be slipping away from her like the sand in a broken hourglass. Then she had met him, and had been delighted with his unspoiled naïveté. He was such a boy, for all his talent. In her amazing guilelessness, she had not known why it hurt less to live, why the canker of loneliness gnawed less; she knew only that the boy's presence in her life was like the lighting of a lamp in a long, dark passage.

Then, to-night, under this very roof, had come the swift realization, in that cruelest of awakenings for a high-minded woman—a spasm of jealousy. Through the long watches of pain-quickened consciousness, one thought was paramount—the boy should never know. Of the dim figure of the future whom he would worship she was not jealous. When that time came, her effacement from his life would be final. But to sit still now and see him hanged by the rope of his own generous impulse—strangled, snuffed out by a bit of beautiful ineptitude—She was prepared to fight against it to the last ditch.

It was nearly two, but she began to

write letters with an energy that burned up fatigue. She wrote to the Denver half sister whose particular vanity was human orchids in lovely frocks; and she wrote to some cousins, women whose selfish form of charity was to deny themselves nothing in the way of clothes, and, after a wear or so, to give the least successful of them to women less fortunately circumstanced. The last detail of the Carola campaign was completed when Margaret turned on the cold tap for a bath, an hour before she was due at the office of the pattern sheet.

It was not a difficult business, that of persuading Carola that she was worn out from "overwork" and in desperate need of a long rest. She had tried with all her feeble might to provide for herself and her child. Her work at the library had been the best of which she was capable, but it had involved the coöperation of half the library staff, and even then Carola had always worked like a punished child, who does its task with an eye on the clock. It would be heavenly to stop in a house where breakfast would be sent up every morning and several motors were kept. It was only when she turned her square little daughter over to Margaret, who was to take entire charge of her, that she was conscious of the least alloy in her happiness.

Margaret, being a philosopher, knew that in all probability life would never offer anything better than the days that followed. She made an arrangement—less advantageous, of course—to work at home, that she might give Monica more care. And the child, whose position from birth had been that of a stealthy satellite, following some grown-up who must not be disturbed, now found herself the center of an elaborate and wholly delightful planetary system.

It seemed that in certain circles, especially those dominated by childless

couples and unmarried ladies, children were not the "cares" their parents sometimes found them. They were important "scientific facts," about which whole libraries had been written and annual and biannual councils were held. Though Monica did not quite grasp these names, the change from library child to scientific fact was very delightful.

Aunt Margaret always read a book about her before she did anything. The first morning after her crib had been brought to Miss Greenleaf's room, she awakened to find her guardian deep in "How to Bathe the Child." The bath that followed was quite worthy of the tome. "Care and Feeding of the Child" produced equally gratifying results. "Play and Recreation of the Child" was less enjoyable—at least Mr. John made up better games out of his head than Aunt Margaret got from the book. Monica, who had known so much of the seamy side of life, began to display strange signs of levity; her repressed laughter rang out gay and rippling, now that she had so long stayed away from libraries and the notice: "Silence Must Be Observed."

As for the boy, Margaret never permitted a vain regret to spoil their beautiful friendship; never harbored an impulse to make him feel her power; kept from their lives any element that might disturb the even keel on which their friendship rested. He came to her with everything—plans, ambitions, hurts, and small triumphs. She had the humor that is the chief compensation for the loss of first youth, and the liberal point of view that is, usually, the first hostage of age.

He had finished his great work at last—the "Shoshone Symphony," which put into music for the first time the North American Indian. As the son of an army officer, he had spent part of his childhood among the Shoshones, in Wyoming, and the history of that par-

ticular tribe had strongly appealed to him. Their mythology, their ceremonial dances, their strange, primitive music, so like the earliest Hungarian themes, had gripped his imagination, with the result that for two years, now, he had worked every moment he could call his own at the symphony. The burning question was how to get it before the public. It would take influence, it would take a great deal of money. Margaret's part was to stem the tide of discouragement, to make coffee when midnight oil was to be burned and the divine afflatus knocking.

"She's deuced white to me," the boy used to say to himself. "That's what fellows' mothers must do for them. I've missed an awful lot not having one."

He took her as part of the comfort of the queer hotel that was home to so many of them. He never thought of her at all when he was away from her; and she, realizing this, through the exquisite clairvoyance of love, was thankful for things as they were.

Then the word came from Denver that Margaret had been expecting, hoping for, yet fearing, as the signal for the breaking up of her own particular golden age. Carola was engaged to the president of a trust company. She was "perfectly happy," she wrote. They were going to be married in Denver almost immediately, and would Margaret keep Monica till they were settled in their new home, which was now in the hands of decorators?

Would she? Would Margaret part from her right hand a moment sooner than was necessary? Monica wondered what had happened that her friend held her so tight; but she was not told just then. John Fennimore's manner of taking Carola's engagement dispelled for all time Margaret's fear that he might, after all, have had a more personal interest in Carola than the unhappy childhood of Monica inspired.



*He sought out Margaret Greenleaf and presented his problem.*

"Great! Great! The kiddys' in for a regular fairy-story time!"

When Carola brought her magnate to the hotel at the end of the honeymoon, there was a feeling of disappointment that he did not agree with their preconceived picture of him, which resembled rather the multimillionaire of farce comedy and the funny paper. There was nothing comic about the small, spare man with the Napoleonic head, who took them all—and their works of art—so seriously. He seemed flattered when John Fennimore played bits from the score of the "Shoshone Symphony"; it was amusing to see the bright particular stars of the hotel's galaxy of art and letters back down before the humble attitude of the magnate. He was really scoring very handsomely with them.

And then, of course, like every one

who crossed her orbit, he sought out Margaret Greenleaf and presented his problem. He wanted immensely to do something big for John Fennimore.

"Seeing how things stand," he said gravely, "I feel toward him a great sense of responsibility."

Margaret listened, not knowing in the least how things stood. The magnate knit his brow in a paroxysm of deprecation.

"Not that I could make up to him for what he's lost. But the boy's young. It would have been a wretchedly unsuitable marriage for both of them."

Margaret counted fifteen before she dared catch his eye. She did not believe that Carola had deliberately deceived him about John Fennimore; it was just her gift of seeing everything connected with herself in the handsomest possible terms. The magnate

kept right on, smiling rather charmingly at his impending joke:

"And, having played the devil with the boy's life, as it were, I'd rather like to play the part of angel to his music."

So here was the key that fitted the lock! How the rest of them would revel in knowing! They had been so genuinely puzzled at the magnate's interest in John's music. But they would never know, or the boy, either, for that matter.

"And now," said Anna DeVoe, about a month later, "since you've married off Carola, secured a proper home for Monica, attained a production for Fenimore's symphony, and look like a rag-bag in consequence, may I bring Henry Longstreet to call?"

And, as usual, Margaret said: "Who is Henry Longstreet?"

"He's only a man who has been in love with you for ten years. As long as he was prosperous and wealthy, I never thought it worth while to trouble you; but now that he's steeped in misfortunes"—Miss DeVoe prevaricated handsomely—"I thought maybe you might let me bring him in."

"I've no time for foolishness, Anna."

"No; but you might make a cup of coffee in that old copper percolator of yours for a man not as young as he once was—with less hair, perhaps, and more interest in his slippers——"

"You may bring him in some time, of course, but I don't recall him at all."

"No, you wouldn't. He never wasted your time, made you unhappy, or—anticipated your pay envelope. Why should you recall him?"

The perpetual Providence laughed.

"My dear, only suppose you were as black as you paint yourself!"



### Before Day in Autumn

DEEP violet rolls the sea of sky  
Where floats a slender shell of moon  
Along the south, serene and high.  
Scarce is a hint of that which soon  
Shall be a morn and wax to noon.

Bitter the blackness of the house  
Until I rise, until I lay  
The hearth's bright flambeau; till I rouse  
The busy spirit of the day,  
And put my half-spun dream away.

And, while my dauntless hand I set  
To labor, climbs the morning o'er  
Gold hills where fairy lace lies wet.  
The moon boat beaches on its shore,  
And sunshine's in the world once more.  
JEANNIE PENDLETON EWING.

# Grandfather Bixby, Nurse

By Mary Roberts Rinehart

Author of "Seven Days," "The Man in Lower Ten," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY R. EMMETT OWEN

THE coast is clear," read Grandfather Bixby drowsily. "Send two trusty scouts to the cave——"

"Grandpa," said the little boy on the bed suddenly, "what did you have for dinner?"

"——and roll the casks of provisions beyond the reach of the waves. A brushwood fire was soon burning, and from it proceeded an appetizing odor of broiling fish. The cast-aways——"

"Grandpa!" The boy's tone was more insistent. "What *did* you have for dinner?"

Grandfather Bixby was wide awake now.

"Dinner!" he exclaimed, as if he heard for the first time. He was thinking hard. "Why, nothing much, Dicky. Meat and potatoes—I forget what else."

"It smelled like chocolate pudding," said Dicky wistfully. "And when Norah came up to sit with me while you were at dinner, she said it *was* chocolate pudding."

"Norah's a fool!" snapped Grandfather Bixby, putting down his glasses irritably. "There may have been pudding, but it wasn't good pudding, I can tell you that."

"It doesn't have to be very good for me to like it. Grandpa, were you ever sick on the Fourth of July?"

"Never was well," maintained the old gentleman stoutly. "Seems to me, when I look back, I 'most always had the

mumps or the measles or something. I was a regular Fourth of July croaker."

Dicky eyed his grandfather suspiciously, but the wrinkled face above the gray dressing gown was entirely serious. Indeed, Grandfather Bixby, embarking on a sea of mendacity, felt to the full the inexpertness resulting from seventy years of honesty. To cover his confusion, he rearranged with care the huge American flag that had been draped over the foot of the sick bed, and stepped back to inspect the result.

"I tell you, it's fine, Dicky!" he said. "What with that string of firecrackers across the foot of the bed, and the flag, and a Roman candle at every corner, you look like a regiment going into action."

"Like a battleship," the child supplemented gleefully. "Like father's ship. You're the admiral, and I'm the captain. Last Fourth of July, father took me to the park, and a rocket stick came down—biff!—and made a hole in his hat and cut his head a little. Do you remember? And how mother was so scared—for him, you know—that she cried? Grandpa, *when* is my father coming back?"

Grandfather Bixby busied himself at the window, without answering. When the child repeated the question, however, he turned around as if he had just heard.

"Your father?" he repeated, to gain time. "Why, he'll be back some time, Dicky. You settle down, now. Your





"Your father?" he repeated, to gain time.

mother won't let me look after you again, if you don't keep quiet."

"But Norah says he won't be back," Dicky persisted. "She said I had lost the best father in the world. My feet got all cold, and I said, 'Was he killed in a battle?' and she said, 'No, he isn't dead; and such a fine-looking young man, too!'"

He stopped, out of breath; and, fortunately for the old man's twitching face, his attention was at that moment distracted. Grandfather Bixby had taken a covered jelly glass from a tin pail of ice on the window sill, and was holding it up for the youngster's eyes to feast on.

"Ice cream!" he exclaimed, looking around over his glasses for a spoon. "A present from the drug-store man at the corner. He said he missed his best

customer." He pulled a chair beside the bed and slipped a pillow under Dicky's head. "I reckon your mother and the doctor wouldn't object to a little ice cream."

The first spoonful, guided by his shaking old hand, missed the boy's open mouth and slid into the hollow of his neck, to be mopped up by Grandfather Bixby's pipe-scented handkerchief. The next half dozen reached their proper destination in short order. Then Dicky turned away his head.

"I can't chew it," he explained, in a thin, but polite, voice. "When I shut my teeth, it isn't there. If father was here, he would make that old doctor give me something to eat. Everybody does what father says—but mother. She's allowed to do what she likes."

The old man scraped down the cream

from the sides of the glass, and his corded fingers were tremulous.

"I guess that's it, Dicky boy," he said. "Your mother's always been allowed to do what she likes, and that isn't good for anybody. Not that it has spoiled her," he supplemented, with hasty loyalty.

The white china clock with the blue windmills on it ticked away cheerfully on the mantel; beside it stood a small locomotive, a wooden mule, and a life-like cow, with a space in her back that lifted out and allowed milk to be poured in, to be milked out later into diminutive pails. And in a silver frame, surmounted by a blue paper rose which Dicky had made at kindergarten, was the picture of a young man in uniform.

Grandfather Bixby stirred the ice cream into a slushy mess, and looked at the picture. He had never had a son, and this all young navy officer had been very dear to him; and now he was on the high seas, and Helen would not speak of him, although she left his picture in the nursery—for Dicky.

The clock ticked on, and Grandfather Bixby's head drooped on his breast. Then—

"They said perhaps I might have toast to-morrow," came Dicky's voice. "It's almost to-morrow now, or it will be in three hours."

"Three hours and fifteen minutes," said Grandfather Bixby, looking at the clock. "What would your mother say if she came home and found crumbs in the bed, and your temperature up in the end of the thermometer again?"

"Just a little piece!"

"Ice cream and toast, and you with nothing but beef tea for six weeks!" But he was plainly wavering.

The boy pursued his advantage ruthlessly.

"When you were sick," he pleaded, "didn't I bring you the paper every morning—when you weren't allowed to read?"

Grandfather Bixby looked around him helplessly; then he got up, and tied the cord of his dressing gown.

"You know what your mother would say. I would never hear the end of it," he protested. "Where do they keep the bread?"

After he had gone down the stairs Dicky lay back with a contented sigh. The window was open, and often there darted across the black emptiness of the night outside a weird streak of golden fire—the stem of some vast, glittering plant whose flowering blossom of red and green lights was beyond and above the boy's vision. Now and then, however, one of the fiery petals dropped lower than its fellows, and, swaying with the air, fell slowly, slowly past.

The smaller noises of the day were gone; only an occasional swish and the soft loom of a bursting rocket remained. And up the stairs from the kitchen came the odor of toasting bread. There was a clatter of dishes, too, as if Grandfather Bixby might be hunting the butter; and then—there was an unmistakable smell of something scorching.

It was some time before the old man came slowly up again. He carried triumphantly before him a plate on which lay a slice of toast. His furrowed cheeks were rosy with the heat of the stove, and he glistened with butter in unexpected spots.

"The way of the transgressor is hard, Dicky," he said. "I will have to see Norah about the kitchen. I'm afraid I have left it upset—very much upset indeed."

Dicky ate the toast slowly, discriminatingly, taking very small bites and making them last as long as possible. Never had he dreamed of anything so delectable, so ambrosial; even the slight flavor of scorching seemed to add to its richness; and, watching him, some of the anxiety faded from Grandfather Bixby's face.



*At that moment, from between the rose pink curtains, sailed a vivid yellow ball of fire.*

"If his temperature *should* go up," he was arguing to himself, "goodness knows there has been enough noise to-day to do it! That mite of toast wouldn't hurt anybody."

Nevertheless, he was relieved when, with all Dicky's parsimony, that last bite was gone. With the empty plate in his hand, he wandered around, looking for some out-of-the-way place where it might pass unnoticed until morning.

"Times change, Dicky," he reflected aloud. "Here am I, who used to punish that mother of yours when she was a little girl—here am I scared to death for fear she'll come back and scold me."

"Did she cry when you walloped her?" Dicky asked, with interest. "Where was I, those days?"

"You were in heaven with the angels." The old man was somewhat out of his depth. "You—you were pluming your little, white wings, so when the time came you could fly straight down to earth."

Dicky sat up, wide-eyed and shaky.

"Then the doctor told me a whopper!" he asserted. "*He* said I grew in a hollow stump, and he carried me here in a satchel."

Grandfather Bixby was slightly confused. He paused before the window, with the plate in his hand. Had he raised his eyes, he would have seen a man, a tall young man, in a boyish, soft hat, who was standing across the street, looking eagerly over. At sight of Grandfather Bixby's thin old figure and black skullcap, the stranger's eyes softened wonderfully. He even took a step



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*"After I spend the whole evening trying to keep that youngster quiet, you two do your best to put him on his back again."*

forward; then he stopped, and drew himself up.

Grandfather Bixby reached out with the plate. It had just occurred to him that no one would see it if he put it on the sill. Just how it slipped, he did not know, but it did, and fell with the peculiar silvery crash of the best china to the walk below. Not only that, but it carried down with it the medicine bottle, left there for coolness.

"The way of the transgressor is hard," repeated Grandfather Bixby, staring ruefully at the empty sill. "I—I don't know what we will do now. There went your medicine."

Dicky was not interested. The slice of toast had generated many foot pounds of energy, and he had secured one of the Roman candles from the bedpost. He held it up in his thin arms and squinted along it. There was a fuse—oh, it was complete, all but the

match, and there were even matches on the bedside table. It is a terrible and lonesome thing to pass a Fourth of July without a firecracker or a Roman candle.

Shortly afterward, the watcher across the street saw the light go down in the sick room, and a stealthy old gentleman, in slippers, come out of the door and hurry toward the corner drug store. The young man meant to go away, but there was something about the house across—the house that he had vowed never to enter again—there was something that seemed to hold him. And then—there were strange splutterings and muffled explosions from somewhere. If he hadn't known that Helen was with the boy, he would have said that some one was putting off firecrackers up there.

At that moment, from between the rose-pink curtains, sailed a vivid yellow

ball of fire. It hung for a second over the quiet street, and then fell slowly, dying into a gilded spark. It was followed by another, and yet others, bursting softly from their chrysalis beyond the curtains, speeding out to form a short-lived constellation in the night. The last golden sphere went awry, and lodged in the soft draperies; the gold became red, a thin circle of fire that spread and smoked. With a queer sound—an oath that sounded like a sob—the watcher ran across the street and into the house he had vowed never to enter again.

A young woman with a wistful mouth, something like Dicky's, turned the corner and came up the street. A fleck of yellow fire was dying in the gutter, but she did not notice it; and up above the red circle had faded away. Only a futile spark sped starward, to die with myriads of its brothers in the summer sky.

Grandfather Bixby came quickly down the street. It had taken some time, but he hoped Helen was not home yet. He tiptoed in, and went very softly up the stairs, to stand dumfounded in the nursery door.

First of all, the white quilt was covered with brown, singed places and

scraps of red paper, and all that was left of the rose-pink curtains lay smoking on the hearth. In a big chair sat a young man, with Dicky, in a blanket, on his lap; and, on her knees beside the two, with her arms as nearly as possible around them both, was Helen! Helen!

In that moment, Grandfather Bixby forgot the ice cream, the toast, the broken plate, and the spilled medicine. The other things, being a wise man, he ignored.

"That's it! That's it!" he snorted, with rampant virtue, from the doorway. "After I spend the whole evening trying to keep that youngster quiet, you two young idiots do your best to put him on his back again!"

Some time after he had closed the door, Dicky raised a drowsy head and interrupted the whisperings of the other two members of the little group.

"What's that?" he asked thickly.

From below came stealthily the clinking of broken china on a pan and the cautious swish of a broom. His father only drew him closer, and, leaning across, kissed the young woman on the mouth that was like Dicky's.

"For all I care," he said, "it might be Grandfather Bixby sweeping up the best china."



# Afterglow

By Anne O'Hagan

Author of "Lucy Locket," "Chance-Sown Seed," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY H. F. NONNAMAKER

**S**EATED on the tiny balcony upon which her room in the Assisi Hotel opened, and watching the moon-flooded Italian plain below her, Alison Pomeroy was conscious of a freshened sense of the injuries she had suffered at the hands of her husband Allan.

This time, however, the cause of her quarrel with him was unlike that which had driven her abroad a year before. It was more subtle. It was, absurdly enough, almost a contradiction of her original grievance.

Why should he insist upon coming to Italy to discuss with her the formalities necessitated by her decision to remain apart from him? For fifteen years—well, at any rate, for ten years—she had longed for him and Italy together. That had been while love and youth, with their infinite power of yearning, had been alive in her breast. And during those years, Allan had treated every suggestion of Italy as if it had been a suggestion for emigrating to Mars. But now—now that she had utterly recovered from all her old, romantic delusions, now that she had tested herself by absence without discovering the least inclination to return to the joyless, beautyless, materialistic existence in Sedgebury, now that she was quite definitely convinced of her desire to end it all—the man was coming to Italy to talk things over with her! Exasperating inconsistency!

But not even Allan's inconsistency disturbed her so much as a creeping

suspicion that there might be something weakening to her resolution in the conjunction of Allan with the atmosphere of this place. Assisi made her forget that she was thirty-five and disillusioned. The soft moonlight on the broad plain of vineyards and olive groves awoke in her little yearnings and softnesses. She felt, in spite of her careful reasoning, that it was a waste of time, a waste of life, to be alone in such a place as this, on such a night as this. That Italian moonlight insolently demanded of all, no matter how old or how hardened, that they should be young and in love.

On the floor beneath hers some one stepped from a room out upon the tiny balcony. A woman's voice addressed pleasant, ordinary remarks to some one inside—something about the Franciscan monastery, vast and medieval in the silver night; something about the shadowy bulking of little, stone-walled cities on the distant hills, and how the distant lights seemed to wink a good night to Assisi, vague upon its hill. And then, after these commonplaces, the woman tried her voice in a trill of song. It was the last straw! Song, as silvery and as all-pervasive and as enervating to all stern purpose as the moonlight and the languorous spring odors, Mrs. Pomeroy would not stand. She went back into her tile-floored bedroom and closed the long window rather noisily behind her. But even there the melody pursued her.

"All that I know of a single star——"



The jubilant voice followed her into her room. There had been an unmistakable bride and groom dining on the terrace that evening—doubtless that bride was the singer! Well, Mrs. Pomeroy could assure her from experience that she would not be singing so jubilantly fifteen years from now!

An Eleanora, very smiling, very black-eyed, brought a pitcher of hot water in response to her ring. Eleanora was a friendly soul, as Alison Pomeroy had learned in her three days' sojourn between Lausanne, where Margaret was at school, and Rome, which Allan had designated as their meeting place. Eleanora particularly loved conversation with all Americans stopping at the Hotel of the Little

Birds of St. Francis, for Eleanora had a lover in America, and he was going to send for her as soon as he had acquired his own fruit-and-vegetable stand in Detroit. Did Mrs. Pomeroy know Detroit? Ah, it was a beautiful dream of a city, more splendid than Rome, more gay than Naples, fair as paradise. Domenico had written it!

But Alison had already told Eleanora all that she knew about Detroit, and so the conversation in broken English and laborious Italian must be started



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upon another topic. Eleanora, the garrulous, was fertile in resource. The singing! Was it not beautiful? Had the Signora Pomeroy ever heard sounds sweeter? And had she marked the singing signora at dinner that night? Alison smiled scornfully. The bride in the white linen, she supposed?

Ah, but no, no, no! Eleanora's negatives ran in a delightful, purling stream. It was not the young signora. Oh, no, no, no! It was the little lady with the gray hair and the gray dress

—the one with the big husband who walked with a cane, being lame, poor soul! And Eleanora's pity seemed about to break over in a flood of tears, until it was stayed by the happy recollection of the reason for the presence of the little, gray-haired singer and the big, lame man. They were on their wedding tour! No, no, no! They were not just married; this was—what did the signora call it?—the—the—anniversary wedding! Twenty-five years ago the singing signora and the limping signor—only he had not limped then—had been at Assisi on their first bridal tour. Signora Riccardi, the mother of Signor Riccardi, the present proprietor of the hotel, remembered them perfectly. Was it not beautiful?

Alison put the chattering Eleanora out of the room. It hurt her beyond endurance somehow that some one else had managed to keep the glory and the dream through twenty-five years. It was very evident to her that the limping gentleman was not at all like Allan Pomeroy. Moreover, she hoped it would be raining in the morning, and that it would be raining in Rome when she arrived there, and that it would rain steadily until after the wretched interview with Allan had been accomplished. She did not want any sentimental, totally false, and temporary obstacles put in the way of their businesslike arrangement of their affairs, the orderly, businesslike termination of their contract. That was all that marriage was—a contract. She herself did not particularly care about a divorce; she did not hanker after freedom for any further matrimonial experiences! She had had enough of matrimony, but she supposed it would be otherwise with Allan. Allan and Mary Wakeley would, in all probability, marry. They ought to have married in the beginning!

She had to open the window again to let in her accustomed nightly portion of fresh air. The woman was still

singing on the balcony below. She had a beautiful voice, rich and tender and well trained. Probably her husband had not denied her, during twenty-five years, the privilege of cultivating her talents! In spite of herself, Alison paused inside the window to listen to the songs. She caught little murmurs of delight from other balconies. How many of the listeners, she wondered, were being weakened for some task by all this sentiment—this sentiment of spring and moonlight and song and a lovely land of romance? Why hadn't she gone home to Sedgely, and had it out with Allan there?

"Then it stops like a bird, like a flower hangs furled;

They must solace themselves with the Saturn above it.

What matter to me that their star is a world?

Mine has opened its heart to me; therefore I love it."

Thank Heaven the woman was closing her concert at last! She was going in—to the sound of applause from all the dark little balconies opening from the rooms on this side the hotel. Why should she have chosen that poem to set to music? That was one of the poems that Alison hoped never to remember again; one of the few, the very few, that she and Allan had read together on the wonderful voyage home that had sealed their fates for them.

Climbing into bed, Allison gave herself up to old recollections. She might as well! Although she had been harboring only recent ones—only those that dealt with the years of her disillusionment—she said to herself now that she might as well review the whole thing from beginning to end. If she was afraid to recall that remoter, lovelier past, why, then, she was not fit to carry on her project! And she was fit to carry it out! Therefore, it was perfectly plain, she must be able unflinchingly to marshal all the golden period of her romance before her.

It had been their last night in Rome—hers and her father's and mother's. The unbelievable four months' tour of Europe was over. To-morrow morning they would leave the pension and journey down to Naples to take the steamer home. Alison's imagination was aflame. Her dreams at night were a medley of pictures—snow-capped mountains, bronze doors of cathedrals, picturesque beggars sunning themselves against medieval stone walls, processions of priests, groups of soldiers, peasant women working in the fields, palaces, picture galleries—her heart was full to bursting! She could not bear to go home. All her plans were of summer after summer spent as this wonderful summer had been spent, only with more leisure, more understanding. She would study French and Italian. She would study the history of art. She would come and come again, each time with more seeing eyes, each time with a more understanding heart.

She had not let herself consider how much thrift and self-denial that one trip of her parents represented. She herself was to be a school-teacher. This European trip was the final polish of preparation before she began with history in Miss Squires' school. She would save—oh, how she would save!—in order that her summers might know the lavish joys of this one. She would buy no new clothes, she would buy no new books, she would abjure matinées and flowers and sweets and gloves and laces! Surely she would be able to come back every year—or, at any rate, every other year.

And some one had broken in upon her golden calculations as she had sat in Signora Ricci's vast, Victorianly ugly drawing-room to say: "Have you thrown your penny in the Trevi fountain yet?"

Looking up with interrogation in her eyes, she had heard the explanation— whoever, on leaving Rome, would as-

sure himself of seeing it again, must drop a coin in the great fountain of Trevi. Alison had listened with eagerness. Her father and mother had been engaged in the dreary details of packing—this thing for the steamer trunks, that for the hold, this for the valise, that for the roll. Now was her chance.

She had never been on the streets of a foreign city alone at night, but she had no fear. In Worcester it was perfectly safe! She had, however, feared parental prohibition, and so she had not gone from the drawing-room to her bedroom for her hat. She had had a little black lace scarf about her shoulders. She would draw that up over her head when she reached the street, and if any one noticed her at all, he would think of her as an Italian working woman, to whom a hat was always a superfluity.

She had made her way successfully out of the top-story apartment—the Signora Ricci's pension was a rambling acre or two at the top of an ancient palace—and had sped lightly down the stone stairs. At the door the fat old porter had said something astonished, perhaps even horrified, but she had not paused to debate the question of her plan with him. She knew the way to the Trevi very well; it was one of her Roman landmarks—not ten minutes' walk away from the pension. The night was brilliantly moonlit. A swelling sense of romantic adventure had filled her heart.

Two or three times during that breathless little journey she had had the impression that she was being spoken to, laughed at, watched, once even followed for a few steps. But she would not turn back until she had dropped the penny. There had been loiterers about the great fountain in the moonlight—tourists, she had supposed, dutifully seeing the sights. There had been some loungers, too, and the unpleasant sense of being closely



*She had spoken a trembling English sentence or two—and then, and then, thank Heaven! an American man had intervened.*

followed had grown stronger. It had seemed to her that the great, bearded face of the Neptune in the central niche leered at her, that the figures flanking him, massively symbolic in the daytime, were now full of suggested license. She had been suddenly frightened. The fingers that tossed the coin into the basin had been chilly.

As she had turned to leave, her hand had been suddenly taken, drawn through a masculine arm. She had given a little cry of fright; she had pulled away. A laugh and a torrent of gay Italian badinage—at least, it sounded gay, and it sounded like badinage—had been the response. A very dark-eyed young gentleman had merrily protested against her withdrawal. He had kept firm hold of her hand. She had spoken a trembling English sentence or two—and then, and then, thank Heaven! an American man had intervened.

Even in her fright and relief, she had been conscious of amusement at the newcomer's funny mixture of firm English and very uncertain Italian. But he had made his meaning clear. The young Italian gentleman had dropped her hand; the young American gentleman had said to her somewhat sternly that he would see her home. She had thanked him; she had told him why she had come out to the fountain in the moonlight. And, hearing, he had paused to fish in his pocket for a coin. He, too, had thrown it to the god of the future presiding there in the waters of Trevi.

"So you want to come back some time, too!" she had cried.

And the young man had smiled down upon her in the bright moonlight and had answered quite forcibly:

"If you do."

After that, of course, she had stiffened. She had not meant that he should say to her things in English such as she supposed the other young man had been saying in Italian. So they had

walked sedately almost to Signora Ricci's before another word had been spoken. And then the young man had said:

"You aren't angry with me for sending that fresh dago about his business? You don't think I'm fresh, too? I didn't mean to be. But—how am I going to see you again? I'm Allan Pomeroy, of Sedgebury, New Hampshire, U. S. A. My uncle's the consul in Milan. That's why I'm here in this blooming old junk heap of a country. Please may I not come to see you?"

Oh, how her heart had beat down there in the narrow, cobbled street between the high stone buildings! It had beat harder and higher than at all the rapturous beauty that had made the four months so tumultuous, so exciting. But how demurely she had answered: "We are sailing from Naples the day after to-morrow, Mr. Pomeroy, on the *Eulalia*."

"Oh!" Mr. Pomeroy had said blankly.

But he had been aboard the *Eulalia* when they had made their way up the gangplank of that golden-cargoed vessel the day after to-morrow. No one could deny, Mrs. Pomeroy had reflected grimly, that Allan had a way of going directly after what he wanted—a wife, a contract, an invention. His method had always been admirably straightforward; it was with his aim that she took issue. Success—materialistic, dollar-and-cent success—had been his goal; and this in a world where artists had dreamed opalescent dreams until these took living shape in stone and marble, in mosaic and painting, in cloisters where the roses drooped their sweet, heavy heads between slender pillars and arches, in cypress-circled fountains, and in all the lavish beauty of an older world than that of Sedgebury, New Hampshire!

She tossed restlessly on her couch in the room in the Hotel of St. Francis' Birds. The springs in her bed at home

were undeniably superior—indeed, she doubted whether those wire-woven aids to slumber were used at all by the conservative Riccardis. But it was not the physical discomfort that made her restless; it was impatience with the duplicity that Allan Pomeroy had practiced upon her on that golden homeward voyage which had landed them engaged to each other. He had cared for sunset and of starrise, then! He had cared for poetry and for the rainbow spray of the waves, then! He had let her prattle on about other summers abroad—about dim churches blossoming into candle bloom for mass or vespers; about courtyards and mountains and little inns and peasants; about processions of friars and of soldiers; and about the thousand pictures that Europe spread before enraptured eyes in every day's jogging. He had deceived her. For when they were married—as they had been within three months, to the distinct annoyance of Miss Squires of the school—when they were married, what had become of those plans and promises?

Alison chose to recall to her memory Sedgebury, where she had lived for fourteen years. The sun, she told herself, had refused to shine during at least twelve of them. All her recollections of Sedgebury were of gray days, threatening rain or snow, or actually raining or snowing. The prim streets were all gray; good Sedgeburyians regarded the use of any but neutral house paints as savoring of levity. The river's edge, which might have been lovely, was disfigured by mills, of which her husband's had been one of the ugliest. And Allan, after a little while, had ceased to remember that the Continent of Europe existed.

He was off to his detestable furniture factory every morning before eight o'clock. He came home to his luncheon at one o'clock. During the honeymoon, Alison had counted it a blessing that she was not obliged to spend ten whole

hours a day without sight of her lord. But when the Sedgebury Business Men's Club had been founded, two years ago, she had hoped that Allan would fall into the habit of lunching there. It wasn't exactly that she didn't care to see Allan; it was rather that she hated an existence with no room for the unexpected in it, no room for chance to play an occasional charming jest, or surprise to tickle the imagination.

Oh, well, there had been the gray years in Sedgebury, with Allan happy in his factory, happy in his money-making, happy in his Saturday afternoon golf and his Sunday morning vestrymanship, happy in his large, dull house, happy in his son and in his daughter—

Alison felt her eyes fill with tears. There was no doubt about it—Allan was fond of his children, and he would miss them dreadfully. His life would be dull, even to his own perception, although his ability to escape the perception of dullness was a really miraculous gift. She would be very generous in regard to them; although she would, of course—*of course*—keep Raymond and Margaret with her, she would let them spend three months of the year with their father. After all, that would be as much as most fathers saw of their offspring, what with boarding schools and summer camps and all the other modern inventions for robbing parenthood of ennui and responsibility.

He, Allan, hadn't really seemed to care very much when she had insisted, a year ago, upon taking the two to France for a season. She had said that they would never acquire an accent if contact with the language were delayed any longer. And Allan, after scoffing a while at the possibility of their needing an accent, had suddenly bethought himself of a French selling branch—the colossal impertinence of it!—for his



horrid chairs and tables, and had consented to the trip and the year's absence.

Well, now he knew exactly what the year's absence had meant to her. Now he knew that she felt she had been defrauded, cheated, all those dull, dragging years in Sedgebury! Now he knew that she was through with them; that she intended to take what remained of life and to expand in the beauty and the sunlight that she loved. Knowledge, cultivation, beauty—she was going to have them to their full at last!

## II.

There was a telegram awaiting her when she reached the hotel in Rome. Her husband would be in Rome the next day. He had paused in Marseilles. She smiled wryly. However disturbed he might be by the announcement of the decision she had reached, by the imminent collapse of that structure of domestic dullness and stability he had reared, he could not forbear stopping in Marseilles to confer about that French selling branch of his ambitions! That was Allan all over. The immaterial, the emotional, the spiritual, the æsthetic, could always wait upon the crassly practical in his philosophy!

At any rate, she was glad he was not already here. The day's delay gave her a chance to recover somewhat from the fatigue of travel, and from the instability of purpose that had threatened since she had listened to the singing in the Assisi moonlight. She would marshal her arguments; she would prepare to meet Allan, without undue rancor, without undue reproach, but with calm insistence upon her own point of view, upon the needs of her own nature. The day of futile squabbling had long since passed with them—the storms, the tears, the poutings, the sullennesses of those early times when she had thought that Allan could be moved

to justice by the sight of the distress his injustice caused. They had not had an out-and-out quarrel for at least five years; doubtless he had comforted himself with the reflection that she was growing used to Sedgebury, growing accustomed to its grayness, growing to feel at home in its deadly, self-satisfied commonplaceness. So, of course, there was to be no scene now, after this long period of dignified dissatisfaction. They would talk things over; he would be obliged at last to hear her out. A man may interrupt a chronically peevish wife; he may end a frequent household argument by the familiar masculine device of putting on his hat and leaving the house; but if she insures him a year's silence, and if he then takes a three-thousand-mile journey for the sake of talking, mere business thrift must force him to listen as well as to talk.

It was Thursday. She smiled grimly. She recalled the early Sedgebury days, when Thursday meant nothing except the cook's afternoon out. At first they had been pleasant enough, those Thursdays—when she had had a young housekeeper's pride in her unaided achievements, a young wife's delight in serving her husband. But they had grown to be a deadly bore. It was pleasant to think that she would never know them again! Thank Heaven, domestic labor in Europe was both cheaper and less independent than in America. Even when she should, from time to time, take houses—a villa at Fiesole, an apartment in Rome or Paris, a cottage in Surrey—even then, when she made a real home and kept house, she would not be bound down to the tyranny of the cook and the housemaid as at home.

Here in Rome, in this wondrous month of May, for example, she could employ her Thursday afternoons as she had been wont to do that rare and never-to-be-forgotten summer when she was a girl—she could go up to the Pin-

cio for the afternoon promenade and the band concert. She had always loved it all—the teeming life and color of the place, the splendor of the garden beds that seemed tropically luxuriant, the playing of the band, the glimpses off the hill to the palaced city lying below, the sight of the great dome that symbolized a civilization. It amazed her to find how clearly she recalled it all. In what corner of her mind had the memory been stored all these years that it should shine forth now in such clearness, undimmed for all the dusty junk that had accumulated there since she had been a girl with eager eyes and eager vision?

She went out of the hotel after tea. The band played, she remembered, for two hours before sunset. It was not very distant, that beautiful “hill of the gardens”; she would walk. She shook her head smilingly upon the expectant cab drivers in the square opposite the hotel. There were twenty—thirty—fifty—of them, with hopeful whips upraised in question. In Sedgebury there had been one station hack until four years ago. Then it had been supplemented by three secondhand taxis. She closed her eyes and her mind upon the fact that the nag that pulled the station hack looked better kept than the poor beasts drawn up in the square.

Through the narrow, colorful streets she went her way, her heart beating with gladness. The flower sellers were grouped at the foot of the Spanish steps as of old, roses and lilies and all manner of gorgeous blooms glowing against the mellow, yellowish background of the steps. She climbed them joyfully. Not in vain had she thrown that coin into the fountain of Trevi. Here she was again, her heart beating fast for pleasure, years fallen from her in her delight.

It was all as she had remembered it—the great palms, the evergreens, the fountains, the beds of wonderful color,

the streams of chattering, smiling people. There was the long procession of carriages—these with groups of animated officers casting gay glances upon the crowds, these with dark-eyed, smiling ladies of the great world. Alison looked upon the coronets upon the carriages with the delighted feeling of a child seeing a play.

The nurses and their charges were out in full force, as they had been in the days she remembered—such animated, handsome, chattering, brown creatures, gorgeous in their stiff, wide skirts, with their great earrings, their colored corselets, the magnificent pins that kept their caps in place upon their black tresses; inordinately proud, too, of the lace-clad babies they carried upon pillows in their arms. And there were streams of students from the religious seminaries—scarlet and blue and black. Alison's heart leaped up with joy in the color. And when the band began to play, her cup of purely sensuous joy was brimming over. The joy of sight, the joy of sound, the joy of scent—how poignantly good they were!

She purchased the right to a chair, and dragged it to a point of vantage where she was shaded from the lowering sun, where she could hear the music, and where she could watch the great stream of gay Roman life, of Rome making a festa. Why could not America learn how to enjoy itself like this?

Somehow, as she thought with annoyance of the lack of the capacity for picturesque gayety in Sedgebury and similarly minded towns at home, her attention was caught by the sight of a boy and girl facing her on an intersecting path across a miraculous bed of pansies. There were iron benches all along the path where the young people stood, but they were careless of the need of rest; they were careless of the amused eyes that might be studying them, half affectionately, half patronizingly. For they were obviously very



*Allison's attention was riveted upon them—why, she could not tell.*

much in love with each other, obviously very indifferent to everything else in the world but what they read in each other's eyes. Allison's attention was riveted upon them—why, she could not tell. Young love, even young love in Italy, was the last sentiment on earth with which she would have professed any sympathy.

They were not of the people, she was sure, her pair of young lovers. The girl was tastefully and modishly dressed, and her dark head was decorously hatted. The young man, pale with desire of her, blind to everything in the world but her sweetness and nearness, wore the clothes of Bond Street. Allison looked for the inevitable duenna.

Since the girl was not of the people, she must be chaperoned; but there was no chaperon at hand to watch the pretty interchange of glances, the smiles that said more than the slow, infrequent words, more, even, than the long, lingering touch of fingers when some artificial reason was afforded for their meeting—her dropped handkerchief, the perfume of her long-stemmed rose.

Allison's eyes were held, despite herself, fascinated by the little wordless play being enacted before her. She stared so long that a sense of dream began to take possession of her, as long looking at some one bright object hypnotizes a subject. The flower gardens, the band, the great trees, the fountains,

all became dim and unreal—a shadowy background for two enamored children, with heaven in their eyes and on their unsteadily smiling lips. The priests and friars, the theological students in their brilliant cassocks, the soldiers with their boldly, gayly inviting eyes, the long stream of carriages, the nurses and their charges, the peasant women out for the air and the music, with their dark, parchmentlike skin, their long earrings, the dark, smooth-polished corals about their necks—everything was but part of an indistinguishable, bright background against which the two young figures stood as if sculptured against a painted canvas.

Her heart began to beat unevenly. She could not bear the sight of their love and their longing. When the divine sadness of love blanched their faces, she found herself crying: "Oh, don't let anything separate you!" When color flowed again across them, and laughter rippled them as a little breeze ripples the golden surface of a sunny brook, she rejoiced. Her own heart seemed to be keeping time to the music in theirs; her own pulses were beating with the emotions that beat in theirs.

Suddenly up behind them came a little party—middle-aged, smiling, knowing, wise. The eyes of the young people fell apart; the chaperons—good, kind chaperons who had granted them this little quarter of an hour in an unwatched paradise!—swept down upon them and bore them off, herding them properly in front, where no single, slightest finger touch could accidentally give joy and reassurance.

"They might have let them walk behind them," thought Alison crossly, coming out of her trance, and rather astonished to find how hard her heart was beating.

What did it mean that she, who was done with love, who had tested and found wanting the promise of youth's

passion and tenderness—what did it mean that she should be thus weakened, thus excited by the glimpse of a pair of young lovers on a Roman holiday? She was a fool—a fool! She arose angrily. She hated a voice within her that mocked her hard-learned wisdom with a taunt.

"That is the one good thing in life, that great surge of young emotion. That is the beginning of knowledge and power and life. Whoever fails to fulfill the promise of that great moment of youth fails to live. Whoever fails to work it out to the end is a shirker—a quitter—does not play the game!"

She started from her seat and began a rapid descent of the hill. She was blind to all that had filled her eyes on her way up. She saw only the young lovers and the infinite possibilities of their love. She did not hear the chattering all about her—the laughter, the melody of speech, the plaintive squeaking of the blind fiddler against the wall, the metallic drop of coins into the box at his feet. She heard only an inner voice telling her that she was a failure because she had not made into reality the glowing promise of her moment of life, when all the glory and grandeur of the universe had been but the background for her figure and that of another human being.

Poor Allan! Had he really once looked at her with eyes that shone like that boy's back there in the gardens, with infinite expectation of joy? Poor Allan! He had been cheated, too.

Walking rapidly down toward her hotel, she was suddenly conscious that the street which she was about to cross was blocked by a barricade of building stones. There were men behind it. She gasped. In her uncertain Italian she appealed to a bystander—what was the matter? Eyes flashing, teeth flashing, voice rolling, the bystander made reply—*lo sciopero!* He evidently gloried in it. He added a great deal that

Alison could not understand. But at least she managed to learn that the trades syndic had ordered a general strike of the city transportation workers, that the strike had begun, and that this little barricade had been erected in the expectation that the carabinieri would try to break up a street meeting of strikers about to be held.

And at that moment came the sound of marching feet, came cries; and as Alison turned to run blindly, a stone struck her on the forehead and she felt a sharp, stinging pain. Then came a surprised second in which she felt herself sinking. And as her eyes closed, she had the most unaccountable sensation of looking into Allan's and of finding great comfort in the sight of him.

### III.

"How did it happen?" asked Alison.

She was lying on the couch in her own vast room in the hotel, holding tightly to Allan's hand.

"It was very simple," he answered. "When I landed, I read in one of the French papers that disorder in Rome was almost inevitable. So I did not stop in Marseilles. I drove up to the hotel as you left on foot. I registered and dumped my bags and hurried out after you. I trailed you up the hill—what's its name? Oh, Alison, I couldn't believe that you—you didn't mean what you wrote, did you?"

"Where were you during the concert?" asked Alison.

"A little behind you—wishing, wishing, wishing! I tried some fool game of hypnotism I read about in a fool magazine coming over. I tried to make you feel that I was there, loving you, and that love was the only thing in the world that mattered. It didn't seem to work. I didn't really expect it to. You got up and started down the hill suddenly with an even more decided air than you had worn when you set

out from the hotel. But that was where I was, and what I was doing——"

"It was you!" Alison interrupted meditatively. "I thought it was them all the time." She disdained grammar.

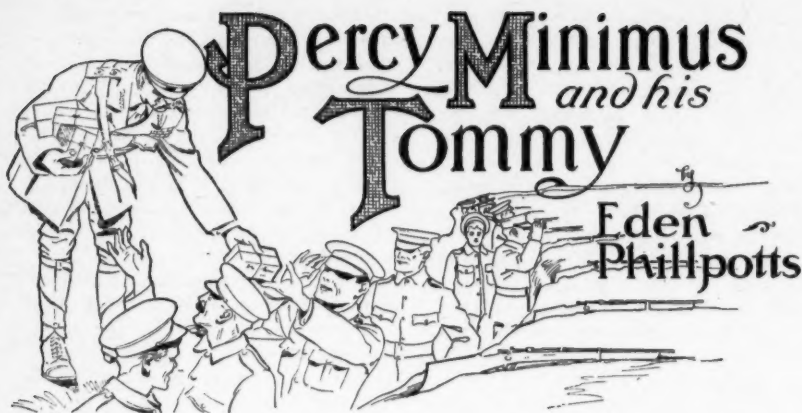
"What them?" asked Allan.

"Oh, some young people—never mind! It was you! I'm glad of that."

"Alison," said Allan suddenly, "perhaps it isn't fair to bother you while you're laid up with that nasty cut, but I want to get it over with. I think you're all wrong on this travel dope of yours—this beauty-and-color game. What we are doing at home is bigger and more interesting—— Oh, no, I don't mean my chairs and tables, though they're interesting, too. I mean the solving of the problems of our industrial age. Great heavens, girl, don't you see that the men who made all this junk you're so crazy over lived in their own day? They didn't live in another fellow's, five hundred years earlier. It's to live in our own place and our own time—to live in them *hard*—that seems to me to be the big game. Alison, you may despise me and my kind as dull duffers, but you've never been hit in the head during one of our labor disputes in Sedgebury. And we have excitable foreigners there, too. It's because we men there are honestly trying to live in our own generation, to solve its problems—and are succeeding."

"Mine has opened its heart to me; therefore I love it,"

quoted Alison sleepily, with a faint smile on her face. "I'm not delirious, Allan—very far from it. I'm coming out of a delirium. But I never should have done it if it hadn't been for the old lovers in Assisi and the young lovers on the Pincio. No, no, silly! I don't want the nurse. I only want you to promise that you'll go out with me in the moonlight to the Trevi and throw a penny to the god of the future before we go back to Sedgebury, so that we'll come here again—and again——"



ILLUSTRATED BY V. SANDBERG

THERE were three Percys at Merivale, and they were all there together. To masters they were, of course, known as "Percy Major," "Percy Minor," and "Percy Minimus"; but we called them "the three maniacs."

Though mad, they were nice chaps in a way, and did unexpected things, and always interested everybody because of their surprises. They were all very different, but very original, owing to their father being a well-known actor. Percy Major was already an actor by nature, and could imitate anything with remarkable exactness, from Doctor Duns-ton to a monkey on a barrel organ. He could even imitate a hen with chickens. But he was going for much higher flights when he went on the stage, and knew the parts of *Hamlet* and *Macbeth* and *Richard III.* by heart; though he said to Travers, and I heard him, that it would probably be many a long day before he got a chance to act these great tragical characters before a London audience. His father, on the contrary, was a comedian, and Blades had once seen him in a pantomime at Exeter Theater, and said that he was good.

Percy Minor was not going on the stage, though, when he liked, he could

be awfully funny. Only he was generally serious and meant to be a painter. His great hope was to take likenesses, and he was always practicing it, and his schoolbooks were full of portraits of chaps and masters. Some you could recognize. He also illustrated history, and his picture of the Battle of Hastings was so much liked that he drew it again and again on the blank leaf at the end of books, charging threepence for doing so. Sometimes, when it was safe, he gave lectures at the blackboard in the style of the different masters, which were worth going a long way to hear.

As for Percy Minimus, he was the maddest of the lot, and my special friend. We were both in the Lower Third. Percy never came out much while his brothers were at Merivale, and his only strong point was singing in the choir. At music he was an undoubted dab, and he liked it, and he said that if his voice turned into anything worth mentioning after it cracked, he should very likely be an opera singer of the first water. And if it failed and fizzled away to nothing after cracking, as treble voices sometimes do, then he was going to be a clergyman—if his



father would let him. He certainly sang like the devil, and old Prowse, our music master, was fearfully keen on him and arranged solos in chapel for him. And people came from long distances on Sundays to hear him sing, though old Dunston always thought, when outsiders turned up to the chapel services, it was to hear him preach. But far from it.

Well, this Percy Minimus was what you may call sentimental, and he certainly was a bit of a girl in some ways. I hated that squashy side of him, and tried to cure it; but I forgave him, because he liked me, and not many chaps did, owing to my having a stammer. It is a great drawback, but there are worse; in class, it has rather a bright side, because the masters never ask you questions much, for fear of making the other chaps laugh. On the other hand, when you happen to know the answer to a question that nobody else does, it is a serious wrong that you can't get it out, and very unjust.

Percy Minimus was frightfully interested in my stammer, and said it would very likely be cured when I grew up. He said that people who stammer when they talk can often sing quite well; so I tried, and found it was so. But here again there was a drawback, because my singing voice, though quite without any stammer, was right bang off as a voice, and even funnier than my stammer. Percy Minimus said it was just the sound a fly made before it died, when it was caught by a spider. So naturally I chucked it.

But this is about Percy, not me. He had very kind instincts, and was of a gentle disposition. For instance, when two of the masters went to the war and Doctor Dunston said he was going to fill the breach and do extra work and take our class, while we much regretted it, Percy Minimus thought it was fine of the doctor.

He said: "Though it is bad hearing

for us, Cornwallis, we are bound to admit it is sporting of him. Because, at his great age, it must be very tiring to do a lot of extra work, and no doubt to take the Lower Third must be fairly deadly for such a learned man as he."

"It'll be deadlier for us," I said; and, of course, it was. But that shows the queer views that Percy gets—hardly natural, I call it. And then, when the doctor threw up the sponge and got a new master, called Peacock, to help and fill the gap till after the war, and Manwaring and Meadows came back, Percy Minimus was queer again.

This Peacock was old and dreadfully humble. I don't think he'd ever been a master before, and he was very unlike his name in every way, and had no idea of keeping order, but went in for getting our affection. He tried frantically to be friendly, but he failed, because he was too wormlike, being a crushed and shabby man with a thin, gray beard. And when he attempted to fling himself into a game of hockey and be young and dashing, he hurt himself and had to go in and get brandy. I believe he was a sort of charity on old Dunston's part really, for he told Pegram that he had a wife and six children, and his eldest son was at the war, and his second son was in the general post office, and his eldest daughter was a schoolmistress at Bedford. Fancy telling Pegram these things! All Pegram did afterward was to make fun of Peacock and treat him like dust. And many did the same. But Percy Minimus encouraged him, and he liked Percy Minimus, and told him several things about the general post office not generally known.

Peacock, finding that me and Percy Minimus were rather above the common herd, told us that he was very anxious about his son at the war, and was very interested about the war in general, and he made us interested in it, too. He read us a letter from his

son at the front, and Percy Minimus said it brought home the horrors—especially in the matter of food. Though not a great eater, Percy liked nice food better than any other kind. And then, owing to this great feeling for nice food, there happened the curious and, in fact, most extraordinary adventure of his life.

He came to me much excited one day, with a newspaper. It was a week old, but otherwise perfect in every way, and it had started a scheme for sending the men at the front a jolly good Christmas gift. For the sum of five shillings, the newspaper promised to send off tobacco and cigarettes and sweets and chocolate and a new wooden pipe, all in one parcel; and so, as Percy Minimus pointed out, if you could only rake up that amount and send it to the paper, it meant that one man in the trenches on Christmas Day would have the great joy of receiving all these luxuries in one simultaneous parcel from an unknown friend at home.

I said: "It's a splendid idea, and I should like nothing better, but, of course, in our case, it is out of the question. We've both subscribed to the Hutchings testimonial, and there's not a penny in sight for me this side of Christmas, and no more is there for you."

He admitted this, but said because there wasn't a penny in sight, it didn't follow that we mightn't, by some unheard of deeds, rake up the money in time. And I said, well knowing what five shillings meant, that the deeds would certainly have to be unheard of.

I said: "There's a fortnight before you have to send in the money; but, so far as I am concerned, it might just as well be ten years."

And he said: "The problem simply is how to raise five shillings out of nothing in fourteen days."

And I said: "Yes."

And he said: "It sounds simple enough."

And I said: "The hardest problems often do."

In two days he had got a shilling, by selling a thing he greatly valued. It was a tie his mother had given him, and it was made of sheeny silk, and changed color according to which way you looked at it. His mother had given half a crown for it, and Percy wore it on Sundays only. It was Sutherland who gave the money.

That still left four shillings, and Percy Minimus hadn't got another thing in the world worth twopence. He then tried writing home, and failed. He said his father was out of work, and though a very generous and kind father as a rule, not just now. His mother also failed him. She wrote sorrowfully, but said that she and his father had done everything about the war they could for the present. He then wrote to his godmother and got a shilling. Encouraged by this, he wrote to his godfather, who didn't answer the letter. Fourpence had gone on stamps for these four letters, and he was accordingly left with one and eightpence. Subtracting this from five shillings, you will find he still had to raise three shillings and fourpence.

It looked hopeless, and I pointed out there was the additional danger that he might be accused of getting money under false pretenses if he didn't collect the lot; but he did not fear that, because, as he said, whatever he might get, he could send to some other war charity which was open to take less than five shillings. There were now only seven days left, and he began to get very fidgety and wretched. He said he was always seeing in his mind's eye a Tommy in the trenches waiting and watching and hoping, between his fights, that Percy Minimus would send him one of those grand simultaneous packets. It got on his nerves after a

bit, and twice he woke me in the dead of the night in our dormitory sniffing very loud.

I said: "You're making a toil of a pleasure, Percy."

And he said: "No, I'm not. Whenever I go to sleep, I dream of my Tommy in the trenches, and the parcels are being given out by Lord French, and my Tommy stretches up his hand eagerly and hopefully, but there's no parcel for him. And he shrugs his shoulders and bears it and goes back to his gun; but it's simply hell for me."

"What's he like?" I asked, to get Percy Minimus off the sad side of it.

"Huge and filthy," said Percy Minimus. "He has a brown face and a big black mustache and a soldierly hat; and he's plastered with mud, and his eyes roll with craving for cigarettes and chocolates."

"You needn't worry," I said. "He'll get his parcel all right. Of course they won't miss him."

"What a fool you are, Cornwallis!" he answered, still sniffing. "Can't you see that if I don't send a parcel, there will be one parcel less? And so one man will go without who would otherwise have had a parcel, and that man will be this one I see in my dreadful dreams."

"If you put it like that," I said, "of course——"

Then he had another beastly thought.

"I've got an idea the man is Peacock's son," he said. "And I feel a regular traitor to Peacock now, every time I look at him."

"Then why don't you ask him for some money?" I naturally answered.

"I feel he hasn't got any," replied Percy. "But I can try."

"Besides," I said, "his son may be an officer, and, of course, they would be far above parcels."

"I hope he is," said Percy, "but I don't think he is. And nobody would be above a parcel at a time like that."

Anyway, he asked Peacock, and Peacock gave him sixpence and wished he could do better. This made two and twopence; and the same day Percy found a threepenny piece in the playground; and though, at another time, he would have mentioned this, with a view to returning it to the proper owner, now he didn't, but said it was a Providence, and added it to the rest.

And this gave him another hopeful idea, and he mentioned the parcel for his Tommy in his prayers, morning and evening, and asked me to do so, too. I was fed up with the whole thing by now, because Percy was getting fairly tormented by it, and even said he saw the Tommy looking at him in broad daylight sometimes—over the playground wall, or through the window in the middle of a class. Still, I obliged him and prayed four times for him to get his two and sevenpence; but there was no reply whatever. And in this way two days were wasted.

Then he had a desperate, but brilliant, idea, and told me.

He said: "After school on Friday, in the half hour before tea, I'm going to break bounds and go down into Merivale and stand by the pavement and sing the solo from the anthem we did last Sunday! Many people who sing along by the pavement make money by doing so, and I might."

"If you're caught, Dunston will flog you," I reminded him.

But he was far past a thing like that. His eyes had glittered in rather a wild way for three days now, and he said the Tommy with the black mustache was always looking reproachfully at him, and, if he shut his eyes, he saw him more distinctly than ever. In fact, he was getting larger and more threatening every minute.

He said: "A mere flogging is nothing to what they endure in the trenches."

It was a sporting idea, and I would



*Seeing Percy warbling out of bounds in the middle of Merrivale.*

have risked it and gone with him; in fact, I offered, being his great chum. But he would not allow me.

"No," he said, "nothing is gained by your coming. This is entirely my affair. Besides, you wouldn't tempt people to subscribe."

So he went and escaped in the darkness, and I waited at the limit of bounds with great anxiety, to meet him when he came back. My last word to him was not to sing his bit out of an anthem, but something comic about the war. But he didn't know anything

comic about the war, and he said, even if he did, that such a thing would only amuse common people, who could not be supposed to give more than halfpence, if they gave anything at all; whereas a solo from a fine anthem would attract a better class, who understood more about music, and were more religious, and consequently had more money about them.

So he went, and in about twenty minutes, to my great horror, I saw him being brought back in the custody of Brown, our fifth-form master.

The hateful Brown always loves to score off anybody not in his own class, and so, seeing Percy warbling out of bounds in the middle of Merrivale, and about ten people, mostly kids, listening to him, he pounced on the wretched Percy and dragged him away. He'd been singing about ten minutes when the blow fell; and he was fearfully upset about it, because everything had been going jolly well, and he had already made no less than sevenpence in coppers, all from oldish

women. He had been told to go away from in front of a butcher's shop, but nobody else had interfered with him in the least, and he had sung the anthem solo through twice, and was just off again, when the brutal Brown came along and saw the Merrivale colors on his hat, recognized Percy Minimus, and very nearly had a fit.

So there it was; and he got flogged; and Doctor Dunston said it showed low tastes and would have been a source of great sorrow to his father. And he also said that to explode a sacred air

in that way, in hope of touching the charitable to fill his own pocket, was about the limit, and a great disgrace to the school in general. All of which went off Percy like water off a duck's back; and the flogging didn't seem to hurt him, either. And there were four days still; and he said his Tommy grew larger and larger, until he was almost as big as a house.

In fact, Percy Minimus was rapidly growing dotty, and, as his great friend, I felt I must do something, or he would very likely get some dangerous illness, or have a fit, or lose his mind forever and become a maniac in real earnest. So I told Percy Minor, but unfortunately he and my Percy had quarreled rather bitterly for the moment; and Percy Minor said he didn't care what happened to Percy Minimus, and that if he went out of his mind, he wouldn't have far to go. As for Percy Major, I couldn't tell him, because he had left Merivale the term before.

The matron now discovered that Percy was queer, for she'd been making him take pills for two days, and then, one night, hearing him sigh fearfully after he was in bed, she tried his temperature and found it about three hundred degrees of warmth. So she lugged him off to the sick room, and Doctor Thomas came in his motor, and said he couldn't see any reason for it, and gave Percy some muck to calm him down.

Next day he was kept in the sick room, though cooler; and when Doctor Thomas came on that day and questioned him in a kind tone of voice, he said that he was in fearful difficulties of mind. And Doctor Thomas asked him what difficulties, and he said for two shillings, which, added to three, make five. Then the doctor told him to go on, so he did, and showed the doctor the advertisement from the paper about the simultaneous parcels. He also said that his Tommy had now

grown as big as a cloud in the sky, and was always looking at him by night and day hungrily, and urging him on to fresh efforts. And he also said that if he were only allowed to go into the streets and sing an anthem for an hour or two, the two shillings would be accomplished and all would be well. Encouraged by the great interest of Doctor Thomas, Percy Minimus ventured to ask him if he thought he could ask Doctor Dunston to allow this to be done, seeing it meant great comfort and joy for a Tommy in the trenches on Christmas Day.

It made Percy much cooler and calmer explaining why his temperature had run up, and the doctor said it was undoubtedly not good for Percy to have the Tommy so much on his mind. He didn't approve of the idea of Percy singing, either; but he put his hand into his waistcoat pocket and produced a two-shilling piece, as if it were nothing; and he said that if the matron, or somebody, would get a postal order for five shillings and send it off at once, he had every reason to think that Percy would soon recover.

Which was done, and I was allowed to see Percy and bring him from his desk the cutting out of the newspaper, which he had already signed with his name and address, which were to go to the front with his parcel. And Percy said that a great weight had now been lifted from his brain, which no doubt it had. Anyhow, when Doctor Thomas came next day, he found Percy in a bath of very refreshing perspiration, and was much pleased, and said he was practically cured.

And Percy told him that his Tommy had now shrunk to about the size of an ordinary Tommy, and only came when he was asleep, and was not in the least reproachful, but quite pleasant and nice. And one day later the Tommy disappeared altogether, and Percy Minimus became perfectly well. In fact, before



*He put his hand into his waistcoat pocket and produced a two-shilling piece as if it were nothing.*

the holidays arrived, he seemed to have forgotten all about his Tommy, and I took jolly good care not to remind him.

He got fearfully keen about Doctor Thomas then, and said that he was the best man he had ever seen or heard of; and he even hoped that next term he might run up to three hundred degrees again—just for the great pleasure of seeing and talking to this doctor once more.

But that wasn't all by any means—in fact, you might say that far the most remarkable part of the adventure of Percy Minimus had yet to come. He went home for the holidays, and when he came back, much to my astonish-

ment, he was full of his blessed Tommy again. He actually said that he'd got a photograph of him!

I thought that coming back to school had made him queer once more, but he wasn't in the least queer; for I saw the photograph with my own eyes.

It was like this: The Tommy who had got the Christmas parcel which Percy's five shillings bought found Percy's address in it, according to the splendid arrangement of the newspaper; and though far too busy in the trenches to take any notice of it just then, he was not too busy to smoke the new pipe and cigarettes and eat the various sweets—no doubt between intervals of fiery slaughter. But he kept Percy's address in his pocket, for he was a good and

grateful man; and then, most unfortunately, he was hit in the foot by a piece of a shrapnel shell, and though far from killed, was yet so much wounded that he had to retire from the front. In fact, he was sent home to recover; and one day in hospital, about a week before the end of the holidays, he found Percy Minimus' name and address in the pocket of his coat and wrote Percy a most interesting letter of four pages, saying that the parcel had been a great comfort to him, and that he had sucked the last peppermint drop only an hour before being shrapneled. And having been photographed several times in the



hospital by visitors, he sent Percy Minimus one. And there he was!

I said it was a jolly interesting thing and so on; but I couldn't for the moment see why Percy was so frightfully excited about it, because it was quite a possible thing to happen, though, of course, very good in its way, and a letter he would always keep.

And he said: "You don't seem to see the point, Cornwallis. It's a miracle."

And I said: "Why?"

"Because this is the very identical Tommy I was always seeing in my dreams—the *very identical one!*"

I hadn't thought of that, but had somehow taken it for granted. Then he pointed out it wasn't in the least a thing to take for granted, but the purest miracle that ever happened in the memory of man, and quite beyond human power to explain in the world.

I said there might be people in the world who could, but he wouldn't hear of such a thing.

He said: "No, not in this world; but no doubt there are in the next."

And I said: "Then you'll have to wait."

And he said: "It's done one thing—it's quite decided me about my future. I'm going to be a clergyman."

And I said: "Not if your voice doesn't crack, surely?"

"My voice!" answered Percy Minimus, with great scorn. "What is a voice compared to a miracle? If miracles happen to you, then, if you've got any proper feeling, you ought to be a clergyman."

So I suppose he will be. But whatever else he is—even if he rises to be a canon or a bishop—he'll always be a maniac, the same as his brothers.



### The First Cool Day

STORM horses pranced on the roof last night—  
Hundreds of little feet;  
And out of the north, with its trembling light  
Where the drum of the thunder beat,  
Suddenly raced a little breeze,  
And the forest shrieked away,  
Though only the prattling poplar trees  
Had spoken a word all day.

And now it is azure overhead  
And emerald-green below;  
There's never a sigh for the summer, dead  
In the marigold's sunny row.  
And soon with the brightness our eyes must ache  
When reddening boughs are tossed.  
For our drowsy world has been kissed away  
By the fairy prince, the frost!

RHEEM DOUGLAS.

# The Changing Home

By Hildegarde Lavender

Author of "Good-by to Youth," "Self-Revealing Extravagancies," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY LAURA E. FOSTER

THE bride came to the knitting circle in a state of manifest perturbation. Her coworkers in the cause of supplying socks and mufflers to all the nations of the world detected the marks of mental anxiety at once, and promptly sought to interpret them, though without resorting to the vulgar expedient of question.

"You've been staying up too late at night, my dear," said the grandmother benignly. "Why is it that you young people have to spend a season in a sanitarium in order to learn that you can't sit up until half past one five nights in the week, and pour coffee at seven-thirty the next day, without an eventual collapse?" She knitted one and purled two with an air of bland, mature wisdom.

"We've been going to bed at a quarter of ten every night for the last month," declared the bride, but without her usual spirit.

"I know what's the matter with her," said the debutante airily. "She's discovered that the newest bride of the neighborhood has an entire set of handmade silver flat ware. That's what's destroying her peace of mind."

The circle's bride looked superior.

"I didn't know anything at all about it," she said, "but it wouldn't disturb me, anyhow. All my flat silver is not only handmade, but belonged to my own great-grandmother."

"Has the dressmaker disappointed you?" asked the hostess.

But the bride shook her head.

"Why not ask her what the matter is instead of trying to show your own powers of divination?" suggested the doctor, who, needless to say, was not engaged in the universal task of knitting, but was present at the session rather from a desire for conversation than for good works.

"Well, what is it?" they asked as one woman, studying the bride's harassed features.

"It's about the Home," she answered, uttering the word with unmistakable capitals. "I was downtown yesterday, and I went to a conference at the Woman's Knickerbocker Club, on the Home. I suppose"—she looked at them all plaintively—"that you all know exactly what the Home is, and what it means?"

"I know that mine means a thousand a month," declared Madame Cræsus, not ostentatiously, but vindictively.

"Do you mean to say that attending a conference on the Home has upset your ideas about it? I thought conferences were for the purpose of clearing up obscure situations, not for obscuring perfectly clear ones." Thus the hostess.

"Yes, but is it such a perfectly clear one?" the bride returned eagerly. "I thought so, too, until yesterday. A home—why, every one knew what a home was, and why it was, and what it meant. But as no two of those conferees agreed about it—and they had

all given an immense amount of thought and study to the subject—I don't see how any one can be sure. How would you, for instance?"—she turned pointedly to the grandmother—"define the Home?"

"I should define the Home," replied the grandmother, sentimentally and thoughtlessly, "as the place where the children are."

"But then, in that case, you haven't any home yourself. All your children are grown up and married and live in houses of their own. But you certainly have a home, haven't you?"

The grandmother, thus brought suddenly to book, amended her definition. The Home, in her mind, became the place in which a husband and wife dwelt together with their children, either in the future, present, or past tense.

"In which case," interrupted the doctor, somewhat sharply, "I have no home, having no husband and no children in any tense. Nevertheless, I have a home." She threw down her gauntlet defiantly, but no one seemed prepared to take it up.

"What did the conference say about it?" asked the hostess, in haste, to prevent the belligerent doctor's challenge from being accepted.



*"I should define the Home," replied the grandmother, "as the place where the children are."*

"The conference said a great deal," moaned the bride. "That is why I am so upset. One conferee said that it was a divine institution, and that it was sacrilegious to think that it could ever be changed. And another said that it was the most variable of human institutions, meaning one thing in Timbaktu and another in New York; more than that, meaning quite a different thing in one layer of New York from what it meant in another. And a third

said that it meant something different in 400 B. C. from what it meant in 1000 A. D., and that that, in turn, was quite unlike what it meant in 1915. One woman said that it was a prison which men had constructed for immuring women; and another that it was a temple in which men had enshrined women; and a third that it was an asylum in which men placed women for their own protection while the men went out to"—the bride struggled with her confused memories—"to slay dragons or something of that sort."

"Who was the strongest advocate for the permanence and sacredness of the home as we know it?" asked the doctor, evidently prepared to think the worst possible of the lady.

"She was lovely," said the bride, in earnest, admiring tones. "She wore brown velvet and Canadian fisher furs. She told us she was on her way to Palm Beach, but that she had stayed over in town an extra day just to attend the conference and to beg us all—all us women, she meant—to be faithful to the ideal of the Home. I met her afterward. She had just been off for ten days of winter sports in Montreal. Her complexion was lovely."

"There's one thing you can always be sure of," stated the doctor, with angry decision, "and that is that the strongest advocate of the 'woman's-sphere-is-the-Home' theory is the woman who is stopping two days in her town house between Montreal and Palm Beach, or between the Adirondacks and Europe. The woman who has never in her life had to submit to the boredom and depression of three successive days of unmitigated family life is the hottest champion of the family to be found on the footstool."

"Home," said the hostess dreamily, recalling the poetry of her youth, "is where the heart is."

"Poppycock!" exclaimed the doctor belligerently. "In that case, the home

of half the young girls in this block would be the offices in which various young men are earning their livings! And my home, for example, would be a biological laboratory for at least half of my waking hours. And any man's home would be his countingroom or his desk or his drafting board. All those wishy-washy sentimentalisms are only quarter truths at best."

"The woman in the fisher furs," resumed the bride, "was very eloquent. She begged us not to let the Home change. She begged us not to let the restlessness of the age make us discontented with our sanctuary. It was really quite lovely, what she said. She said she was broad-minded, and that she believed in woman suffrage, but that if she became persuaded that woman suffrage was merely a precursor of unwomanly activities outside the Home, she'd be opposed to it."

"Does she think that the clock of civilization is going to be stopped because she happens to be satisfied with the time of day?" demanded the doctor. "Doesn't she know that, as the world has progressed, the idea of the Home and of the family has changed? Can't she reason from history, and realize that the Home and even the family are going to keep on changing as the world progresses? Does she delude herself with the notion that the ménage of Jacob and Rachel was like that of our hostess here, even in the essentials of the human relationships in it? Does she think that the tribesmen's tents were homes in the same sense as the Sixty-seventh Street Studios are homes?"

"I suppose," said the hostess, in tones of dignified protest, "that men and women loved each other and loved their children in the tent days as well as in the studio days."

"I haven't a doubt they did," agreed the doctor cordially. "Neither have I the least doubt that men and women



*She told us that she had stayed over in town an extra day, just to attend the conference and beg us all to be faithful to the ideal of the Home.*

will love each other and their children as well in some future form of dwelling—which we can no more foresee than the tribesmen foresaw the elevator apartment—as they do now. If you are going to make the love of men and women for each other and for their offspring the essential fact in your definition of the Home, I'm with you. But if you are going to tack onto it a lot of unrelated rubbish about the length of time each day the woman must stay in it, or what she must do while she is in it, or what she must not do outside it—then I'm not with you at all."

"I suppose the doctor is going to be off on the economic independence of wives in a moment," interpolated the grandmother despairingly. "I have lived more than sixty years in great contentment and without ever experiencing the least lack of self-respect, and I've been an economically dependent person all my days!"

"You've been nothing of the sort!" was the doctor's vigorous rejoinder. "Forgive me for seeming to contradict you about your own existence. But did you, or did you not, keep house, do housework, nursery work, dressmaking, entertaining—anything, in short, that your husband and children needed you to do, all the years of your married life?"

"Of course I did," admitted the grandmother. "We were awfully poor when we were first married, and I didn't even have a maid for six or seven years—just a laundress and a woman to help with the heavy cleaning. But do you know," she ended musingly, "sometimes I think those were our very happiest days?"

"Of course they were!" the doctor agreed cordially. "And why? Because they were the days when you were, in fact if not in name, enjoying the greatest degree of economic usefulness. Your contributions to the family life were at least equal to those that your

husband made—I myself think that they were even more valuable. And although you and he may have been rare souls who did not have to have the economic situation set down in a neatly balanced ledger before you, you both realized that you were both—well, on the job for all that you were worth, so to speak, and that was the source of your happiness."

"It will only be a minute before she is proving that we ought all to go out and work in shops in order to justify our existences!" groaned Madame Cræsus. "Well, I can tell you one thing—I'm not going." She pressed her lips firmly together.

"You just confided to us that your home meant a thousand dollars a month," said the doctor, smiling a little. "Of course, if you're managing a business requiring an outlay of that sort, you're probably of some economic value in your husband's firm. But if you pass it all over to a housekeeper and a social secretary, and are content to be of not much more active use than one of the marble nymphs in your garden fountain—why, then I do think you ought to be out in a shop."

"Marble nymph or no marble nymph," said Madame Cræsus obstinately, "I'm not going outside the Home. In spite of you, I believe it is woman's place. I think it a great pity that so many women should be working outside it. I think it an even greater pity that so many other women should be egging them on, with all kinds of arguments like yours. I think the Home, as we have it, is the very finest thing that civilization has evolved, and I hope that it will stay as it is—the dwelling place of the monogamistic family, the realm in which every woman is a——"

"Don't say it! Don't say it!" begged the doctor. "Don't say, 'The realm in which every woman is a queen!'"

Madame Cræsus flushed the slightly



annoyed flush of one whose originality of thought or of language has been criticized.

"Well, I won't say it," she conceded, "but that is exactly what I mean."

"Why don't you all be reasonable?" cried the doctor, half pleading, half angry. "For some sentimental, traditional reason, you claim that the Home is a perfect institution. Of course, what you mean is that you think the ideal of the Home is a perfect ideal; none of you would be willing to go on record as saying that one actual home out of a hundred—out of a thousand—was perfect. But don't you know—hasn't history taught you—hasn't life itself taught you that the ideal which is perfect—which is incapable of further growth or change—is finished, done with, dead? Perfection is the final step before extinction. If this Home of yours is perfect—look out for it! It's done for!"

She paused for a reply, but the knitters were temporarily stunned, and, without waiting for them to recover, she plunged on:

"Just see how it has changed in the past, this Home of yours! You know very well that the ideals of the tribesman's tent were not those of to-day.



"Marble nymph or no marble nymph," said Madame Croesus obstinately, "I'm not going outside the Home. In spite of you, I believe it is woman's place."

Of course, you had there as now the man and the woman—or more frequently the man and the women—and the children. But you know that the relations of that group to one another were not the relations of the family group to-day. Not even this love which some one of you declared to exist in the tribesman's tent is the same sort of love that exists to-day. Love between equals—acknowledged and accepted equals—is a very different sort of thing

from love between superiors and inferiors. There isn't any self-respecting woman here to-day who would want to be sold to her husband by her father in return for seven years' labor. There isn't any self-respecting woman who would aid her father in tricking her suitor into another seven years' labor by the substitution of her sister for herself. Yet that Jacob-and-Leah-and-Rachel episode happened in the very best Eastern family circle of the time. Only, you see, our standards of the Home and the family have changed. We think they've improved, but Heaven forbid we should be so dull as to believe no further improvement possible.

"Look at the Home of the Greeks and the Romans," she pursued, with enthusiasm, while her audiences shrank appalled at the thought of the erudition there were called upon to summon to their aid in listening to her. "Those ladies and gentlemen of antiquity thought they had the Home fixed forever. It was a place of domestic work and religious rites on the part of the woman. To keep the spirits of her husband's ancestors placated, the family altar fire forever lit, the Lares and Penates dusted, so to speak, was the chief duty of a good wife. I dare say that the ladies who performed it satisfactorily would have been utterly horrified at the sacrilegious suggestion that the Home might ever be changed so as to render those rites unnecessary, that religion itself would be something totally different some day—a matter of service to one's fellows rather than of reverence to one's forbears. But you see it has changed."

"You might come down as far as the Middle Ages," grumbled the hostess. "Only the *débutante*, here, has been at school recently enough to understand your remote historical illusions."

"Come down to the Middle Ages, or even later, with all my heart!" cried

the doctor. "What do you suppose your great-great-grandmother would have said to the horrifying suggestion that she should buy her soap instead of making it, that she should buy cloth woven by the thousand yards instead of weaving her own? If she could look in upon you now, she would think the Home a sadly degenerated place. Just recall what the Home meant to her! It meant a factory in which every essential form of industry was conducted—spinning, weaving, sewing, brewing, baking, cooking, cobbling, school-teaching, sick nursing! What contempt she would have for the homes on this block, where two or three able-bodied women spend the whole day in preparing a meal for the evening, or making ready for a bridge party! Sometimes, when I look at it, I myself almost feel great-great-grandmother's contempt for her degenerate daughters.

"Regard the homes of any city, and tell me that the Home is an unchanging institution! Not only have all great-great-grandmother's industries been removed from her great-great-granddaughter's dwelling place, but the State steps in to define no end of other things about that home. It must be built with such and such provisions for light and air; it may not be more than so many stories high; and it must be constructed of fireproof materials. If the children fall sick of diphtheria, they are snatched away to a contagious-disease hospital. They must go to school, not as mother and father decree, but as organized society decrees. The Home has changed utterly almost within the memory of persons still living! Will any one give me a good reason why people should deny that change is impossible—improbable, even—to it in the future?"

"Because, my dear," said the hostess promptly, and with conviction, "the changing is all over. The spinning jenny and the loom, or whatever the old

things are named, have all been invented and put to work, and the industries have already gone out of the Home. They can't go out of it all over again! The changing is over and past."

"So you look forward to a future for the human race in which invention will cease? You think, in short, that all the earth's secrets have been discovered, all its difficulties mastered, and that the inventors might as well take to backgammon, and the explorers to parlor golf, in the future, because all their efforts to do anything better will be frustrated by the simple fact that everything has already been done?"

"I didn't mean exactly that," said the hostess, with rising color. "Only that the day of the inventions that affected the Home was about over. I suppose there are still things to be discovered and done about aëroplanes and submarines and wirelasses and that sort of thing."

"As if every invention didn't affect the Home!" cried the doctor scornfully. "As if all legislation didn't affect the lives and occupations of women! Why, the government can't grant a franchise to a railroad company without radically changing the lives and the interests and the opportunities of all the women living in the countryside through which the road is to run!"

"Bell didn't have woman and the Home in mind when he invented the telephone, I dare say; but no one and no institution has been more changed by that invention than woman and the Home. Think of the time saved! Think of the companionship gained! Think of the farmer's-wife insanity, bred of lonely drudgery, conquered just by that telephone! I know women living on remote farms who used to have to hitch up and spend four hours driving to and from town for a bottle of liniment or a cake of yeast or a can of coffee. What have the telephone, the rural free delivery, and the parcels

post done for them? Why, they telephone in to the apothecary or the grocer before the rural-free-delivery wagon starts in the morning. Will Mr. Apothecary or Mr. Grocer please mail at once the small parcel or the large one desired? He will. The farmer's wife has gained four good hours that day. Do you mean to say that a gift—a sheer gift—of four good hours in a working day does not make a change in the life of woman and the life of the Home?"

No one replied to this mathematical-philosophical query, and the doctor went on:

"A hundred years ago, not only did women conduct, in their homes, that diverse and complicated business of which we have talked, but to leave their homes, to communicate with the rest of the world, was a month's undertaking. When one couldn't get from Boston to New York in five or six hours on a comfortable train, but had to ride by stage or on horseback for three or four days, there wasn't so much visiting between sister Annie and sister Jane as now. Sister Annie and sister Jane wrote long, fine-handed letters instead, and told each other all the news, and exchanged their recipes for pickle and their views on goose grease as a cure for sore throats. When mail carrying was an expensive, private matter, letters were thoughtfully composed. What are sister Annie and sister Jane and their nomes to do with all the extra time that has been given them, thrust upon them, by the invention of the steam engine, the telephone, and by the specialization of the mail system?"

"Mind you, woman in the Home—how sick I'm getting to be of that phrase!—has not only been presented with all the time that used to go into carding and spinning and weaving; she's been presented with enormous stretches of time that used to be devoted to laborious and uncomfortable travel. Wherever she lives, hundreds

of hours a year have been handed to her on a silver salver, as it were. She gets to her village in twenty minutes instead of in an hour and a half, in the little motor runabout she has learned to run. She telephones where she used to be obliged to stop and dress and go out on her errands. She cleans her house in an hour, instead of in four hours, with a vacuum cleaner. She pops her dinner into a fireless cooker, instead of standing for three hours over a kitchen range. She does her washing by a machine attached to the same gasoline engine that saws the wood. I'm talking, mind you, of women at the farthest remove from all the coöperative conveniences that have made the city woman's home a toy. What in the name of common sense is woman to do with all the time that invention has freed for her?"

"She can use her leisure to improve her mind," stated Madame Cræsus, with the air of a woman virtuously conscious of taking French lessons.

"To what end?" demanded the doctor brusquely. "Don't misunderstand me," she added quickly. "I'm not opposed to mental improvement. But, after all, is there much use for the merely ornamental variety of it? To improve the mind isn't merely to store more goods away in its pigeonholes; to improve it is to make it more active, more creative. And once you do that"—she laughed—"see where you have landed yourselves! Here is the active and creative mind of woman; here is the Home emptied, by one modern method and another—by factories, schools, hospitals, vacuum cleaners, and all the rest—of the work that used to demand active and creative minds. What of the active and creative minds of your homekeepers?"

"I am sure," grumbled Madame Cræsus, rolling her heather mixtures into a ball and rising to her feet, "that in spite of all the leisure with which

you claim that modern inventions and the modern organization of industry have presented me, my days are too short to do all that I have scheduled!"

"So are a child's," said the doctor gravely. "Too short for all the make-believe tasks he outlines for himself at the beginning of a day. But this make-believe is right; it is his preparation for productive activity by and by."

"If you mean——" said Madame Cræsus, somewhat heatedly.

"Indeed, I meant nothing offensive. Only that I think we women of the more prosperous class are merely playing with all the leisure that has been given us, and that it is our instinctive laziness that makes us talk about the Home as we do. As long as we can hoodwink the world and ourselves into believing that there is left in a comfortable, middle or upper-class home enough occupation to absolve us from productive work, outside the home, for the world, so long, I suppose, we can manage to keep our own self-respect. But once we admit the truth to ourselves—we've got to get out and work, and that's all there is about it!

"That the essential Home will always remain—the spiritual sanctuary in which men and women elect to enshrine their love and their dreams and their need of each other—I believe, of course. But it has changed, it is changing, it will change. You might as well play Mrs. Partington at once, and get out your broom to sweep back the sea, as to deny that—and all that it implies! It would be ever so much wiser to get out and dig new channels for the waters to flow through—and more effective!"

She nodded her head decidedly, and all her little audience looked thoughtful and a trifle depressed. Except the grandmother. She smiled radiantly as she thrust her knitting into her bag.

"Thank Heaven I'm over sixty, and nothing can be expected of me in the channel-digging line," she said.

# Daughter Confessor

By Ruth Herrick Myers

Author of "The Bitter Valley," "Made in Pleasant Hill," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY S. B. ASPELL

M R. GALE had called Elizabeth Ann "Fairy" for a week, a bit of raillery that rankled her inmost soul. She pulled her cat, Socrates, up into her lap, and, as he submitted under compulsion to the extraction of one of his black whiskers, which grew in crooked every two months, she confided to him her troubles.

"If I had fur on my back like yours," she confessed, "it would rise up stiff every time father says 'Fairy,' just as yours does when you see the baby coming at you. The feeling is there, even though the fur isn't. Don't growl. If you wouldn't let it grow in crooked, I wouldn't have to pull it out."

Socrates rubbed the itch on his sensitive upper lip with a vehement curled paw, while Elizabeth Ann examined the recreant whisker petulantly as it lay, bow-shaped, in her palm, and reflected. It seemed queer that a rôle which seemed so entirely in order at school should change into a thing almost of derision at home. At school, where many other embryo fairies were planning white dresses sprinkled with gold stars, white silk stockings with gold slippers, gold crowns surmounting loosened hair, and star-tipped wands, the entire idea of the pageant was exhilarating and pleasant. At home, where father tenderly inquired whether the fairy would undertake a second helping of corned-beef hash, fairyland and the pageant grew instantly mundane and jocular, and the mere thought

of them gave rise to that feline sensation, described by Elizabeth Ann herself, along her spine, which would feign have manifested itself by the elevation of fur thereupon. However, being only a little girl, and a dutiful one at that, Elizabeth Ann was forced to repress the growl that would have eased the ire of Socrates and smooth down her own fur, so to speak, without visible display of anger.

Now the day on which the pageant play of "The Sleeping Beauty in the Wood" was to be presented at school chanced to be honored by Mr. Gale's birthday, and also by a shortened session of school in the morning, which gave opportunity for the fairies and courtiers to array themselves for the afternoon's display.

"You can have Bess and Marguerite come up to dinner," Mrs. Gale offered, "and then you can all dress together."

Elizabeth Ann, charmed by the offer, put aside, for the time being, her irritation with her father so that she might present him with his birthday gift in unalloyed affection. It was carefully wrapped and laid by his plate when the party sat down to Callie's delectable chicken patties, and Mr. Gale, with one impatient eye on his plate, picked up the long, slim, tissue article with an air of great ceremony and unfolded therefrom a toothbrush.

"Many happy returns of the day," spoke up his small daughter as the paper fell away. "I heard you tell



*He played fiendishly without fear or favor.*

mother you needed a new one, and I bought one with a hole in the end so that you would be sure to hang it up."

"Delicately planned—very," Mr. Gale replied, with the series of little bows that he always used to express appreciation. "I shall think of you whenever I use it, Fairy."

Mr. Gale's lips and Elizabeth Ann's spine both quivered. However, this was no time to lose tempers. Elizabeth Ann turned her attention to her guests, trying to ignore the insinuation in father's tone that she was rather too pudgy for an ideal fairy, and that her moon-shaped face was a flat failure as the countenance of a sylph.

But Mr. Gale was not to be outdone when it came to the compliments of the day. Dinner over and his chicken patty reduced to a sweet memory, he affably suggested that he beat the three little girls at a game of parchesi, which happened to be Elizabeth Ann's fad of the moment. It also, since his recent introduction to it, had become a passion with Mr. Gale, though he cleverly hid this childish trait under that fatherly condescension which makes some sires so generous in escorting their sons to the circus. Bess and Marguerite thought Mr. Gale was perfectly lovely to play with them, and said so; but Elizabeth Ann was not fooled!



Now Mr. Gale was a member, in good and regular standing, of that ancient and honorable order known as "Hard Losers." Whatever he played, he played to win. Whenever he won, he beamed radiance. Whenever he lost, he sulked, sulked noticeably and disgracefully. Elizabeth Ann more than once had worried about his behavior before company when he was losing the rubber, and always felt conscious of her mother's gentle efforts to perk him up again. In golf, if his drive fell six inches back of his opponent's, he bristled; if he missed his putt, he gnashed his teeth. It made no difference what he played, his sole pleasure lay not in the playing, but in the winning of the game.

Elizabeth Ann, who always played with purple, chose her pet men and let the other players divide the remaining hues among themselves. Mr. Gale took pink, arranged his men, hitched forward to the extreme edge of his chair with a little cough, shook forth his dice with a rattle, and brought into view a pair of double fives.

"Ha! Ha! Two men on, the first thing!" he chuckled triumphantly. "How's that for a start? Another shake, now! Wait a minute!"

And from that moment, he played fiendishly, without fear or favor. He made a blockade that stopped the whole game, while he sent his first two men around into "home." He picked off his opponents' men with gurgles of delight. He shook double fives and double sixes and elevens and tens constantly, while the three little girls sat dubiously watching him beat and yearning for a chance to eat his men off as he was devouring theirs. Finally Elizabeth Ann's opportunity came. "Coming out" on fives, she planted a blockade of her own directly in front of his blockade of pink men, and looked at him with victory in her eye.

"It's your turn, father."

"Mine!" expostulated Mr. Gale, with heat. "I can't play. Can't you see you have me blocked?"

"Well, you've been blocking us," Elizabeth Ann retorted, with a little indignation, as if her father had protested against her play.

"Go on! Go on, Marguerite!" commanded Mr. Gale irritably. "Don't stop the whole game just because I can't play."

And he settled down into his collar, an effigy of gloom, nibbling with his lips at the edge of his dice box and frowning darkly while the turns went around, omitting him each time. Then at last Elizabeth Ann shook double ones and inched her blockade up a notch, leaving him room to play a one, unguard his men, and give those behind him an opportunity to take one of his men off.

From force of habit, Mr. Gale shook out his dice after Elizabeth Ann's play, turned up a one and a five, and—hastily replaced his dice in his box and motioned for Marguerite to proceed!

It was on the tip of Elizabeth Ann's tongue to say, "Why, father, you can play your one, and you have to play if you can," when Marguerite shook out her dice and played. Marguerite had become so accustomed to skipping Mr. Gale that she had not noticed his chance to play at all.

Elizabeth Ann glanced over at Bess. Had she seen? Elizabeth Ann turned a steadier gaze upon father. Did the corner of his mouth twitch? It did, unquestionably. Mr. Gale was actually trying to repress a smile because no one had observed that he might have made a play that would have cost him the game. He was biting his lip now in actual amusement. Was it possible—Elizabeth Ann felt a flame of heat sweep over her—was it possible that father had *cheated*?

It was Elizabeth Ann's play. This time she must break her blockade. Mr.

Gale leaned forward intently while his daughter played a four with one man and a two with the other. Mr. Gale shook his dice. He threw a five and a three, took off both of Elizabeth Ann's men, sent them back—and laughed!

Elizabeth Ann's eyes grew black. It was not that she cared about losing. It was the discovery of a brazen streak of dishonor in her father's character that suddenly turned the whole world black with shame. She looked anxiously again at Bess Salisbury. Had she noticed that father had *cheated*? Elizabeth Ann, with crimson cheeks, studied her in an agony of suspense for a sign of suspicion.

"It's your play, Elizabeth Ann."

She played mechanically. Perhaps she was mistaken. Perhaps father had not seen the play, after all. Perhaps he had forgotten the rule that he must play if he could. But no! His eyes were twinkling with too sly, too patronizing a light! Elizabeth Ann stared at him with a look of horror. Was that her father—her *father*? He seemed like a stranger.

"Elizabeth Ann! It's your play!"

She played. Then she looked at father again with a sort of fascination. How familiar his features looked! It was almost painful that he should so resemble her kind and upright father, when this man was a criminal and a cheat. It was as if her father had died suddenly before her eyes and a Mephistopheles had entered into his body.

"Elizabeth Ann!"

She jumped and went through the act of playing. Father was winning again. He was almost "in." His eyes were gleaming with victory, and he was twirling his dice box gloatingly between his palms. In another turn, Mr. Gale shook a two, which put his last man in, and turned to his wife, who had just entered the room, with the words:

"Well, I beat the little girls, my dear, much as I hated to do it."

"Did you?" Mrs. Gale replied, without further blare of trumpets. "Well, it's time for the children to dress. I'll come up and help— Why, what's the matter, Elizabeth Ann?"

"Nothing," she murmured miserably.

She would have given her life to put her arms about father's neck and have him back as he used to be. What awful wall was this that had sprung up between them?

"Elizabeth Ann!" Father also turned to look at her. "Are you sick?"

"No."

She looked through him as icily as if he had been a stranger speaking to her without an introduction.

"Are you mad because he beat?" This was Marguerite's suggestion.

"Certainly not."

"Well, come and dress," Mrs. Gale repeated, with a puzzled look at her small daughter. "Where's your crown, Elizabeth Ann? And, Bess, have you and Marguerite your scarfs and wands and slippers? Begin to unbraid your hair, Elizabeth Ann."

The dressing that Elizabeth Ann had anticipated so greatly was a dismal, dismal trial. What pleasure is there in crawling wretchedly into a star-spangled film of white and surmounting your flying hair with a garish pasteboard crown when you would much rather enter a shroud and die?

"You're sure you're not sick?" Mrs. Gale questioned again, when all was ready and the three fairies had emerged from the erstwhile parchesi players.

Elizabeth Ann nodded.

"You're sure you know your piece?"

Another nod.

"I can't imagine what ails her," Mrs. Gale despaired to her husband on the way to school. "She's the oddest child! What happened when you were playing?"

"Why, not a thing," Mr. Gale denied, in honest perplexity. "Not a thing."



*The dressing which Elizabeth Ann had anticipated so eagerly was a dismal, dismal trial.*

"You weren't cross with her?"

"I? Cross with Elizabeth Ann?"

"I know you weren't. I didn't mean that. But did you tease her or call her 'Fairy'? I believe she's sensitive about that."

"Oh, no, she isn't. And she is so chubby for a fairy, you know. It's ridiculous."

All of Elizabeth Ann's friends had been invited to the production of "The Sleeping Beauty in the Wood." Professor Jagen was there, Doctor Court-

ney, for a few minutes, Mr. Eaton, Doris Farling and Harry, even Stacy, with her historic switch coiled as ever upon the top of her head. Elizabeth Ann saw them all through the curtain, where every one else was taking a "peek," and the sight of them turned her cold and sick. Must she go through the farce of playing a light-hearted fairy before them all when her heart was donging and tolling like a funeral bell? She had overheard Bess Salisbury whispering something to Mar-

guerite about "Mr. Gale." Had she been telling? Marguerite had sucked in her under lip and looked shocked.

"Lookit!" whispered Herb Ellsworth to his boon chum, Johnny French, barely touching the tip ends of Elizabeth Ann's fine, silky hair, which fell far down her back. "Lookit how long it is!"

At another time Elizabeth Ann, turning pink, would have heard that whisper with shy pleasure, but now it scarcely made an impression on her dull ears, pounding with the beat of her aching heart; and poor Herb, who was to be a part of the hedge around the sleeping princess, waited in vain for a comment on his fine green costume.

The curtain went up on the first scene; and Elizabeth Ann, together with the eleven other fairies, began to shower wishes upon the baby princess as she lay—supposedly—in the cradle by the queen mother's throne. Elizabeth Ann's part was brief enough; she was to say, "I wish she may be as good as she is beautiful," and to wave her wand over the recipient of her blessing. But when the curtain was raised, all Elizabeth Ann Gale could see was her father, laughing with the rest of the Gale party over in the far corner of the room, and, oblivious of the fact that his small daughter was agonizing over him, whispering with Doris Farling and making her smile.

The words went out of Elizabeth Ann's head entirely, leaving it void. There was a long wait while she stood—white, but smiling faintly—in the center of the stage. She looked as sweet and pathetic as Ophelia when she stands scattering flowers by Hamlet's grave, and quite as vacant. She did not seem to realize that she should be speaking her part. She was not frightened. She stood in a dreamy daze, looking at father.

"I wish——" whispered Marguerite, nudging her.

"I wish——" smiled Elizabeth Ann wistfully.

"——that she may be as good——" in a louder stage whisper.

"——that she may be as good——"

"——as she is beautiful," concluded Marguerite, in an agonized effort to wake Elizabeth Ann up. "And wave your wand!"

"——as she is beautiful, and wave your wand," repeated Elizabeth Ann clearly.

It already seemed years since the old days when father was father, before he had cheated. How could he still smile? It was that that hurt—not the disgrace of failing in her part before all her friends and schoolmates.

Herb Ellsworth, heartbroken over Elizabeth Ann's failure, was so red that his face looked like a blossom in the green hedge, and he debated seriously whether the occasion did not demand that he shoot forth like a suddenly growing sprout and punch the titter on Johnny French's lips with a well-aimed blow from his green fist. No one but Herbert Elliot Ellsworth ever knew with what effort of will that verdant hedge remained intact from further sanguine coloring.

"I know she must be sick," Mrs. Gale insisted all the way home. "I believe I'll call Doctor Courtney. She's almost in a stupor. She was delirious, I'm sure. She's coming down with a fever. She didn't hear half any one said to her."

But Elizabeth Ann denied illness. She gazed at father during tea—which she scarcely touched—with her big eyes grave and sorrowful. When she kissed him good night, she clung to him for a moment tragically and then shrank away with a quick shudder of horror.

"What is it?" questioned Mr. Gale, trying to pass the matter off lightly. "My fairy isn't angry with her daddy, is she?"

But, pulling away, she ran for the



*"You—you cheated!" she whispered.*

shelter of her own bed, where, after mother had gone reluctantly downstairs again, she could cry herself to sleep. Longer and longer grew the lines of shining light that traveled Elizabeth Ann's eyelashes from the night lamp in the hall, fainter and more confused the voices downstairs, and a tiny bit less heavy the weight of her troubles as she tucked the wet ball of her handkerchief under her pillow and drew a last sigh of exhaustion. It would be terrible to wake up and find it still true, but now——

It was terrible! It must have been nearly two o'clock when father stood there by her bed, shaking her and demanding what was wrong. He had turned up the night light, and she blinked under its bright rays.

"You've been groaning and crying in your sleep. What is the matter? Tell me."

"Please go away," pleaded Elizabeth Ann, shrinking down as if he frightened her. "You're not my father."

"I'm not your father!" This was an odd idea, to say the least!

"Father's gone," Elizabeth Ann insisted. "He's gone. I haven't any father any more."

"Then who am I?" demanded Mr. Gale, with some indignation. "Why is it I'm not father any longer?"

Elizabeth Ann sat up and turned her accusing eyes and finger upon this strange person who stood by her bed.

"You—you *cheated!*" she whispered, as if she were pronouncing a life sentence.

"Cheated!"

"At parchesi. You could have played that one."

There was silence.

Then Mr. Gale said lamely: "Why, do you have to play——"

"You found that rule yourself," reminded Elizabeth Ann, with undiminished severity. "You know you found it so I'd have to play up, once."

Elizabeth Ann heard the hall clock downstairs tick, tick, tick, while father stood there twiddling with the fringe of the bedspread. She wondered what he was thinking and how he would confess—for, of course, every one confessed! It surprised her, therefore, when he knelt down suddenly and took her into his arms; and she forgave him promptly and wholly on the spot, though she still listened for the sob or gulp that she thought was due under the circumstances. Now that the matter stood cleared between them, Elizabeth Ann felt enormously better, and waited only to hear his confession. Again she was surprised, for father, in quite his natural voice, though with an odd note of admiration and despair in it, said:

"Elizabeth Ann! You're going to be just like your mother."

### Maid Marian

THE sunlight showered a mist of gold down through the dusky trees;  
The forest was a faeryland aglow with summer flowers;  
We saw the budding ferns unfold their slender filigrees;  
We dreamed awake in Arcady, and all the world was ours.

The leaflets of the golden birch were keen against the blue;  
A-down the aisles of solitude there pulsed an emerald glow;  
A squirrel curled above his perch; a winged shadow through  
The forest sped and dipped to spurn the twinkling lake below.

The echoes of a faery flute were speaking from the stream;  
And buds awakened, peeping from their cool and fragrant bed,  
As like the pulsing of a lute, the hermit thrush, a-dream,  
Strung mystic pearls of minstrelsy upon a silver thread.

And Marian, Maid Marian, was mine that summer morn,  
And time was naught, for romance drew its spell upon the wood.  
Awaiting the shrill clarion of sounding bugle horn  
Were men in Lincoln green, and I their captain, Robin Hood.

And I remember how you smiled, Maid Marian, as I  
Proclaimed you queen of faeryland and wove a wreath of blue,  
As we the summer hours beguiled; and how I asked you why  
The mist within your eyes should turn to tears, and yet I knew.

HENRY HERBERT KNIBBS.



# A Heart of Youth

By Grace Margaret Callaher

Author of "The 'Rachel Straight'," "In Exile," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE ROWE

IT stood on the left bank of the river, a little low-browed house, "old and gray and full of care," its walls weather-stained, its roof sagging, its fences broken. But a noble elm sheltered it from sun and storm, a charming slope of grass stretched from it to the shore, bright-hued flowers bloomed in its garden, and by it forever ran the river, cool, pure, life-giving.

Long ago, on a still afternoon in September, Tilly Cheston sat on the grass under the elm, gazing with love and longing out upon the river. Behind the house a rabbit's "roady" wound, knee-deep in ferns, to Dark Harbor Lane, and thence to the trodden thoroughfare to Pettipaug. Twice a week Tilly bore her butter and eggs its dusty length to Joshua Peckham's general store, and on Sundays, in the shadow of her mother's silk sunshade, she trod demurely to church. She found that road, like the pages of a thumbled lesson book, dull to dreariness; adventure never had, never could spring jauntily out from behind its sober fences.

But the river was the king's highway, whereon went the pretty craft that touched at all the sweet little coves along the shore, and the great ships that sought ports in far-away lands whose very names were like cities in the Bible.

Tilly had never read a novel—Pettipaug deemed such things "shaller"—nor been lulled to sleep by a tale of old

romance, yet by day she wove strange fancies around the boats that glided by her door, and in the night her dreams were filled with their white sails. Some day a gallant pleasure craft might moor at her rotting wharf and a young man—she did not call him the fairy prince—might step out and walk up the green slope and—— At that she would shake herself free of her magic, and grub valorously in the strawberry patch or knit steadfastly at her woolen stocking.

Yet she had never even stepped into a boat. Her mother was an up-country girl of an important family, who, in the one wild hour of a rigidly decorous life, had run away with young Alanson Cheston, mate of the brig *India*, out of Pettipaug harbor. Life in the cottage by the river was poor and hard; both boy and girl had repented their haste, he long away on voyages, silent as to his mistake always, she tied to the farm, bewailing her come-down in the world ceaselessly. They had had one son, James; the mother's adoration, and, after years, a daughter, Matilda Ann.

While Tilly had still been a bundle of a baby, Captain Alanson and Jimmy, the boy on his first voyage, had been lost, with all aboard the *India*, in the China Seas.

From the day when she had learned of the wreck, Elizabeth Cheston had been possessed of a kind of fury against the sea, all boats, and even the smooth-

flowing river. She forbade her daughter to speak concerning it to her. She sewed at the only window that did not look out upon the river, and she set her garden, kept her chickens, and housed her cow, behind her dwelling.

Tilly was the most solitary child in Pettipaug, for Elizabeth held herself above her neighbors and allowed her daughter no association with the "plain" children around her. She grew up with grave eyes and a habit of silence, yet she was not sad. Her flowers and her river—her wonderful, shining, flying river—filled her weeks with sweet content.

To-day she sat in her favorite place—on the west side of the house, because there the channel ran in so close that the boats seemed sailing right up into her poppy bed. The river was all a-dance with sails. She could hardly take a stitch for watching them.

A fishing smack, with a woman in scarlet calico mending a net in the stern, slid by. The woman, looking up the bank, saw a pool of clear sunshine and behind it a green shade and a young girl in white. The girl had thick, soft hair of a beautiful gold-brown, wide, still eyes, and a tender mouth.

"Lands!" remarked the woman in a far-reaching voice. "Ain't that a pretty sight?"

Tilly turned her eyes from the glowing poppies to the elm swaying faintly in the tranquil air, and wondered which was meant. Her mother stepped out, a thin woman with somber eyes, and said sharply: "What makes you sit out there right in the passing?" as if the river had been a city street.

Tilly smiled, without speech, a habit inherited from her sailor father.

"I am going to town," Elizabeth went on in her precise accents. "I wish to see Mrs. Amasa Green myself about that frilling. Make corn fritters for supper, but don't use more than one egg."

"Yes, dear." She kissed her mother, who endured the caress.

Left to herself, Tilly folded away her work, seated herself à la Turk on the grass, and gave herself up to a steadfast gazing upon her dear river.

Here lumbered along Rufus Chadwick's clinker-built cat, *Devil's Reef*, bound for the government light on the rocks of the same significant name; next, Lot Crawford's old scow, lapping the water under her load of meadow hay; then George Post's clean little sloop, bowing and prancing; then a heavy flatiron, crowded to her gunwale with tow-headed children shouting and laughing. Tilly greeted them all—she was not "big feeling like her mother"—in the freemasonry of the river.

Next Cap'n Mardie West sauntered by in the old *Niobe* on one of his erratic occasions. Cap'n Mardie had been her father's first "old man." She and the ancient tar were secretly deep pals, he teaching her lore of the sea, she drinking it in thirstily.

"Come aboard," he bawled as hopefully as if he had not been giving that invitation in vain for twenty years.

Tilly smilingly shook her head.

"Ain't George Post bent him a new sail?" Her soft voice lingered in the still air.

Cap'n Mardie squinted at the jaunty craft ahead.

"George ain't got ways 'nough to fling round his money," tartly.

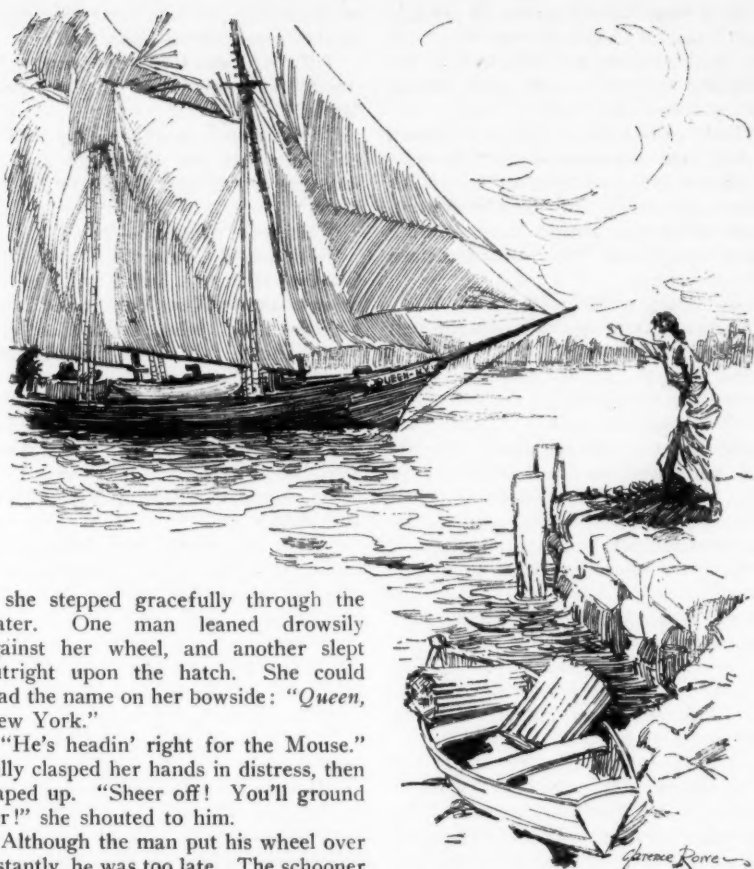
"Who's that comin'?"

The sailor considered the upper reaches of the river under a level palm.

"Stranger. He's handlin' her pretty fair, to keep her walkin' in this ca'm."

He nodded, and disappeared around a bend.

For the moment the river was an empty world, so Tilly focused all her interest on the schooner slowly swaying down on her. She was black, slender of hull, and high rigged. Every stitch of her canvas was set, and under



it she stepped gracefully through the water. One man leaned drowsily against her wheel, and another slept outright upon the hatch. She could read the name on her bowside: "*Queen, New York.*"

"He's headin' right for the Mouse." Tilly clasped her hands in distress, then leaped up. "Sheer off! You'll ground her!" she shouted to him.

Although the man put his wheel over instantly, he was too late. The schooner reared like a checked horse, shivered, and stood quiet, her sails fluttering gently like wings.

"Fetched her up short, haven't I?" the man remarked genially. "What's under her?"

"Just sand." Tilly was so near to him now she could almost reach a hand out to him. "It's the Mouse, an' you're on its tail."

They laughed together, and she felt friends at once. The other man—a little, dark foreigner of a creature—joined in cheerily.

"Sheer off! You'll ground her!" she shouted to him.

"Can we haul her off with the dinghy?"

He consulted his companion, who looked at the sun beating down on the river, showed his teeth, and shook his head.

"Too harda worka."

"You bet!" the other agreed.

"She'll float off at half time—about two hours," Tilly encouraged him.

"That'll do," to his man. "I'm goin' ashore for a taste o' good water."

He swung himself up on to the rail, where for an instant he balanced, tall and limber; then he leaped with astounding strength to the grass beside her.

"Didn't scare you?" He smiled down at her with disarming sweetness.

"My father was a sailor," was her answer, to neither of them irrelevant. "You want you should have a drink out o' our well?" She started toward the old sweep.

The stranger followed.

"Let me," running the sweep through his hard hands.

She stopped him as he was about to drink from the bucket.

"I'll get you a cup."

She brought out the queer Chinese mug her father had carried home to her from one of his voyages—eggshell thin, asprawl with green dragons. The stranger turned it in his hands.

"I've saw china like that in Hong-kong."

"My father was a sea captain. He went to many foreign lands. Have you ever?"

"Lord bless your heart! Chiney, Indy, Cape o' Good Hope, an' many another."

Certainly it was English he spoke, but with an odd, pleasing slur to it that made the words quite new. Tilly studied him while he drank, and found him extraordinary to look at, yet agreeable, too. He was long and lithe; his hair was blazing red, and his eyes blazing blue; and when he smiled, she wanted to laugh out loud and jump into his arms.

"Thank you, miss." He gave her this smile as he handed back the mug.

"My name's Tilly Cheston," softly.

"They call me John Burke, but whether it's my name or no, it's not I can say."

"Why, don't you know your own name?"

"Deed, then, I don't. I was born

in the union, an' who my father or my mother was I never had a trace."

Tilly had no lore to connect "the union" with the New England poor-house.

"Folks round used to call me Johnny, an' some had the glimmerin's of an idea my father had Burke to his last name."

"But your relations——"

"I dunno if I ever had any. The Clayes, that was awful good to me, brought me to New York when I was a little lad. John Burke's a good 'nough name. It's not I that's done anythin' to shame it."

He started back to his boat in long strides, Tilly pattering along by his side in fascinating amazement at the queer world downriver.

"Who took care of you if you hadn't any folks?"

"My own self!" He laughed out riotously. "Two, three old bodies were kind to me an' housed me whiles an' mended my duds."

"Where's your home?"

"Ain't she the pretty one?" He flung out his arm toward his schooner.

"She is beautiful!"

"Maybe you'd be likin' to learn how I came by her?"

"Oh, yes!" Here was romance out of the sea.

"If I could make bold to seat myself under your grand tree? It's powerful hot lyin' out there in the sun."

Tilly took the rocking-chair. John Burke threw himself on the grass. He told her briefly, with no boasting, how years before, on a voyage around the Horn, he had saved, at terrible risk, one of the passengers from drowning, and how last year the passenger had died and left him in his will just the price of the *Queen*.

Tilly listened, like a creature tranced, to the liquid voice, with its power of the picturesque.

"So she's mine, the darlin', every

stick o' her, an' I set out in her, June was a year, to coast in her, for the dear girl's no deep-sea bird."

Tilly drew breath in an excited sigh.

"Ain't you ever goin' to sea again?"

"Am I not! When I've saved a bit, I'll look out for an owner that wants a captain with money to put into the venture. I was first mate on my last voyage, an' I've got my master's certificate."

"You're real young to have done so much," Tilly, who had never said a hundred words to a man in her life, chattered like a blackbird to this outlander.

John Burke laughed aloud. "Look again, my dear." He laid a hand on her knee.

She looked, and saw in his bold eyes, laughing mouth, and all his personality that indefinable something which says that youth is gone forever.

"Who cooks for you an' makes you comfortable?" with a gentle solicitude.

A soft light touched the man's wind-hardened face.

"My cook's sick down to New York. Joe—he's my Portugee mate—stirs a few oddments o' food together for me nowadays."

A plan as wild as autumn wind swept Tilly's spirit. She heard the old clock in the kitchen rattle out five. She knew her mother safe in Pettipaug another two hours, and she said, as sedately as if she were reciting the catechism:

"If it's so you can bring your provisions ashore, I'll cook you up a supper an' we can eat it right out here on the grass."

"Now bless you for a kind little heart! It's a long voyage since I tasted a woman's cookin'."

Prudence had urged "your provisions," but the blood of Cap'n Alanson, who, his widow said, "gave away the shoes on his feet," now prompted.

"I'll make you corn fritters—the kind with a plenty o' eggs in 'em."

John Burke checked himself in a leap.

"Could I bring along Joe? He's a good little fellow."

It was an outlandish collection of edibles he brought back, but Tilly had "the touch." She baked and broiled and fried, and brought out the best preserves and the cream for the morrow's churning. "I'll fix it so it'll look as if the cat upset it," said this daughter of the Puritans.

They ate their supper on the grass, in full sight of any neighbors who might sail by. The captain told her yarns of queer messes eaten in foreign lands and the adventures incident to their acquisition. Tilly reflected, as she filled his cup, that if he had driven down the lane in a peddler's cart, she would have bolted the door and hidden in the pantry, but because he had come walking on the water she had no fears.

After supper they washed the dishes together, the big man setting away the cups and plates with a sailor's dexterity.

"Tide's risin' on me," he said ruefully as they came out into the sunshine. "I got to be off soon."

Tilly looked as if some one were shaking her out of a pretty dream.

"When you be up the river again?" as innocently as a child.

He wrinkled his brow in humorous distress.

"You'll not be forgettin' me?" in the manner of his race that never answers a question. He flung himself down on the grass again. "It's a sweet place—the river an' the green bank an' the little old house. Were you born in it?"

"I've never been ten miles away from it all my life," simply.

"An' you a old captain's daughter! What's your father thinkin' of not to take you as supercargo?"

"He is dead." Then, because his eyes were asking tenderly concerned questions: "There's no one but mother an'



Charles Rowe

*They ate their supper on the grass in full sight of any neighbors that  
might sail by.*



me. We sew for folks in the village, an' we sell butter an' eggs an' the things that grow in our garden."

"And who drives up the little cow an' cuts the wood for the fire an' makes the paths through the deep snows?"

"I do." She said it as quietly as a soldier, a veteran of many battles, avows his profession.

John Burke swore under his breath, an oath like a caress.

"You here, like a little, sweet flower in a bed, an' me rovin' hither an' yon over all the seven seas!" He looked off across the water with a curious, intent gaze, as if printing on his mind the placid beauty of hill and river. Then he sprang up. "It's haul your cable an' cut loose, Johnny, me boy."

Tilly's eyes were filled with a distress she made no effort to hide. The stranger thrust his hand deep into his pocket.

"I've carried it from my first voyage. It's a beaten image, but it's brought me luck." He held out his hand to her. "You ring it—like the fellow in the story rubbed his lamp—an' I'll come a-flyin', though I'm at the ends o' the earth."

He laid in her palm a small ivory figure, delicately carved, the lower part of which was the hood of a tiny silver clapper that, shaken against the silver lining, tinkled forth a faint, far-away sound.

Tilly held it in a daze.

"I never had a beautiful present like that. Thank you very, very much." Her whole innocent heart looked up at him in her flushed cheeks and widened eyes.

He took her other hand in both of his, closing it in completely; he bent his tall figure till his face was just above her. Still Tilly's clear and candid eyes met his unafraid, only troubled that he must leave her. He jerked himself upright.

"Ah, a man wouldn't to that one!"

His sunburned face was suddenly redder.

With a great grip of her hands, he was down the bank and on his boat. He put his wheel over and let the sheet run. Slowly the *Queen* slid off the bar and took open water. He turned and waved to her.

"Good-by, alanna. Thank you for the fine supper. Be a good little girl." His voice was lost in the creak of cordage and the splash of foam.

Tilly watched the wide sails, all agleam now in the sunset, fill to the freshening wind and draw away on a long slant downriver. Just as the *Queen* hung at the bend, she saw a flutter of white as her captain waved again and heard a far-away "Good-by!"

The walk to Pettipaug the next afternoon was hot and weary; the basket weighed like stone. Tilly's face was flushed with heat, her hair dark with moisture. She went first to the general store, where comfortable Joshua Peckham explained suavely:

"You see, this is how I'm situated—butter's gone down five cents a pound, an' I can't take any more o' your eggs, for my own hens are layin' all I can sell."

Shifting the heavy basket to the other arm, Tilly walked out without an answer.

Her next stop was at Mrs. Amasa Green's. Mrs. Green was voluble and kind and apologetic.

"You've done all that fine sewin' beautiful! I never had such a settin' out when I was wedded to Loretty's father, but Amasy, he's met with losses in business, an' his sister's a-comin' on from Ohio for the weddin'. She's a wonderful needlewoman; so I guess we'll have to make out ourselves."

Tilly set her soft lips in a steady line. She could not go home to her mother with black news like this. She bent her steps to the village dress-

maker, and then to the milliner. No hope there. Summer was the slack season.

But at least some one should buy her eggs. Her calculations ran in and out among the village folk, and fixed themselves upon Judge Ripley. Once she had overheard him say he did not keep chickens. She did not know the judge, nor yet his sister, who kept house for him, and they were both formidable social figures in her world, but this was a need that could stop at nothing.

The Ripley house stood back from the street, at the end of a cool, green lawn, and under shady trees. Old-fashioned ribbon flower beds bordered each side of the brick walk to the door, and in front of the step a nymph of marble poured water from a vase into a basin filled with goldfish and fringed with ferns. Tilly had longed always to examine this fountain, yet now that she had the chance, so great was the hurry of her mind that she gave it only a vague glance. The front door was open for coolness, and she had to walk into the hall to reach the brass knocker.

She knocked, and waited with a leaping heart. What sort of conduct was this for a properly raised Pettipaug girl—begging strangers to take her eggs, as if she were a peddler with a pack of notions?

It was the judge himself who answered the knock.

"Good afternoon," he said pleasantly, yet with an air of faint surprise. "I'm afraid my sister is not home."

The very greatness of her embarrassment steeled her to calm. What if he did think her a peddler?

"Good afternoon. Maybe you know if your folks can use any eggs to-day. I've got some left the store don't want."

The judge considered her a moment, trying to recall if he should know this pretty, heat-flushed girl in the limp muslin. Tilly read his mind.

"I'm Tilly Cheston. My mother is Mrs. Alanson Cheston, on the river road."

"Why, of course, Miss Tilly. I know your mother." He had seen her every Sunday at church for years. "Come in. It's a hot day, and I'll take these eggs to the kitchen."

Tilly sat down in the dim, cool room, greatly troubled by her dusty shoes on the rich rug, and wondering if even her Grandfather Buckingham's parlor, so often pictured for her by her mother, could be so beautiful. There were silver candlesticks on the mantel, a chandelier of glittering luster over the mahogany table, and the portraits of long-dead Ripleys, very grim and dark, on the wall. While she was studying them, the judge came back with the empty basket.

"In the kitchen I was told that was the price of three dozen eggs," he said smilingly.

"No, no!" And now the queerness of a business deal in this grand room struck her afresh. "You've given me a cent a dozen too much."

He smiled again. Tilly felt that laughing must be difficult for him.

"I guess we can let it stand till next time." He put the money into her hand with a sort of courtroom decisiveness.

A slow step at the door and an old woman entered, carrying a tray with a delicate glass of red liquid and a plate of cookies.

"My sister's raspberry shrub. You look heated." He took the tray from the old woman and offered the glass to Tilly.

The girl drank, and nibbled her cooky, and watched the judge with her innocent eyes which could see clearly, yet could translate only dimly her vision. She saw a tall, slender figure, a lean, classic head, and a bearing that old-world Pettipaug called "elegant." His face affected her curiously, for it was young in feature and line, yet strangely



*The girl drank and nibbled her cooky and watched the judge with her innocent eyes.*

worn in some inner, spiritual way, and his eyes were both brilliant and weary. She remembered hearing that when he was a boy, he had suffered some terrible accident and had been long out of Pettipaug traveling for his health.

He felt her look, yet stood calm under it, smiling a little.

"You must have had a hot walk into town. Summer's lasting late this year."

"I was real warm." A sigh for the long trudge home.

The judge considered, in a judicial way he had.

"I have business in Dark Harbor that must be transacted to-day or to-morrow. I should be pleased to drive you

home, if you will permit me." His phrases were all formal.

Here was adventure! Tilly's dimples ran over with delight.

"Oh, thank you!" rapturously.

When he was gone for his horses, she pinched her hands together tight to be sure she was really Tilly Cheston. Life, which of late had lagged, these twenty-four hours had raced by gallantly.

The judge drove to the steps a shining carriage and two high-headed horses.

"I didn't ever go ridin' before," she told him simply as he turned the wheel for her; he must share her joy. Pity

touched his face, and that was not what she wanted. "It makes it real kind an' splendid to go now."

"I understand." Yet she thought he did not. "You'll have to be quick; they are restless." He spoke authoritatively to the horses, and held them in. "Steady, boys! Stop that!" Then to her: "Wait till they're quiet. They've got to stand for me."

Tilly watched him soothe and calm the eager creatures, then at his "Ready!" jumped in.

They did not talk much on the road, Tilly because the speed and the wind in her face ravished her, the man because his horses needed his skill and because he was of a silent habit. At the lane he pulled up.

"There is no turning below. I will ask you to alight here. I thank you for your company." His hand was held toward her.

Tilly put her own hand, far browner and harder, into his.

"You've been kind"—her voice was exquisitely soft—"an' I've had a real beautiful ride. I'm under obligations to you." She had almost added "sir," but some quality in the set of his head or the spark in his eyes stopped that.

"You're home quick, child," Elizabeth, seated on the kitchen steps, told her daughter with languid interest.

"I'm a-goin' to get you a real pretty supper, peaches an' cream an' my cottage cheese."

Thus did she avoid any confidences to her mother, who possessed truly incredible powers of dwelling upon any new subject. She longed to fling herself close to the river, burning with the opal fires of sunset, and marvel at the way the world had thrust its gayly threaded shuttle into the dull web of her days.

At bedtime, on her knees by the high-pitched dormer window, she leaned far out into the soft darkness, still with the hush of the slowly dying year, and

listened to the river running swift out there in the night. The sky was a purple black, thickset with flaming stars. One great red planet flung down to earth a star trail up which glided a misty boat with gossamer sails. Tilly strained her eyes after it till it had faded away into reaches beyond her vision. Some hushed night like this would the captain's sail swing down the star road to her again? Would he hold out his hands to her, draw her aboard, and melt away with her into the silver shadows?

Her thoughts wandered to the young judge, with his classic face and his voice of authority for his horses. What delicious journeys through the amber Indian summer, the horses' hoofs rustling among the fallen leaves, might be hers! His gravity and weight of view had held her as charmed as the marvelous gayety of the sailor. The one was so near akin to her own habit of life, her sympathy answered to it instantly; the other reached down to some mysterious hidden current in her blood and thrilled it. How wonderful the world was when any day a tall ship might sail into her heart! How radiant existence could be if to-morrow might see her fleeing away behind foam-flecked horses!

She stole into her bed to dream of swimming off in the very river itself, its blue waters holding her in a cupped wave, her hand just touching the hand of Silvester Ripley.

And how grimly dull the winter proved, after all—shivery mornings, when the wood in the stove would not burn, but flung the smoke spitefully in her face; wind-bitter afternoons, when she fought her way home from Pettipaug through the snow; long, black nights, when the storm wailed and raved around the house like ill spirits loosed for doom. Nothing pleasant happened. Tilly watched the

river with aching eyes for a tall mast and a flying sail, till the ice filmed over the water and no ship came any more past the reef. She carried her wares to the village twice a week, she went to church each Sunday, but although she greeted Silvester Ripley and received his half-grave smile in return, she never got beyond that good morning, nor did she ever see him when she took her eggs to his house. All memory of that sweet, swift hour among the woods of the river road seemed blotted out of the judge's mind. Adventure had kissed his gallant hand to her, yet even in the challenge he was gone. The road of the years stretched stark before her; already her feet were weary of it.

Her mother wore away her courage as the soft lap of water wears down the rocky shore. Elizabeth's eyes pained her; her desire was to sit always by the fire in the twilight, knitting and lamenting.

When at last the ice began to surge out of the river, and shoots of green pricked out by the brook, it was a thin, pale Tilly that woke up into the sunshine, only the clear shining of her eyes attesting the light within.

"Oh, mother, dear, please come out an' get warm in the sunshine!" she called one honey-sweet morning in April.

Elizabeth's melancholy tones echoed hollowly from the dark old house:

"If you were afflicted as I am, you'd shun even the word 'sun.'"

Tilly was determined.

"I'm going right off now, this minute, to get Doctor Drake for your eyes."

Elizabeth's reply held unconscious humor:

"Maybe to-morrow, daughter. But to-day I feel too poorly to see the doctor."

However, as it turned out, the doc-

tor happened in uncalled for, and afterward drove Tilly to Pettipaug.

"Daughter," as they jogged along behind old June, "your mother's pretty bad off in her eyes."

Tilly's hands locked together. "Yes, sir."

"My nephew's comin' this week to visit me. He's a great eye doctor from New York. You bring your mother to my office to see him."

"Yes, sir," her voice calm, her hands hard locked.

In the clear, pale light of an early-spring sunset, Elizabeth and Tilly walked home from Doctor Drake's office, silent, in the shadow of a fear that for them blackened the sky. The doctor from New York, a youngish, gentle-voiced man, had told them that Elizabeth was threatened with blindness, but that if she would come down at once to the hospital of which he had charge, for an operation, she could be cured. He would arrange for a free bed and free treatment, and he himself would give her the operation.

Elizabeth, in her thin, old black silk—whitened at the seams, trimmed with many-times-mended real lace—and her bonnet with the lean old plume, stepped delicately along, her narrow feet following the thread of a path; Tilly, in her dyed best blue cashmere, wandered in and out among the fern and mosses, gathering a gypsy bouquet from the roadside. It was not till they were back in their dark old kitchen, soothing the spring chill by the glowing stove, that they spoke.

"It's awful! To be blind!" Elizabeth covered her face with her hands, and slow, difficult tears trickled between the fingers.

"But, pettie, darling, you aren't goin' to be blind. The doctor said not." Tilly ran and knelt by her mother, her arms holding her close.

Elizabeth pushed her away harshly.

Deep in her breast she loved passionately this one token of her own blood, but in all the contacts of daily life the girl irritated her just as her sea rover of a husband had done.

"I haven't any money for any operation, child!"

Tilly, repulsed, sat on the floor at her mother's feet.

"It's all to be free, mother," gently.

"After I get there. But did you happen to bethink you that I must go and come, and you must go and come with me, and you must live there the five weeks—he said it might be that long—I'm in the hospital?"

Tilly's eyes darkened with anxiety. "Haven't we any money?"

Elizabeth walked to the cupboard behind the stove, fumbled in some cranny, and brought out a cracked willowware teapot.

"There!" She poured a rain of coppers, silver pieces, and paper into the girl's lap.

She was long in the tally, but at last she looked up.

"Nearly eight dollars."

"That's all we have in the world."

"That in the bank, mother?" Tilly spoke timidly. Ever since she could remember, she had watched their golden hoard grow, penny by penny, their very "blood coined for drachmas."

"That's the money saved to bury me. I will never use it, not if I starve."

"But if your eyes are cured an' you can sew again, you'll earn more, pettie."

"I will never touch one penny of my burying money!" Elizabeth closed her eyes and her lips; her face looked like some fine old waxwork of one already dead.

Tilly sighed from her heart; she knew that immovability as of the pyramids.

"How much we goin' to need, do you guess?"

The eyes and lips opened. Elizabeth returned to humanity again.

"A dollar apiece down on the boat—we can sit up all night—and the same back—if I don't come back in my casket. That's four dollars. And a dollar to Nate Beddell to get us our trunk to the boat and back again. That's six. And you'll have to give as much as a dollar a day to get you boarded. That's—"

"Oh, no, mother, not seven dollars a week!" in horror.

"I know city ways, Tilly. Your grandfather took me there once when I was about your age. We stopped at a tavern that asked us twelve dollars a week apiece for two little rooms no bigger'n yours upstairs."

"That'll be thirty-five dollars." Tilly yielded to this wide experience. "An' the other six make forty-one. We've got eight, so all we need is thirty-three."

"That's not all," Elizabeth went on, with her Balzaclike enumeration of expenses. "There's our trunk in New York, and rides in the busses. And likely as not they'll ask you more for board, and you might have to call in a doctor, and we'll have to pay to have the cow and chickens taken care of. We shall require all of fifty dollars before I can trust myself one step."

Tilly's eyes followed the last thin shaft of light out into the cool, sweet-scented spring air.

"I can get you fifty dollars, mother."

Elizabeth looked a scorn too deep for argument.

"I'll sell my Grandmother Cheston's diamond ring. I heired it from her."

Now it was Elizabeth who sighed woefully.

"It's sold, dear." She permitted herself this tenderness. "Winter before last, when you had the fever and I couldn't pay doctor, I sent it by Elder Watrous to Middletown. He got a good price for it."



Tilly's heart stood still. The one beautiful, shining thing in the whole old house! The very thought of it, glowing with mysterious fires in the depth of her mother's locked chest, had given her hope on many an iron day, and she had been told that she might wear it—some time. She swallowed something bitter in her throat, and looked away out to the sunset—a picture set in the black and crooked frame of the kitchen window. The sky was a colorless film, shining wondrously with the light behind and pierced by one silver spangle of a star. What mattered the brilliance of the ring if the light in her mother's eyes be not darkened?

"Mother, we'll mortgage the house!"

Elizabeth shot upright in her chair at this word of shame and dread to all Pettipaug.

"I will never let a mortgage be put on my house!"

"My house!" The daughter seemed to breathe the words.

Mother and daughter met, eyes to eyes. There was that in the girl's gentle face that reminded Elizabeth of the rare times when the captain had grown "strong-headed" and conquered her. The house had been left to the child.

"Who'll lend it?" she surrendered.

Fifty dollars were not in every man's pocket in these Pettipaug days.

Tilly answered instantly:

"Judge Ripley. I'll go ask him tomorrow."

"It's a dreadful business!" groaned Elizabeth. "I never demeaned myself to ask so much as a dollar from a living soul! The Buckinghams always held themselves high, and I'm a Buckingham born."

"Well, I'm just plain Cheston, mother, an' I'm goin' to do the askin'. Now, let's get us a real kind o' tasty supper. It'll hearten us up."

"You certainly do speak just like a Cheston. They were all the most care-

less kind of talkers." But her smile, thin and weak like wintry sunshine though it was, warmed the ungraciousness of her answer.

It seemed a light request, and quite within the round of business, when she had told her mother cheerfully that she would borrow from Judge Ripley, but as she walked up his path, Tilly's spirit drooped within her. What if he hadn't fifty dollars ready? What if he didn't think their old, sagging, weary house good safeguard for it? She knocked so timidly she had to do it over again. The judge received her in his office, an important room that fluttered her still more. He looked so boyish, in a rough outdoor jacket and boots, that she began to compute his age all over again by her own, and forgot to return his greeting, standing looking up into his face with her candid boy's gaze.

"Is there some special help I can give you this morning?" His eyes did twinkle a little, but he spoke in his usual deep, serious tones.

Tilly sat down in the chair he drew up for her close to his desk, catching her breath in little gasps.

"It's about my mother," in a spurt of words.

"Your mother?" Ripley bowed.

"Yes?"

"I thought—I hoped you could help her. It's her eyes."

He looked at her intently.

"If your mother is not in good health, I advise you to see Doctor Drake at once."

"I have. It's not that." She snatched herself with both hands out of her flurry. "She is obliged to go to a big hospital in New York, an' I've got to go with her, an' I've come to you to ask you to loan me the money."

The man's fine, high-bred face was bent toward her so that she could see even the small lines around the eyes. Thus it was that she noted a change come over it—a curious fixity of gaze,

an odd tension of the mouth. He did not speak, only held her with his eyes.

"We don't need the money for the operation," Tilly went on, with her courageous tranquillity. "The doctor in New York, he's goin' to do it for her an' let her be right in his hospital. But we've got to get to the city, an' there's other things, too. I'll have to board me, an'— Could you take my house for a mortgage an' give me fifty dollars?"

The slight strain in the face relaxed; the young man smiled.

"Fifty dollars?" he said kindly. "Yes, certainly."

He opened a safe behind him and took out a roll of bills, which he counted out on his desk. Then he wrote rapidly.

Tilly watched him in awe. Fifty dollars to jump into your hand like that! It would take her half a year's extra sewing to earn it.

"Please sign that." He pushed the paper toward her.

She read the agreement—a statement of the debt to him at eight per cent interest.

"It means I'll owe you fifty-four dollars next April?"

"You can pay it any time you please," gently. "There won't be any hurry about it."

"How often do I pay the interest?" with unexpected shrewdness.

"Every six months." Then: "I'll just have my sister and the man witness when you sign."

"Oh!"

"It's a mere form. They don't know the agreement. Clarinda—Daniel!" He had opened the door to call.

From different parts of the house, the man of all work and Miss Ripley appeared, the latter many years older than Silvester, a slim, fine woman with something of her brother's weariness in her eyes.

"This is Miss Tilly Cheston, 'Rmda.

Will you two just watch while she signs this document? Now write your names in here. Thank you. That's all."

When the room was again empty, he put the roll of bills into the girl's cold hand.

"I wish you'd tell me about your mother," he said in the same gentle voice.

Tilly's pretty color was like a flame, her eyes shone through tears. To her modesty, this exchange of money and papers had been a violent assault. Now that it was over, she felt a little light-headed.

"Thank you a hundred times, Judge Ripley. You are kind to me." Somehow the money seemed a gift. She felt her heart glow warmly. "Mother's dreadful down. Blindness is a great affliction."

He asked her a question now and then skillfully till she was telling him all the story.

"Deacon Elihu Post to see you." The old servant had knocked and entered.

The judge said over his shoulder: "I'll send for him in a moment." He took Tilly's hand in his, that same grave, still grasp. "I hope your mother will go through it very well. Operations are serious matters."

The girl's small face twitched; in the heat of planning she had not thought of this. Her eyes sought his piteously, as if for reassurance.

"Oh, yes," faintly.

Compassion touched him for a creature so young and soft and beset.

"Those big doctors do wonderful things now," he comforted her. "I wouldn't worry any more than I could help."

"Oh, no," even more faintly.

The man's eyes sought his desk. On it stood a vase in which were two great pale-yellow roses, grown indoors, a triumph in the old days before hot-houses. He took them from the glass.

"Will you give them to your mother with my compliments? Good-by."

Tilly walked fast up Pettipaug Street, the roses in one hand and the roll of bills in the other.

The sun bored down on to the brick streets with red-hot gimlets; a fevered wind blew out from forge mouths and bakery windows; a sickening odor of burned bread, smoking iron, and toiling human beings tainted the air like a taste. It was a steaming week of unexpected heat in May.

Tilly peered anxiously into a cobbler's little shop, walked on a few paces, and then stood still. There was a cobbler near her turning, but not that one surely. Had she got off at the wrong street? What was this street, anyhow? She looked helplessly for a sign. Screwing up her courage, she asked a passing man in a timid voice: "Is this the way to the boat for Pettipaug, please?"

The man answered her fiercely, in a language that might have been Hottentot. She shank against the wall and hurried on. Another man approached her, a slim, oily creature, with ferret and fiery eyes.

"If you've lost your way, miss," he said sweetly, "I'll go along with you to find it."

Tilly looked at him under level brows.

"No, thank you."

She walked on stanchly. She seemed to hear him behind her, but would not turn to make sure. A cross street showed men standing or walking about. Numbers meant safety, so she hurried down it. Well into it, she stopped with a jerk. A man was lying on the pavement, his face a dirty white, his shirt dyed with blood. Another man knelt above him, and a policeman, coolly unregarding, as one inured to dire sights, leaned against the wall behind him.

She fled at a kind of trembling run up one street and down another, heedless of direction. Blue water ahead and the masts of ships; there must be the boat to Pettipaug. Around the corner came a man, the same one who had spoken to her! The street was narrow and dark and deserted. In a fright her innocent mind could not explain, she plunged into another alley, tripped over some slippery thing, and came down heavily.

Heat, noise, sick giddiness, jargon of strange tongues, and strange, swarthy faces all around! Tilly staggered to her knees and then to her feet, her hands clutching the side of a door leading into some gloomy cellar. She tried to speak, to wipe out of her eyes the trickle of blood that dripped into them, to move on somewhere, away from the fast-gathering crowd. Her lips opened dryly, impotent over words; her hands hung limp; her feet shuffled weakly. She was like one caught in a nightmare of pursuing enemies, powerless to fight or to flee.

One of the dark men pulled at her hand—the one that held her reticule, which she always carried, containing their money and her few small treasures. She shrank into the cellarway and pushed him from her with feeble fury. She would die defending her mother's living. The man's tarry fingers, iron strong, closed now on her wrist. Other pirate faces crowded in close. She swung her head helplessly in a search for some wholesome American countenance, light and frank. Her fingers locked around the reticule, bruising themselves against a hard lump within. Her swimming mind remembered it was the little ivory figure of the Chinese goddess the sailor had given her that summer day. His words blurred through her consciousness: "Ring it an' I'll come a-flyin'." She twisted it in the bag and caught a tinkle,



*A man was lying on the pavement, his face a dirty white, another man knelt above him, and a policeman leaned against the wall behind him.*

faint as fairy bells, and at the same time cried piteously:

"John Burke! John Burke!"

A small, round-faced pirate pushed in to her. He thrust his face up against hers till she saw the gleam of his shining teeth.

"Cap'n John Burke?" he grinned at her. "Joe. See you, eat you, upriver."

It was the Portuguese mate of the *Queen*. Tilly clasped him with both arms.

"Save me! Send 'em away!" she implored.

Joe addressed the crowd in their

heathen babble, waving them off with many dramatic gestures.

"They gooda men," he assured her.

"Portugee. They wanta help."

Tilly clung to him, speechless.

"I take to Cap'n Burke." He slid her arm into his and began to patter down the street like an eager dog.

Tilly, still dim and vague, stumbled at his side, sagging down on his solid shoulder. She saw the alley widen into a wharf crowded with men, wagons, and piles of lumber, in and out of which Joe threaded his way like a cunning shuttle. Then a strip of water.

tall masts, and John Burke, smoking a pipe on the deck of his boat.

Joe steered her across the gangplank, shouting furiously in Portuguese. She struggled to form some sort of introductory explanation, but before she could settle on the opening words, the sailor had picked her up in his arms, carried her down his companionway, and laid her on his berth in the cabin.

"Shut up, Joe," he said cheerfully, "an' draw her a cup of tea. Now, then, just close your eyes an' cool off a bit. It's one o' the regular scorchers."

Tilly, like a tired child, did just as he told her. She felt him draw off her hat, bathe her head and face with cool water, and wash her hands.

"It's the sweet breeze comes in the portholes," he told her conversationally. "An' the rock of her will rest you, like a cradle. I wouldn't wonder would we get a thunderstorm by night, the way it would be in midsummer."

"There's nothin' to the clour on the head you gave yourself—just cracked the skin a little," he went on, his musical voice swinging with the ship in a kind of rhythm. "Lie you still a while."

Tilly lay in a sweet doze, cool and at peace. Her flight through the steaming alleys, her journey back to the hospital, alike banished from her, she dreamed she was a sailor lad far out on the open sea.

The voice of the captain broke in upon her dream:

"Take a sup of tea, my dear. 'Twill put heart into you."

He shifted the pillows so that she sat up against them, and she opened her eyes and took the tea, brewed to a terrifying potency, which he fed her in spoonfuls.

"That's doin' it." John Burke laughed, as if the whole wild thing were the prettiest fun. "The roses are growin' again in your cheeks."

"I rang the little image, an' you

came." They were the first words she had uttered since her cry of his name.

"I did so. I told you 'twas magic." Again his wonderful laugh. "The Portugee are the wild fellows to look at, but they're soft an' kind as milk inside them. Joe's the best little man alive."

She shuddered. "It was so hot in the streets, an' a man followed me."

"Can you blame him?" gayly. "I'm just after leavin' all my cargo on the wharf—did you notice I'm ridin' high?—an' I'm off again the mornin' to pick up more. Terrible pretty voyage I had up along the coast—"

His voice went on now till she was lulled of her fears and coaxed into laughter at his tales. She lay as content in this stranger's cabin as in her low room at home. He was as unconcerned at her dramatic entrance into his ship as if she came every afternoon to drink tea with him. Tilly was held in a wild surmise of what his life must be when such a surprise shook him not at all.

The light in the cabin changed and deepened; a sword of gold flashed in the porthole.

"I must go back to mother." She sat up bravely.

"Is it far you have to go?" The question seemed asked in courtesy, not curiously. He had taken her life in the city as much for granted as her presence in his ship.

This aloofness spurred her on.

"Mother's in a hospital here. She's been five weeks."

"Deed, that's bad."

"She's well now. It was her eyes, an' they're cured. I live right across from the hospital. We're goin' home to-morrow."

"To the little, sweet place under the trees?"

"I came down to the wharf this afternoon to find out about the boat that

takes us home. I lost my way, an' it was so hot." Her lips trembled.

"Where was it you said you were?" though she had not told him.

When he had learned her street, he pulled himself up the companionway.

"Joe! Ah, Joe! Run up along the street till you meet up with a decent cab an' bring it along back with you."

"Oh, no!" She started forward in fear. "I couldn't go in a cab. I mean, I'd rather walk," with the New Englander's refusal to admit poverty as a reason.

"Now, now!" He smiled. "It's my cab—horse, harness, an' driver. It's not often I have the chance to take a young lady a-ridin'. Would you like to see the *Queen*? She's fresh painted last month."

Tilly followed him from cabin to galley, and then to view the clean spars and fresh sails.

"Ain't she the pretty girl?" her captain would cry again and again as he showed some fresh charm. "An' sail! I wish you'd come aboard her for your voyage home."

They looked at one another, stung by the splendor of a sudden thought, his eyes bold and laughing, hers amazed and wistful. Then she shook her head sadly. Why cry for the moon?

"I couldn't, thank you. Mother's frightened at the sea."

"Ah, well, some day," with easy hopefulness. "Mount the capstan now, an' look about you. There's a wonderful lot o' craft in these waters."

She stood on the capstan, steadying herself by his shoulder, and looked and listened while he pointed out all sorts of strange and foreign ships.

"It's a pity you'll be goin'," he said finally, with a rueful laugh. "But the fellow's on the wharf with his carriage."

His hand, just touching her arm, seemed to draw her across the gangway.

"Careful now," guarding her past a pile of lumber. "It's not me left my cargo lyn' round so easylike. That'll be Charley Dover."

With a stream of talk he drowned all her protestations till she was in the cab and he beside her. Up the dark alley and through the winding streets, he seemed as much at home as among the ships. He pointed out this and that old building as renowned, or showed her places familiar to his boyhood. Tilly listened and looked and hardly understood a thing she heard or saw, for the strangeness of it all. She could have cried with the nursery-tale old woman: "This surely can't be I!"

At the door of her house, the sailor helped her out, and went with her up the steps.

"You got my lady safe—the Chiney one?"

She clutched at her bag.

"Oh, yes!"

Suddenly he caught both her hands in his and covered them with hot kisses.

"Ah, good-by, little girl! You'll see me again."

He vanished in a streak of speed.

Like one in a dream, she groped her way up to her room and flung herself on her bed. Her hands, clasped tight across her breast, burned still from his lips.

"Daughter! Daughter!" The woman's voice moaned weakly.

Tilly slipped off her lounge and ran to her mother. It was the sixth time she had been wakened that night, and she was drenched in sleep, but she answered tenderly:

"What's it, pettie?"

"I've got pneumonia, and summer pneumonia always kills."

"No, no, dear. It's just a real hard, bad cold."

"No, I know better." Elizabeth moved her head from side to side on her pillow tragically.





*She stood on the capstan steadying herself by his shoulder, and looked and listened while he pointed out all sorts of foreign ships.*

"Come daylight, I'm goin' to Cap'n Mardie to get him to fetch doctor."

"More doctors!" Elizabeth groaned. "Seems as if I should die if I had one more working over me."

Tilly bathed her mother's face, changed the poultices on her chest, and gave her some of the herb tea she had brewed for her. Elizabeth had been home a week from the hospital, almost happy in her restored sight, when she had caught this cold.

In that strange light of dawn that has neither shadows nor sunshine, Tilly ran to her neighbor's to ask his aid in getting the doctor.

"Tilly," said the old doctor, "your mother's pulled down by that operation, and she's feverish and she's got pain in her lungs. It looks ugly to me. You step over to the Widow Dolly's and tell her I say she's to spend the night with you. You're not nurse enough for this case. I'll send Keturah Lambden to set by her while you go."

"If I've got to endure that shiftless woman while you're gone," Elizabeth commented on the plan, "you make good haste to be back."

Through the woods, aromatic with bayberry and sweet fern, and across the meadows "all pied with daisies white," Tilly sped, her feet following the thread of the path as if winged. And having panted out her errand to the Widow Dolly, a huge hulk of a woman who yet contrived to navigate about the world with amazing speed, she flew back home again, leaving the widow to gather together a few needments and to wait for her husband to "tackle up."

As Tilly turned from the woods into the lane, she saw Keturah Lambden's slipshod figure sagging along toward home.

"Mother's offended her an' she's gone off mad! An', oh, dear, mother's all alone, an' the house may burn up or a tramp smother her in bed before ever I can get there!"

She took the stone wall at a run, caught her skirt on a bramble, hung in jeopardy a moment, then rolled over and over into the garden, a hail of stones clattering down on top of her. Hot, breathless, and stunned, but instantly on her feet, she was up and off again without a thought of bruises.

Elizabeth had a bitter tale of Keturah Lambden's attempts to give her water in a dirty glass.

"And so I told her she might go, I shouldn't need her any longer."

Tilly leaned against the bedpost, sick with a pain that seemed to stab her in every part of her body. She crept from the room out under the trees that fronted the river. From its blue splendor she might drink strength to carry this new load.

"She's got double pleurisy, if I ever saw it. I hope you're feelin' rugged, Tilly, for nursin' her's all I can swing to." The fat voice of the Widow Dolly wandered to her from a long way off.

She opened her eyes painfully upon the widow galloping down the slope to her.

"Forever! What ails you, child? You're whiter'n a dishcloth."

"I fell. I guess I hurt my arm some."

The widow moved the girl's hand and felt her shoulder.

"Broke," she announced dramatically.

"It can't be broke," Tilly told her simply, her eyes dark with pain. "It's my right arm."

"Well, I guess 'tis broke, too." The widow's voice rose truculently as she felt her medical skill in pugned. "We're in for a hurrah, boys, or I miss my reckoning."

Often, during the next two months, these words sounded in Tilly's ears—the widow's favorite phrase. Elizabeth sank to the threshold of death, rallied, sank again, crept back to safety by painful inches. Another nurse came to help the widow, and doctors were called in

from Deep Harbor and beyond Lyme. Tilly's arm was broken in two places and had to be set and then reset, and some days she was in bed with fever herself. The widow's sister, consort of Abijah Pettigrew, to whom Abijah, a wander-witted old man, was a necessary appendix, took care of the house and cooked savory dishes and scrubbed the tins to shining cleanness and wasted eggs and milk and soap in a horrifying lavishness.

"'Bijah, you quit your hoein' an' come here. I've beat up a nice fresh egg for you," seemed to Tilly, in a nightmare of expenditures, her hourly cry.

At last they were gone—doctors, nurses, cooks, and their camp followers—and Tilly and Elizabeth faced each other alone in their prim little keeping room, with its framed samplers and its tall, pale, astral lamp. It touched Tilly with awe, as one of the signs of their upheaved existence, that her mother should sit quietly by the window overlooking the river. She was a changed creature, all listless gentleness, and she waited now for her daughter to speak.

Tilly began with the soft simplicity that covered such iron courage.

"Are you feelin' strong enough to talk over things, mother?"

"I'm well now, child. Go on."

"We've got some debts, dear."

"I know we have." But she did not ask their sum.

"An' we must pay 'em off quick as we can, for they're owed to folks that can't wait—the Widow Dolly an' like that."

Only Elizabeth's dark, tragic eyes questioned.

"We can take that money in the bank."

A spark flashed into those gloomy eyes.

"I tell you I will not! You don't recall how it was when your Grandfather

Cheston died and we hadn't a dollar in the world to bury him with, but I do."

Tilly was frightened at the trembling figure.

"I will leave it there, dear," she soothed. "You thought up any way to get the money?"

"You will have to mortgage the house again. Judge Ripley will loan the money." Her voice was apathetic.

Hot blood poured into Tilly's face. Her mother couldn't help her any more; on her shoulders alone rested the weight of life! She reckoned up painfully her debts, although, poor thing, she knew their sum by heart.

"I'll borrow Cap'n Mardie's flat an' row down to Pettipaug. I've got some heavy things to carry."

It was greatly daring, but Elizabeth only said, in her new remoteness:

"Well."

As Tilly slipped the half hatch of the boat, pushed off her bow, and slid the oars into the locks, she smiled with wistful sadness to think how once she would have thrilled to rapture at this first soft glide into the unknown current. Now she was too anxious, too stressed, for any joy. She paddled out slowly into the current, mindful of her weak arm, and, catching the urge of the tide, let it push her toward the village, while she steered the boat as she had watched the fishermen a hundred times.

Softly the enchantment of the summer hour wove itself into her blood—glinting blue of sky and river filmed to gentleness by fleecy clouds and drifting tide foam, green of hills fresh as emerald, bright, yet caressing airs whispering against her cheek. She began to sing, a crooning sound, as if at home in the kitchen; then, as her spirit shook off the fetters of the land, a sweet, wild note. The song was the old sea chant: "Blow the Man Down."

"You like the water?"

So near was the voice, she jumped and caught a crab. A catboat had stolen

up at her back, sailed by Silvester Ripley.

"Yes."

"Don't you find it a long row down to Pettipaug?"

"No." Breath failed her for more.

"I'll come about. You throw me your painter, and I'll tow you down."

His face, smiling at her across the opening, looked boyish under a peaked cap, and his voice sounded springily. The little cat drew away, made in, and sidled up beside the flatiron.

"Ship oars!" he commanded. "Now your painter. Step on your seat. Jump!"

She was dazed by these rapid-fire commands.

"But I'm goin' to stay——"

"Jump!"

It was his courtroom tone, and Tilly jumped. He caught her with an agile strength that surprised her, handed her to a seat, and made fast the flatiron's painter, all the while the boat slid lazily along in the small, sweet wind. He took his seat, swung the tiller a little, cast his eyes up at the peak of his sail, then sat back at ease, all in a workman-like, instinctive kind of way.

"I didn't know you sailed a boat," she said timidly.

"Oh, all Pettipaug boys sail. I don't have much time for it nowadays. I was tired to-day, and thought maybe a jog in the old *Widgeon* would bring me up."

"Did you ever make a voyage?" in Pettipaug phrase, meaning "around the Horn." Was the salty romance of the seven seas his, too?

"Once. Supercargo to India."

"Did you—like it?" Love had been her word.

"Not much. It's tedious—one day just the same as every other."

"Oh!" It was a cry of pain. The great ocean monotonous!

He smiled at this, but said no more; and in silence they sailed past the jut-

ting cape of Joshua's Rocks and along the lush grasses and water flowers of the ferry road. Tilly thought how strange that this, her first voyage on her dear, unknown river should be with this grave, still man who did not love blue water. If it had been John Burke, now!

Sylvester did not seem to find the quiet heavy, sitting tranquilly at the tiller, his eyes now on his peak, now on his sheet, now on her. She longed to learn to sail herself, but dared not ask. John Burke would have proposed it himself.

She looked off across the river to the sun-washed hills, in a strange confusion and trouble. Two men had become deeply significant to her, and she could not tell which most so. Why need she? Why not be as this little boat, slipping through her stream of life, wafted by every pretty wind that blew?

The judge spoke at last, out of his own thoughts:

"Was your mother's operation successful? I've been away West till now, and never heard."

"She's cured, thank you. Did you go far out West?"

"Quite. To Buffalo."

"It must be real pleasant, travelin'."

"Yes, it is. I've done more than most, I suppose." But he offered no gay tales of his adventures afield.

"I've never been anywhere in my whole life, but just that once to the city." She offered it with humility; nearly every woman in Pettipaug had made one long voyage with husband or father.

The young man gave her the smile that always warmed his austere face.

"Plenty of time yet. Shall I land you at the Sail Loft?"

Tilly's heart beat quick and little. Near land, and her errand yet undone!

"I came to Pettipaug just to see you, Judge Ripley—on—business." Every word hurt.

He put his tiller over.

"We can make a long leg across to Nott's Island." He offered an adequate length of time for her explanation.

Because she feared and hated this task, Tilly looked straight up into his eyes, her slender figure trembling a little toward him, her color coming and going, her breath breaking, but her voice slowly steady.

"Mother has been dreadful sick a long time, 'most two months, an' I broke my arm. We had to have two nurses in the house all the time, an' Uncle Abijah Pettigrew, too."

"Your mother is well, now? And your arm must be, too, for I saw you row." He was moved to concern; he leaned toward her.

"An' we had doctor twice a day, an' Doctor Troop from Deep Harbor, an' another from over the river." She could not be stopped. "'Twas an awful time."

"It must have been. Poor little girl!"

What fashion of business was this, with the other party to the transaction bending close to you with dark eyes full of pity and a deep voice soft with tenderness repeating, "Poor little girl?"

"An' we in debt to the store," she hurried on, "an' to the Widow Dolly an' doctor an'—an'—oh, all o' them. An' there wasn't a penny comin' in—just goin' out all the time. I want to mortgage the house—can I have three hundred dollars?" The end came with desperate clearness; then she waited, her bolt shot, quivering.

"Keep her as she is." He put the tiller into her hand. "Halyard's twisted." He was forward, working at some ropes.

She felt the lift and swing of the tide, the pull of the rudder, and heard the whispering voices under the keel, and the blood of her forefathers shouted in her in spite of the shame of her hour of need.

Sylvester Ripley's face had hardened

into the lines she remembered that spring morning.

"Your house is mortgaged now fifty dollars," he told her.

She nodded mutely.

"It will take years for you to pay interest and principal on so large a sum."

She moistened her lips.

"I *can't* owe money to the Widow Dolly an' Aunt Pettigrew."

"Haven't you any relation to help you out?"

Again her hopelessness.

"It's a terrible load for a young girl." He spoke from the standards of long-ago Pettipaug.

"I had to save mother's life."

"Well, then, I must do it for you," reluctantly, under duress.

All Tilly's blood drained into her head, leaving her hands and feet chill. He grudged the money! She could have leaped over the side down into the river for the humiliation of it. Between his set face and her own quivering one came a vision of the Widow Dolly, prodigal of ease for her mother, of old Doctor Drake, jogging up to the wharf after a back-breaking day in the hill farms, of all the other village folk who had served her desperate hour. For their sakes she must drink this bitter brew.

"I asked you, Judge Ripley, because there isn't anybody else I know has the money to help me, an' I'm goin' to work every minute till I pay it back."

His face flushed darkly.

"I trust you utterly, Tilly. And it does not matter—I was surprised —" He shut his lips together over his compassion, then said quietly: "I haven't the money by me now, but if you will come to the office day after to-morrow, I will give it to you. Here is the Sail Loft."

"I don't need to go to Pettipaug. I want to go home," like a hurt child.

"It's too hard a row back against the

tide, and too long a beat. There's Nate Sloan. He'll row you up lively."

Too tired of mind and body to resist, Tilly gave him a faint "Thank you," and let herself be transported into the stern of the flat, from whose seat she watched the long-armed fisherman buck his way upriver to her house. All the way she tasted the savor of her humble favor and the judge's grim acquiescence.

Her mother, still knitting in her tranquil melancholy, greeted her with some interest:

"Did you see Silvester Ripley?"

"He'll lend me the money this week."

"He must be different from his father, though he's very like him in the face."

Tilly stopped on her way to the kitchen.

"Did you know his father, mother? He died before I was born."

"I visited his sister before I was married. He was a widower then, with two children. I met your father on that visit."

Here was a lifting of the veil that long had darkened her mother's past.

"He was a high-principled young man, very careful about doing right always. I could have been his wife," she went on dreamily, as if the eager young creature before her were only a shadow on the wall. "He had one fault that marred him to me then, but I don't know now— He was very grasping over money. It hurt him to give it or lend it. Alanson Cheston and he, they quarreled about that, and I took up Alanson's side and wedded him." Her voice trailed off into the silence of the past.

Tilly crept out into the kitchen, strange fires burning in her eyes. This, then, was his inheritance—the miser's blood—yet he had pledged the money to her. She remembered his face bent to hers, and trembled.

All the world was June again and throbbing with life in trees and flowers and young farm creatures. Elizabeth Cheston was moving about her garden patch, now digging down at the roots of a rosebush, now turning up a pixy-faced pansy bloom. Elizabeth adored flowers as most women do babies. She smiled and nodded to each blossom as if she were welcoming a friend. A faint flush glowed in her cheeks, and a dim pleasure lighted her eyes, signs of the hope waking in her heart.

At the sound of a horse, she shook her skirts and dusted her hands together.

"He's a good half hour early." She stepped forward almost alertly. "Good afternoon, judge. I hope you find yourself well this beautiful day."

Silvester, his horse's bridle over his arm, thanked her in formal phrase and followed her into the little keeping room, filled now with green afternoon light and smelling of lavender.

"Your daughter is not at home, Mrs. Cheston?" seated opposite her in a tall chair.

"She's gone to Bare Hills for wild strawberries." Elizabeth's thin hands wove in and out of some complicated knitting.

Silvester spoke with ceremony concerning the weather, the prospect of the crops, and the rumor that a railroad might come up the valley. He showed that day especially his fineness of tradition and of training, touched always with that faint weariness of spirit or of body, one could not tell which.

Elizabeth's minor cadences ceased; she bent over her knitting. Ripley's voice said, with careful ease:

"I think you must have observed, this past year, my growing friendship for your daughter, and have drawn your own conclusions from it."

"Tilly is a dear, sweet, good girl." How Tilly would have rounded her



eyes and mouth to hear her mother praise her!

The young man's half-veiled eyes seemed to fling back: "You don't half realize how sweet and good." He said aloud: "I have found her so. If it is within my power to win her, I have your consent?"

Elizabeth colored with the fluttered tenderness that stirs the calmest middle age in the presence of young love.

"I give my consent, my encouragement. I can't hope to see my little girl wedded to more happiness." All that was within her sang praises that at last obscurity would change to power, meager living to luxury, grinding care to ease of heart.

"Thank you." He bowed gravely. "I have hope of success."

"She's very grateful to you. She feels much obligated under her debt to you."

"Don't talk of *debt* between us!" Now it was his face that flushed.

"You an' mother talkin' secrets?" Tilly's soft, still prettiness was framed in the open window. "I got four quarts o' the sweetest, tiniest berries! Taste!" She thrust a juice-stained hand in through the window, the fruit on her palm.

The girl's simplicities made of their ceremonies an outworn creed. Silvester laughed, ate the berries, and, after a little light talk, left. Tilly dropped down onto the doorsill, where she could watch a sail tacking up the river.

"You ought to have come home sooner. He's been here a considerable long time." Elizabeth's first thrust.

Tilly ate a berry tranquilly. "He can come 'gain."

"Oh, I guess he'll do that," with a sly smile. "How you makin' out with his payments?"

Tilly's face was stricken haggard instantly.

"Don't worry, mother. That's all

right." She carried her berries into the kitchen.

That year had been one long fight to keep the wolf from the door. Elizabeth could not gain strength enough to work, and all the cares of housekeeping, farming, and breadwinning had fallen upon Tilly. She stood up straight under the load, and every day proved that "work can be done till sunset, life can be lived till the end." Thin and pallid, with blue hollows in her cheeks, her eyes still burned with a clear flame of courage. She had kept a fire on the hearth and food in the pantry, but she had not paid one cent of even the interest on her debt. In hours of insight the debt was wings to her feet to carry her uphill; in hours of gloom, a weight that dragged them to the dust.

Silvester himself had been full of attentions to her all winter—had brought her mother flowers and fruit, had taken her sleighing, and had warmed many a chill day with his quiet kindness. Tilly had grown to look for him eagerly and to find deep pleasure in his presence; yet she was tormented by him, too, for all unconsciously he rubbed raw the sore in her self-respect—the unpaid debt. Sometimes she feared that he would not come; at others, that he would.

Elizabeth's list slippers whispered at the door.

"Silvester Ripley's done very handsome things for us, daughter. I hope you feel our obligations to him."

Tilly rattled the flour bucket on the shelf.

"Some men would press for their money—his father would have—but he never will, so long as we keep friends."

Tilly dropped an armful of sticks with a clatter.

"Of course it's business, even if it is between friends, but it's kindness, too. You don't want ever to forget that, Tilly. Not many men would lend money on this miserable old place, tumbling

about our ears, and a farm that can't grow much of anything worth counting, except stones."

The girl rose from her knees by the stove.

"Can you get supper while I hunt the Dominick hen's nest? I think she's stolen it."

Tired as she was, she ran through the garden along the shore till she was hidden from the house. She sat down in an old scow, and rocked her arms tragically. What had Silvester said to her mother that afternoon? Had he pressed for his money? She knew he could not. Had he suggested some other fashion of payment? Did he think her mother a good ally? If she could only view him in some other light than as this lending friend! Just business would have been simple, or—ah, just friendship! If it had been only Silvester Ripley who sat on the other side of the fireplace with its cheerful logs, talking little, listening much, or who walked among the roses at her side, asking sometimes for one to put in his coat, she could—the word seemed fluttered by the wind, lapped by the water—have loved him! But, since he was also the Pettipaug judge who slowly, against his judgment, had loaned her a great sum of money which she now was unable to pay back, her heart cringed away from him.

The sail she had watched pointed slowly inshore, feeling for the channel—a mackerel schooner from down East. Ah, somewhere was a man she could love or hate with a free heart! She slipped her fingers down into her pocket and pulled out the ivory goddess, always hidden there. She shut her eyes tight and tinkled the tiny bell.

"John Burke," she whispered to the reeds. "John Burke—dear."

When she opened her eyes, she almost expected to see the *Queen* sailing, wing and wing, up the river; but the calm surface showed only the mackerel

boat speeding north. She waited till all the blue was aflame with sunset, then stole home, weary of the coil of things.

Tilly twisted the note in trembling fingers. An all-day drive with Silvester—it was almost a formal tender of his hand.

"Shall I go, mother?" she asked, rather piteously.

"Go? Where, child?"

"Silvester Ripley's sent a note by his hired man sayin' he's goin' to drive to-morrow to New London to see a ship launched that he's part owner in, an' askin' me to go, too."

"Of course you'll go." Elizabeth spoke with her old, fierce energy. "A day like that don't come your way every week. Now don't go scheming up reasons why you got to refuse, because there aren't any."

So it was that early the next morning Tilly, in her humble best, drove off with Silvester Ripley in the shining carriage drawn by the big bays. She had brooded overnight about this step, equivalent, almost, to the reception and acceptance of an offer of marriage; but, having gone forth, she determined to drink to the last drop the day's full cup of joy. She talked constantly, in her soft, unisistent fashion, her gentle voice often spiced with a pungent saying. Silvester, too, was off on a holiday, in a way that showed the boy he must once have been. At noon they picnicked by a little spring at the roadside, and were foolish and merry, like children.

The day was a sad though civil one—all the June gayety toned down by gray clouds and purple shadows, like a lovely lady hidden in veils and scarfs.

"You don't think it will rain?" Tilly besought him anxiously, as they drove into the town.

Although this was her third time of questioning, he answered without emphasis:

"Not to-day, I feel sure."

"Let it come to-morrow," defiantly.  
"It's Sunday, anyhow."

They both laughed at the expense of that austere institution—the Pettipaug Sunday of long ago.

"Here's Ridge's Wharf." He pointed with his whip. "We're just about in time. George! She's a beauty, that bark!"

"What's her name?"

Silvester dropped his head a little, then looked around at her as bound to face the fact.

"The *Tilly C.* I didn't name her."

"Why—why, that's my name!"

He studied his reins and whip handle.

"Her captain chose it. He's got a share in her, and he wanted to christen his first ship. She sails for India as soon as she picks up her cargo."

"Who is her captain?" The question came from a dry throat.

"No one I ever heard of—fellow from New York. Smart seaman, I guess. Name John Burke. Here we are."

Tilly's body was rigid as wood as she climbed out. Silvester held her just one instant as he helped her.

"Stiff?" The dull little word flashed with meaning.

She followed him along the wharf without one word, her heart leaping, her blood singing, her whole being athrill. John Burke had named his first ship for her! Discord crashed across her music. To-day she belonged to Silvester Ripley. Till she was back on her own doorsill, she might not even think of John Burke.

Then her eyes caught the tall spars and white sails of the bark and traveled down to her slender, long-lined hull, and she forgot for a moment all else save the beauty of this seagoing maiden, her namesake, who would visit shores she herself would never see save in dreams. Ah, the magic of that roving life, the free rapture of giving that love which

centers in one little plot of ground and a small house to the wide ocean flowing around the whole world forevermore!

Silvester greeted some acquaintance, who answered warmly and added:

"Handsome boat you got there, judge. Ought to be an able one, too. There's her captain now."

"Where?"

"Don't you know him? Oh, Captain Burke!"

In one whirling moment, John Burke was beside them, loose-limbed, powerful, and kindly. Tilly was hearing herself called "my friend, Miss Cheston," and feeling her hand crushed in a great paw.

"Glad to know you, sir. Glad to meet you, miss," in his wonderful voice. That was all.

Had he forgotten? No, his eyes spoke to her eloquently. Their secret should remain a secret, more precious so.

The wharf filled with spectators; men ran about and shouted; timbers crashed; small boats darted here and there in the harbor. There was all the noise and haste and excitement of the launching of a great bark. And at last the *Tilly C.*, christened now in baptism, had slid without haste and without fear into the water. Men cheered; women waved and clapped. Tilly, on the wharf's very edge, looked across to Tilly on the water with tears of she knew not what emotion wetting her cheeks.

"A sightly picture as ever I see," a smiling woman near her commented.

"'Tis so, 'tis!" her neighbor answered.

Silvester put his hand upon Tilly's arm, sliding it along tentatively until he reached her hand. Then he closed his fingers over hers without a word, very gently. An hour ago, Tilly would have let the hand lie there at least; but now she was confused, troubled. She



*The "Tilly C.," christened now in baptism, had slid without haste and without fear into the water.*

drew away with a sharp, unregarding haste.

"Look out! Old wood!" a voice shouted violently.

Tilly started, leaped, stumbled over a rope, came down on the edge of the wharf, felt its rotted timber sink beneath her, and, without time to cry out or to clutch at anything, fell backward into the harbor.

The shock and fright of it were appalling. She struggled in the black weight of waters endlessly, futilely. Somewhere, some time, she came up. She had gone under a fishing smack, and the tide rip, a mill race there, had

swept her clean beneath it to the other side. She had a moment's wild vision of a man hurtling through the air from the wharf, then she went down again. This time she came up at once. The great cape her mother had obliged her to wear unwound itself, spread out on the surface of the water, and for an instant buoyed her up like a sail.

Again she saw a man leap into the water, this time from the looming bark, and heard a voice she recognized and understood:

"Turn over on your back an' lie still."

In the cold waters of the harbor, gray and still as a pavement, Tilly

turned over and lay quiet, head rigid with her body, hands straight at her side, lips just above the wash. It took all of her faith, leashed in by her courage, to do it.

"That's the bully girl!" a voice panted close to her. "Steady! Turn over! I got you!" She felt an arm of iron under her, reassuring, saving. "Just your hand on my shoulder. I've been a swimmer since the day I could walk," the voice went on, in sputters of laughter. "I could take you home to the little house easy."

Tilly shut her eyes to keep out the scornful gray of the sea, and to feel in all her brain and heart his voice.

She opened her eyes to find a row-boat, pulled by two men, close to her. One of the men lifted her out and up over the side.

"Get the other fellow. I'll wait around till you come back."

Tilly had been dropped in a heap on the floor, but these words pricked her up. She saw John Burke's red head bobbing about in the grayness, and beyond a black one floating—Silvester's.

The men, big, brawny fishermen, rowed in great sweeps that brought them swiftly abreast of the farther swimmer. His eyes were closed, his face was gray as the sea, his arms and legs moved languidly.

"Cramp!" ejaculated one rower.

"Heart!" the other.

One man held the boat steady; the other dragged Silvester up to the edge of it. It was a terrible piece of work, for he hung a dead weight at the gunwale. Tilly crept aft on her knees.

"I'll help," she said, in her half-drowned voice, and she caught hold of Silvester's hand. It looked dreadfully white and limp. She wondered if he were dead and if she had killed him. Her strength was slight, yet enough. Ripley heaved in over the thwart. He lay on the floor, his head on Tilly's knee.

"Now, other." The fishermen dealt in few words.

Burke's face was redder, his eyes bluer, than ever when they reached him.

"You got a big 'nough catch aboard now," he shouted lustily. "This fish'll tow."

He gripped their stern thwart and was dragged along so.

"Come aboard here!"

"We got everythin' ready for you."

The captain of a big wood schooner and his wife hailed the boatload as it sheered their bows. The rope ladder was dropped, and the captain carried up Tilly; then he and his mate hoisted Silvester.

"Right in my cabin," the wife, a comfortable, hearty creature, directed. "I got things hot there."

As the captain laid her down in his wife's berth, Tilly heard John Burke's voice assuring every one:

"It's neither cold nor tired I am. Bit of a swim on a June day. But I'd be grateful for some dry duds."

She remembered how, two days before, she had rung her bell and he had come.

She woke up warm and like herself, dressed in the queer, shapeless garments the captain's wife loaned her, and went on deck. The captain and John Burke were smoking together.

"She's come for'ard!" John strode over to her, thrusting his pipe in his pocket. "How's herself? Finely, thank God?"

Tilly could only look and look at him, her whole heart in her eyes.

"Ah, it was nothin' in the world to me, my dear, that have been a swimmer in every kind o' water all my days. I saw you go, an' I leaped in an' held you up till the other boys came. That's the whole story."

Still she could not speak.

"You're none the bad for your dip, now, are you, dear girl? The roses weren't washed out o' your cheeks."

"I rang the bell—but 'twas day before yesterday." The words came whisperingly.

He drew her down into a chair on the deck. The captain had vanished discreetly.

"It's a wonder, now, isn't it?" He laughed, while his bold eyes caressed her.

"You saved my life. What will I ever do for you?"

"He's done it—the man you'll wed—he—"

"I'm not goin' to wed him!" she flamed at him. "He doesn't—"

Burke flowed smoothly into the pause:

"Well, Judge Ripley, there, he's given me a great reward. You see, this is the way it was: I had taken a share in the *Tilly C.* I named her for you—did you know it? That's a story to itself. I was playin' in the deuce o' bad luck till the day I sailed up into your posy bed and saw you sewin' among the blossoms. You call it to mind—that?"

Call it to mind!

"An' from that moment the luck turned. 'Twas you that did it. So I asked could I call her the *Tilly C.*, an' they, thinkin' 'twas a foolish name—for a big ship, I mean, not for a pretty, wee girl—nevertheless said how I might, an' would I like a share. Would I? I took it. Then I lost the money I'd saved to buy it."

"Lost it in the street?"

He laughed at her and himself.

"Cards. A sailor's no match for those land sharks. An' it was on me to tell the other owners I couldn't put in my trick at the wheel—I'd have to sail just master. Then you fall in, an' this judge chap jumps in, an' I jump in."

"He didn't save me."

"He tried to—don't you forget that, Tilly C.—him that can't swim like me. He's the boy that's got the grit, not Johnny Burke. Well, the judge comes to me an' says he guesses you're worth

two shares in the old girl to him, an' he'll send the money over to-morrow."

"He gave it to you?"

"That's what he did; an' I thanked him as pretty as I knew how, an' so'll you when you see him."

All this time Tilly's eyes had been fixed on his, clear, steadfast. Now they dropped to the deck.

He had taken Silvester Ripley's money for saving her life, an act he himself said had cost him no risk!

"Where is Judge Ripley?" It was a tardy thought for him.

"Gone ashore. He wants to drive home to-night. He looked blue about the cutwater, though."

"I must go home, too. Mother will be frightened. Don't let him go without me!"

"Easy, easy, now! He'll come aboard 'gain. I got to go see my owners." He stood up, a big, powerful, Viking figure against the afternoon light. "Look here, I'm comin' round in my little old *Queen* to your place. A fellow 'long there wants her. I'll see you. Don't you fret."

He put his finger under her chin, tilted her face up, and bent down his blazing blue eyes full of laughter, his white teeth gleaming in a radiant smile. Tilly, angered by his virility and self-confidence, watched him in a trance till his lips were close to hers; then, in a gust of reason, ducked her head. His kiss fell upon her thick, bright hair.

His laugh echoed after he was in the captain's dinghy, rowing for shore.

Silvester, pinched and pale and in garments as oddly assorted as her own, but calm as ever, drove out of the city silently. The hour was just six, and the streets were full of people hurrying home, scattered with women who flattered in front of the horses, with children possessed of suicidal mania. Tilly watched with excited admiration how skillful a driver he was, threading in and out among wagons and people with





*"That's the bully girl," a voice panted close to her. "Steady! Turn over! I got you." She felt an arm of iron under her, reassuring, saving.*

unperturbed coolness, controlling his horses absolutely. This was his craft, as sailing was another's.

When they were free of the town, he turned and scrutinized her keenly.

"You sure you are fit for this ride?"

"I'm just as well as I was this mornin'."

A slow flush reddened his face.

"I am not a good swimmer," he said calmly. "When I was a child, I had an injury to my hip. It has never been quite cured. That gave out while I was swimming."

"Oh, you oughtn't to have jumped in! You might have been drowned!"

"I saw you in the water," simply.

Tilly could not speak. John had leaped in, running no risk; Silvester had leaped in, running the sharpest. Who was the valiant man here?

"I saw Captain Burke, and thanked him for us both," he finished.

She waited, but it was not from him she was to hear of the money.

A long silence fell between them, while the horses trotted steadily, the moon ate up the clouds, and the whip-poor-wills called in the woods. After a long time, the girl said timidly:

"Shall we eat our supper now?"

"I think so. But we'd better sit in the carriage."

It was a scrambling meal, the horses fidgeting to go on. At the stream where they had lunched in the morning, Silvester said, with his usual dignity:

"I shall have to ask you to get out for the water. I find myself a little stiff."

For Tilly, remembering his unhealed hip, the cup of water she gave him was

brimmed with the sweetest draft of pity.

The long hours passed, the long road unwound, lighted now by a flood of moonlight, but dark to their spirits—to him because he was in a torment of pain; to her because she suffered travail of mind. The day, begun in a sparkle of happiness, was ending in a queer cloud of worry. Tilly sighed, for the mystery and tangle of things. Her thanks no longer bubbled up as in the morning, but came in a few meek phrases. She shook hands with Silvester timidly; and told her mother, waiting at the door: "Yes'm, I had a real pleasant day."

The wind blew in foggily from the east; a chill like November gnawed at the midsummer day. Tilly wound her little red shawl about her tightly and shook her feet swiftly through the ferns. She was winding in and out along the shore of an inset of the river known as the Fishhook, after carrying a basket of fresh eggs to the Widow Dolly, who, after many ministrations to others, was herself stricken. This route, going all round Robin Hood's barn, had been chosen by the girl because the thick moss and ferns rested her feet as the following river her eyes. She felt languid and vaguely unhappy, and sank down to rest on a rotted platform for drying nets, close to an old wharf.

Her eyes tranced on the cold river, lapping sullenly at the shore, she mused on the mosaic of her days, counted off like the monotonous ticking of a clock, spun into extravagant adventure, dropped back into unchanging hours. She watched dreamily a clumsy little fishing boat handled with master skill up to the shore; saw a man jump ashore, recognized him as John Burke, and felt no start of amazement. In this blurred, vague world anything was possible.

John Burke, however, had amazement for both.

"Is it one of the good people you are, that you rise out o' the water to me?" he called lustily, as he leaped up the hillock toward her.

Tilly smiled at him rather piteously.

"Is it sick you're gettin'?" he cried anxiously, his hand on her shoulder. "Was it too much for you yesterday—the wettin' and the fright?"

Again she smiled without answering.

"You're wonderin' your heart out why it's here I am?" not waiting for her question. "There's a man in New London gave me to understand yesterday he had a brother beyond here would take the *Queen* off my hands, if so I wanted to be rid of her. It breaks my heart to say good-by to the dear girl, but I'm off in a fortnight on a year's voyage to India. What would I do with her the while?"

"Who wants the *Queen*?" She must say something.

"Whitney's the name o' him—Josiah Whitney. I found, when I got the *Queen* into your dock down below, she drew too much for this runnel, so I picked up this—a cross-eyed cat to sail she is, too—an' here I am."

"Siah Whitney's farm is on the hill yonder. You have to cross the road to it. I'll show you."

"That's the dear girl."

He tucked his arm in through hers and half pushed her along beside him, talking with vehement good humor:

"Yesterday was the lucky one for me, an' it was yourself brought the luck, with your splash into the pond."

"I might have been drowned." A gust of unreasoning anger shook her.

"Never, with me there! An' your fine friend comes with his reward of two shares in the *Tilly C.* By the same token, I hope he's not forgot the money, for I took the shares on credit last night before I sailed. I gave the owner my check for it—he lives 'way up the

back country, a ten-mile drive—an' I chanced it he wouldn't be goin' to town to-day to cash in, for it's not a red cent I have in the bank or any place else."

He laughed again and squeezed her arm.

Tilly hardly understood. His words, "a year's voyage to India," beat in her ears, muffling all other sounds.

"Was it a risk?" in an attempt to grasp his story.

"Was it not! But life's a game o' chance, my dear. Luck's to the fellow that plays it with the best courage."

"Here's the road." The ferns and bushes of the meadow ended in the river road. "Mr. Whitney's farm's up on the hill, where you see the smoke risin'."

Burke faced her about before him.

"This is no kind of a world, where a man speaks a sweet, pretty lass, sails alongside o' her a few leagues, an' then—the whole width o' the world between them."

He laid a hand on either shoulder, and shook her gently to and fro. Tilly raised her steadfast, courageous eyes to his, all the lights of her pure heart clear for him to read. In that instant it was she that questioned, not he. His blue eyes blazed down into hers, flickered, dropped. She understood. She did not waver. A poor little pale smile quivered to her lips.

"Look out!"

They both leaped aside just as a carriage and two horses pulled up short, almost upon them. The soft road and the well-oiled wheels had made the approach noiseless.

"I hope there is no harm done?" The driver leaned over the side. "Tilly!" in a burst of amazement.

"Judge Ripley!" faintly, her cheeks hot with blushes.

Even the buoyant John was discomfited; he could only smile uneasily and jerk out a "How de you do, judge?"

The whole odd situation was intensi-

fied by the conduct of the two, who looked like a pair of lovers surprised.

Ripley recovered first.

"If you are going home, Tilly," he said, in his usual quiet tones, "I will drive you down. You're pretty far out of your way, and it's threatening rain."

Tilly climbed into the carriage without a word, but when she was seated, she said, in a hurried, confused fashion: "I hope you'll have luck about the *Queen*." Her eyes cried a deeper good-bye to him—to the hero she had glorified as a godling from the sea, who was, after all, just a man, gay, light of heart, and light of purpose. Burke pulled off his cap.

"Good-by," he called, and swung it over his head.

Tilly saw his bark sweeping out of New London harbor, saw him on the deck waving farewell for a year—forever. She shut her eyes and sank back against the seat. Yet she had no blame for him, caught up in the joy of his great ship, forgetful of all besides.

Silvester was speaking in a voice that went through her with a jar:

"You did not tell me that you knew Captain Burke."

"He—he was kind to me once in the city when I was lost."

"You told him you lived at Petti-paug?"

"He knew it."

"So he arranged to come over here to see you to-day?" like an inquisitor.

"Oh, no, no! I was out to see the Widow Dolly, an' he sailed up the Fish-hook to 'Siah Whitney's——"

He was not attending.

"He saved your life." This seemed part of an inner argument.

Tilly's honor cried out upon this misunderstanding.

"I saw him first a year an' a half ago." Each word was bitterly clear. "He sailed up to our dock an' took his supper with me. Mother wasn't there."

Now it was sheer bewilderment that gripped the man.

"What made him do *that*?"

"He ran his schooner aground an' he asked I should give him a drink, an' then he landed, an' we talked an' made friends. An' when I was lost in the city, he took me on his boat an' showed me around."

As he listened, the man's face whitened to a grayish pallor; his lips drew in to a thin line; his eyes burned with a cold fire.

"He named the bark for you."

"He never asked me," faintly.

"Neither of you told me you knew each other," with slow, iron force.

Tilly did not answer. She suffered; she saw Silvester's misery; she wondered if John Burke alone went heart free, or if he, too, groaned as he climbed the hill.

Silvester drew an envelope from his pocket, carefully tore it into shreds, and threw them to the wind. She caught the name "Burke" on one piece, and the corner of a blue slip on another. He was destroying the reward he had promised for saving her life. Suddenly she remembered that she owed Silvester over three hundred dollars. Shame ran through her veins like fire. The remembrance of it was intolerable. She spoke straight out of the turmoil of her mind:

"Judge Ripley, I haven't been in circumstances to pay you any of the money I owe you, not even the interest; but I'm a-goin' to soon. I think I can next month."

What did she expect him to say? She hardly knew. His answer was a blow in the face:

"I shall be glad if you can do so. I find myself straitened for money just now," in his new voice of ice.

They did not speak again. Tilly did not thank him when he set her down at her gate, nor did he say good-by. Yet she stood looking at him as he drove off, his face still a sickly gray.

"Silvester's been here to ask how you bore the day," her mother told her. They had agreed between them that Elizabeth should not be told of the accident. "I thought he looked real bad himself. I expect he works too hard."

"Yes."

"He's a noble man, Tilly, and you and I would be in a poor case without him. Never forget that."

"No."

"There're not many men would be so easy to do favors." Elizabeth was in one of her flows of conversation. "I don't know if you realize that, but I do. We're under heavy obligation to him."

Tilly shut her hands and her lips hard, and walked upstairs to her own room. She sat on the floor and looked from the window out on the grim river, desolate of boats. Was nothing steadfast in life but pain? Did only disappointments never disappoint? She reached her hand into a cupboard and drew out the ivory goddess. She looked at it through misty eyes. How bathed in soft colors that long-ago day now gleamed! She pressed the spring that released the clapper. Then, in swift rejection, she flung the image from her.

She did not want to see the sailor again, ever. He had done nothing against her, he had not even tried to win the love he had not valued enough to keep; but she, in that one long look, had seen deep into his soul. She knew him as alien to her spirit as he was to her speech. But if the sailor were light as the foam of his own sea waves, what could she say of the judge—hard as the rocks of the shore?

She closed her eyes over the blazing tears that must not scar her face, and pressed her fingers down on the lids.

"I guess what's meant for me is to work 'long as hard as ever I can all the rest o' my life, an' not to think o' ease or pleasure."

Sodden leaves, a marsh of mud for path, a blur of rain always on the window shutting out the river, and the dark, close room in which two women stitched in a companionship worn down to silence by these house-bound days together. Pettipaug was under siege of a nor'-nor'easter.

Elizabeth ran her needle into an emery box and said fretfully:

"It beats everything how steel rusts this weather. Daughter, you view it Silvester's in for a spell of sickness? He looked real down the day he was here."

"I don't know, mother."

"I call to mind he was a complaining child—had some injury to his knee, or maybe 'twas his hip, kept him on crutches. Let's see. He must be all of ten years older than you."

"I guess so."

"What's that in a marriage? It only makes him a little past thirty."

Tilly winced as if the needle in her mother's hand were entering her own flesh.

"There's no talk o' marriage."

"I never met a man I took to like I have to him. Likely *that's* enough to set you against him. You'd best keep before you, Matilda, that you owe him a sum of money equal to the whole worth of this farm."

Keep before her! That grim fact had moved in front of her through all her day's work, and pressed down her pillow when she crept into bed at night.

She jumped up and ran to the rain-splashed window.

"Dear, I deem it's goin' to come off."

"No, it isn't—not with this wind."

Tilly pressed her face against the pane.

"Jot Hunter's drivin' into our yard with a strange man. They're both comin' toward the house."

"Forever!" Elizabeth, startled out of her usual elegance, hurried to look. "What do you judge they want of us?"

Tilly's small, fair face quivered; thoughts of the sheriff sent for her overdue interest throbbed in her brain.

"I wish they'd go to the foreroom door," Elizabeth whispered. "But maybe it's just as well not, with their muddy boots."

Jot Hunter, the village stage driver, introduced the stranger: "Mr. Eliphalet Davenport, from up State"; then withdrew to his horses.

The stranger, a formal, dry man in the black of an old-time lawyer, repeated the introduction, adding: "I presume this is Mrs. Elizabeth Ann Cheston, relict of the late Captain Alanson Cheston, and her daughter, Miss Matilda Ann Cheston?"

"Yes, sir. Will you be seated?" Elizabeth bowed like a queen.

Eliphalet Davenport held out a hand in quite a human fashion.

"Don't you call me home, Libby, for all it's thirty years since we met?"

"Perfectly, 'Let. I hope you are in health."

While her mother and the stranger exchanged the courtesies of old friends long parted, Tilly grasped dimly that this was a friend out of that far-away past from which her mother had cut herself off when she ran away with wild Cap'n 'Lanson. In all the years, no words had ever come to her from that other life, nor had she sent any to it.

The visitor took up again his legal manner:

"It is my painful duty to tell you, Mrs. Cheston, that your brother, Judge Samuel Buckingham, passed away some three months ago."

Elizabeth did not speak or move.

"Before his death, he confided to me a letter which he wished given to you if you still survived him, and he rewrote his will. He has been a widower for many years, and his children also have long been dead. He, therefore, divides his estate in equal parts among his two

brothers, you, his only sister, and the Congregational Church of his native town. Your share is seven thousand two hundred dollars in government bonds."

Elizabeth stared at him with gaping mouth like a woman dotard; then, with a queer, small cry, she crumpled up on the floor, unconscious.

"You see, she's never heard from one of them," Tilly explained, tears running down her cheeks, while she bathed her mother's face. "An' we're so poverty poor!"

All the next day, while the rain droned on the roof and the bushes tapped dolorously against the panes, Elizabeth chattered like a child over her good fortune. All the dumb reserve of the hard years was broken. She kissed her daughter and planned multicolored costumes for her adornment.

Tilly listened and smiled and nodded agreement, yet her heart could not sing with her mother. A crushing burden had been lifted; her debt to Silvester Ripley could be paid in full in a few days—indeed, she would take him part as soon as the rain stopped. She should have been full of deep peace and sweet content. Instead, she was restless, yearning for some new marvel, she knew not what.

"Mother," she said on this fourth day of the storm, "if I stay stewed up another hour, I shall fly off the handle. Don't you deem I can go down to Pettipaug if I wrap me up good?"

To Elizabeth all plans now were delightful.

"Why, I should think you might. It isn't raining as 'twas. Stop in at the store and buy us some nice sweet oranges and a box of gelatine. Some of my orange jelly would taste good for Sunday's dinner. Maybe you could bring back a few needments, too. We're all out of sugar and raisins and like that."

Tilly waited, with a loving smile, while her mother wrote down a list of articles, some of which they had been "out of" for years.

After she had made her purchases at the store, she went on to the post office, although she had never received a letter in her life. Strange happenings were abroad; who could tell?

The postmistress handed her a letter addressed in a clear hand. Tilly tucked it in against her beating heart and walked away. When she was well out on the road, she sought the shelter of a deserted barn, put down her packages, and, seated on a pile of boards, drew the letter out cautiously, as if it were dangerous to handle. It began:

MY DEAR FRIEND: You may have realized that, although I have never spoken openly to you of my feelings toward you, yet I have entertained sentiments of the deepest respect, regard, and affection for you, beginning with the first day I met you, and increasing rapidly and steadily till the present time. I had intended to ask you to be my wife, and had dared to hope for a favorable answer.

Tilly laid down the letter and looked out across the river, where a shaft of western light, the herald of the victorious sun, flashed for an instant. She could hear Silvester's voice, deep and restrained, uttering just those exact phrases. Ah, what gold in his nature, mixed with what dross! She read on:

It was this wish—I may say this fervent desire—on my part that produced in me the indignation you must have observed when last we met, and caused me to act in a manner unworthy a gentleman, for which I offer you my humble apologies. When I rode down upon you, standing in the closest contact with Captain John Burke, I felt that I had been deceived by you both, and that any assistance which I had been able to render you had been neither appreciated nor deserved. I felt, also, illogical as that may seem, more determined than ever to win you for myself. Since that afternoon, however, my position in life has changed, and with it my views concerning this most vital of questions, my marriage.



Again Tilly stopped. How could she read these cold words while all the time she felt the passionate man behind them?

The difficulty in my hip, which I mentioned to you, has returned to me these last few days, in some strength, and I am daily growing more lame. The physician from Middletown who has always had my case in charge informs me I must give myself complete rest in a hospital for some months; must look to walking with effort, supported by a crutch, for some years; and may not be certain, although allowed that hope, of an entire recovery ever.

Oh, poor, poor boy! How would it be to limp through this swift world?

I could not consider for an hour asking you to unite your young, joyful life to that of an invalid, weighted not only by his infirmity, but also by the irritabilities and exactions—known only too well to me by experience—incident to such infirmity. Nay, more, I wish earnestly that you may be free from all bonds that may hamper you in pursuing that happy life marked out for you by Captain Burke. I have sent him, therefore, by a messenger, all my shares in the *Tilly Co.*, as an unworthy expression of my deep gratitude to him for his rescue of you, and I beg that you will receive the inclosed as a small wedding gift from me, attended by my best wishes. I start for the hospital to-morrow.

Folded in the last page was Tilly's note to him, interest and principal, written across, "Canceled in full." The letter ended:

With regards to your mother, believe me, your obedient servant,

SILVESTER RIPLEY.

Then below, in a scrawl quite unlike his careful script:

God bless you, my little girl. S. R.

Tilly read the letter straight through again without a pause. All its silent courage, its uncomplaining sacrifice, flowed over her in a slow torrent, still and deep like the man himself. His gripping vice he had conquered—for her; his supreme happiness he had pushed away—for her sake. She sat so very quiet that a bright-eyed squirrel

frisked down from his nest in the tree by the barn and scuttered by her feet.

"Poor boy! Poor boy! He was hurt to save me!"

She repeated it softly, her hands pressed tight together. She stored her packages under a log, drew her cape around her, and set off back to Pettipaug, all with quiet speed.

The serving woman opened the door of the judge's house. The judge was in bed, but she'd ask if he'd see this visitor. Tilly remembered well the grand forerom with its velour and silver. The old woman came back to take her to the judge.

The room was dark and a little chill, and full of a sickish odor of medicine. Silvester lay high against pillows, his face white as they, his eyes burning bright with pain.

"Did you say it was Mrs. Cheston?" His voice, though infinitely weary, was calm.

Tilly stood helplessly looking at him from the foot of the bed. It had seemed so easy to come; now it was so utterly difficult to speak.

"Why, it's Tilly!" His surprise contained no thrill of any other emotion.

Still Tilly stood grasping the bedpost, wordless. Then that current of adventure which ran deep in the courses of her blood bubbled up high and quick. Here in her own land, not far overseas, was the country of her dreams.

"Yes, it's me—it's your little girl."

She dropped down by the bed and buried her face in the counterpane, groping for him with her hands.

"You care for Captain Burke. It is pity that has brought you to me!" He cried it yearningly, imploring denial.

Now, at last, the great adventure.

"No, dear—love, now. An' it's always goin' to be love."

She felt his hands upon her head as if they blessed. The room was so still a bird singing a long way off sounded clear and sweet and near.



## Capting Spanker's Anchor

By Wallace Irwin

ILLUSTRATED BY H.V. MAYER

Captain Hiram Jabez Spanker,  
An inventor of renown,  
He invented of an anchor,  
Which, if you just dropped it down  
In the middle of the ocean,  
It would cling to what's beneath  
Like a Hard-shell Baptist notion,  
Or a ton o' bulldog's teeth.

Hiram, in a mood o' folly,  
Took that anchor out to sea  
On the schooner *Prudent Polly*,  
Just to test the powers of she.  
It was off the Isle of Lunkus,  
On a calmish, tropic day,  
That we dropped that anchor *plunkus*  
In the shallows of the bay.

"Crew!" cried Hiram, in his pleasure,  
"Never since old Noah's day  
Has there been so great a treasure!  
See how fast she sticks away!"

So we gawked into the billows,  
Where that anchor lay below,  
And we bowed polite as willows  
While respondin', "Ain't that so?"

Well, we spent a week of utter  
Joy upon that tropic strand,  
Buyin' nuts and cocoa butter  
From the natives of the land.  
But when seven days was over,  
Captain Hiram says, "Belay!  
Long enough we've rolled in clover;  
Weigh the anchor, and away!"

Forty men was on that vessel.  
Forty of us manned the crane,  
And at once began to wrestle  
With the mighty anchor chain.  
But, though all our teeth we sot 'em,  
And our muscles bulged with force,  
That there anchor stuck to bottom  
Like a woodtick to a horse.

In the midst of all our struggles,  
 Fraught with swearin' and annoy,  
 Comes our mate, Ignatius Ruggles,  
 Yellin', "Hurricane ahoy!"  
 And athwart the far horizon  
 Came, a-shriekin' like a loon,  
 Full o' rage and death and pizen,  
 Just a regular typhoon.

With a whisk, it struck our craft, sir,  
 Tore our stanchions, rent our sails,  
 Bashed our mizzen fore and aft, sir—  
 'Twas the very Prince of Gales!  
 But with all our struggles vile, and  
 Cyclones tuggin' at our mast,  
 Firmly to that tropic island  
 Did our anchor hold on fast.

"Somethin's goin' to bust!" quoth  
 Spanker,  
 Lookin' o'er the seethin' main.  
 "If it doesn't be our anchor,  
 Sure, it's got to be our chain!"  
 But for seven hours of rancor  
 Did that wind pipe high and grand,  
 While our chain still gripped the anchor,  
 And our anchor gripped the land.

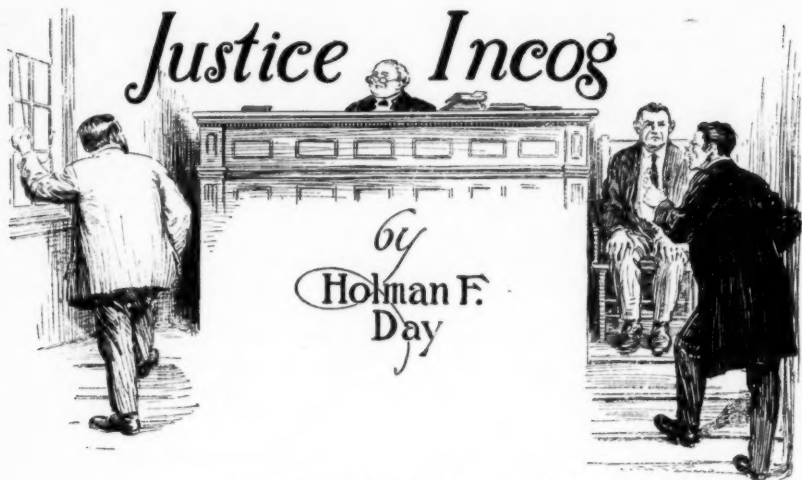
Till at last—there's no use provin'  
 These here tales except by fact—  
 Somethin' sudden started movin',  
 And, with all her palms intact,  
 That there island lost 'er grip, sir,  
 And, as gentle as could be,  
 Started follerin' our ship, sir,  
 Towed by anchor out to sea.

\* \* \* \* \*

Forty weeks we plowed the billows  
 With that tropic isle in tow,  
 Slept at night on restful pillows,  
 Let the western zephyrs blow;  
 Till at last, on steady chain, sir,  
 We convoyed our burden great,  
 Which we sold in Portland, Maine, sir,  
 As suburban real estate.

And, as Captin' Hiram Spanker  
 Says, as fresh, sir, as a colt:  
 "All success is like an anchor—  
 Just dependin' on the holt.  
 If you work a combination  
 That'll never lose its grip,  
 You can hold a corporation  
 Or a woman or a ship."





ILLUSTRATED BY VICTOR PERARD

THE October term of the supreme judicial court, holden in and for the County of Cuxabexis, was in session, with Chief Justice Andrew Wayne presiding and High Sheriff Aaron Sproul seated on his dais of authority.

For the most part, the high sheriff loathed court terms; the confinement, hour after hour, the unending gabble of lawyers, the halting replies of stupid witnesses, and the cheeseparing subtleties of the law, made up a total of torture for a man who had spent most of his life on the quarter-deck, and who had always arrived at the meat of any disputed topic by means of two words and a belaying pin.

Furthermore, the sheriff acknowledged in his own heart that he entertained a settled feeling of animosity for the judges whom he had known previously. They were the associate justices who had come to Cuxabexis during the period he had held office. He had found them to be fussy, important men, who seemed to resent the old master mariner's lack of obsequious-

ness. They were always peremptory in their commands, and several had talked up to him superciliously in open court because he had been inattentive in some petty detail of court dignity.

When it had been announced that the grand mogul—Chief Justice Wayne himself—was coming to hold court in Cuxabexis, Cap'n Sproul had been of a good mind to resign his office. If the subalterns had been so perked up and peppery, what might he not expect from the chief?

Now, however, he rocked comfortably on the hind legs of his chair, gazed up at the bench with serene, almost beatific countenance, and chuckled in the depths of his soul when he remembered his anticipatory panic.

Merely the head of Wayne, C. J., was visible above the edge of the long desk, for he was a roly-poly little man. He had a cherubic, round, rosy face, although everybody knew that he was over seventy. His spectacles, which were propped across the very tip of his nose, made him look something like a child masquerading as an old man.

Even his puffed, black robe did not in the least make him appear to be a chief justice.

The lawyer in the bar inclosure, just then engaged in his favorite indoor sport of gimletting a witness, looked more like the popular conception of dignity on the bench. Attorney Fletcher Fogg stood up tall and straight and square and solemn; he had a long nose, and wrinkles running at right angles to his straight slash of a tightly pinched mouth.

The old-fashioned courtroom was flooded with sunshine, which seemed to be colored to a brighter gold by a filter of autumn-yellowed leaves on the elms outside the tall windows. It bathed the backs of the twelve men of the panel, but they were solid farmers and not afraid of sunshine; and the chief justice shielded his eyes with a sheet of legal cap and seemed to enjoy the radiance.

But Attorney Fletcher Fogg squinted and blinked and scowled into the pestering flare; there was something comically owl-like in his discomfiture. He turned from his torture of the witness so stiffly that one almost expected to hear the hinges of his neck squeak. His voice had the harsh "yawk" of a rusty bolt.

"May it please the court, I must confess that I find the superabundance of glaring light very trying to the optic nerve."

Any listener would have admitted at once that this was exactly the kind of language a chief justice would be expected to use; any onlooker, having regard for the proprieties, would have declared that Attorney Fogg should be on the bench, and Wayne, C. J., down among the lawyers. Any person, after he had been jumped by the chief's reply, would have owned that listener and onlooker were quite correct.

The judge halted Sheriff Sproul, who had promptly started up, with hand out-

stretched toward the curtain cord. The sheriff had been scared by other judges into quick obedience when any suggestion was made in court.

"No, Mr. Sheriff! Let plenty of sunshine slop in here. The Old Scratch is always waiting to find a dark corner in a courtroom where he can hide."

Attorney Fogg bowed with the omninous politeness that is a more bitter retort than actual words, and backed into a strip of shade. This retreat forced him away from the witness whom he had been harrying, waving and jerking eyeglasses under the intimidated man's nose.

"Justice has her eyes securely bandaged, Brother Fogg," observed the chief justice amiably, and yet quizzically. "So long as we're not annoying an estimable lady, we'll keep on just as we are."

Lawyer Fogg did not reply. He waited coldly, and looked up at the judge with that air which suggests, "When you are done playing, I'll go on with real business."

"Proceed, Brother Fogg."

Then, when the lawyer bowed, and turned with his wooden stiffness, the chief justice—yes, there was no mistaking it—the chief justice gave the sheriff a slow and man-to-man wink, which had in it a refreshing amount of jocular human nature.

"Will the stenographer kindly read from his minutes the witness' answer at the point where we were interrupted?" asked Attorney Fogg, putting reproachful emphasis on the last word.

The stenographer was an elderly man, with a grizzled beard. He took time to relocate with his tongue some tobacco that visibly bulged in his cheek.

"Question: 'You assert, do you, that you found a considerable portion of the arable land of the farm submerged?'"

"Answer: 'I don't know as I catch just exactly what you mean; but I'll say that I found a pond where there wasn't

no pond supposed to be, according to the way the farm was represented to me."

The witness shuffled his red, knotted hands along the rail of the stand and nodded his head. He crooked his neck to stare at the strange curlicues which had so wonderfully embalmed his exact speech.

"Ah! Um!" indorsed Lawyer Fogg. He narrowed his cold blue eyes, and notched in two more perpendicular wrinkles beside his nose.

"Now, sir," he rasped—"and this to the best of your knowledge and belief—how much, should you say, of the superficial area of the fore-described acreage was inundated?"

The lower jaw of the witness sagged and his eyes goggled.

"I don't catch your meaning."

"You are not listening as you should!" snapped the lawyer. "I asked a perfectly plain question. Have you your wits about you, sir? I will repeat in the same words."

He did. But the air of the witness showed that the question was only queer sound, so far as he was concerned, conveying no more to him than would the ruffle of a drum.

"You are wasting the time of this court!" shouted Mr. Fogg. He extended an arm like a flail handle and shook his eyeglasses. "Once more——"

But the judge leaned forward, and suggested, with a sort of confidential air, catching the cowering witness' eye:

"My good fellow, just tell the jury how big the puddle was."

Fogg turned to the bench, his mouth still open on the word where the interruption had halted him.

"Right at this point, Brother Fogg, I want to say a word or two," continued the chief justice, in quiet tones. "You must not think that I am making jest of your honest efforts in this case, but it was about time for this case to slow

up, and so I put in a bit of a trig. This matter of Jakes *versus* Anderson has been on trial here a day and a half. It has been brought out that Jakes, of Iowa, swapped farms with Anderson, of this State, 'sight unseen,' as we used to say when we were boys swapping jackknives in district school. There is a suit—there is a cross suit—each man accusing the other of having misrepresented facts. Each man is dissatisfied with his trade.

"Now, in all trades between men, a certain amount of what we call 'dicker talk' is allowable. But a court of law expects a man to investigate such dicker talk, and not believe every word that is said to him in a trade. The court can't play dry nurse to every gullible chap. Of course, when dicker talk becomes actual fraud, the remedy is provided; but these men are here in court asking this jury, who have seen neither farm, to decide on dicker talk. The jury will do the best it can, of course; but it may do an injustice whichever way it decides."

He gave the men of the panel a kindly glance, and the jurors seemed to come out of a sort of lethargy of doubt.

"So it all becomes a sort of checker game between the learned counsel. It may be decided on luck and the best player; but that isn't justice. Jakes and Anderson, you look like sensible men. If you had seen the farms before you traded with each other, no doubt you could have settled on the matter of boot and all the rest. Now you have seen them. Don't row it in court any longer. Brothers Fogg and Potts," to the opposing counsel, "suppose you take your clients out into an anteroom and talk it over, and settle it all man fashion. Go ahead," he added coaxingly. "Make it justice instead of law."

"May it please the court," said Attorney Fogg, showing like a bristling dog that he himself was not pleased, "we are here with our witnesses, and



I have prepared my case with great care."

"As you always do, Brother Fogg," agreed the chief justice genially.

"And, having prepared that case with care, I deem it proper to submit it to the jury."

"But why insist on walking across a piece of fly paper when it is just as easy to straddle over it?"

"I'll say for myself and my client," said Attorney Potts, inquiring of Jakes with a cock of his eyebrow, "that we are perfectly willing to withdraw the case from the jury."

"I will confer with my client——" began Fogg.

But Mr. Anderson squinted up into an appealing smile from the chief justice, and was promptly thawed into compromise.

"No need of asking *me*," he said. "I'll be glad to have the whole thing wound up right off—and the judge's plan suits me to a T." He arose, showing that he was ready to start for the anteroom.

"And you, Brother Fogg?" asked the chief, with another of his quizzical glances at the sour face. "Let's allow common sense, instead of law, to settle a case now and then—what say?"

The others had already started for the anteroom, and the man who was left gathered up his papers and followed on their heels. But an aura of protest gloomed about him. He slammed the door.

"And now, having embalmed that particular hornet—referring, of course, to the case and not to the gentlemen concerned," drawled the judge, "having embalmed the troublesome insect in the liquid amber of common sense, we will proceed with the next case on the docket."

But flustered counsel explained that they had expected the Jakes-Anderson matter to drag along for at least

another day, and a lawyer made some reference to the ability of Mr. Fogg to drag along all of his cases. They were not prepared with the next case, they told his honor.

"I suppose I am the guilty party," confessed Wayne, C. J. "Very well, gentlemen—be in court in the morning." He gazed out into the sunshine of the early afternoon with grateful appreciation. "Mr. Sheriff, you may adjourn court."

And Cap'n Sproul rapped his gavel and made his proclamation with special fervor.

The grizzled stenographer followed the judge into the latter's chamber. Theirs was the intimacy of friends, companions since boyhood. Some of the lawyers hinted that the chief had been, of late, assigning to himself short terms in the small counties so that the stiffening fingers of old Reuel Vose might not be hurried.

"Justice is a benign goddess, Reuel," averred the chief justice, shucking himself out of the black robe with every appearance of getting rid of a troublesome encumbrance. "She does appreciate gifts that are yanked away from technical law. Behold! I offer the trifling sacrifice of Brother Fogg on her altar, and now she gives us a long afternoon for our walk."

He rubbed the elbow of his sleeve around the nap of his silk hat, and set the headgear down on his snow-white hair. Reuel Vose secured his own plug hat from its hook, and followed the chief down the stairs, along the broad stones of the ancient flagging, and out of doors to the slope which was grassed with the faded greens of autumn. They stood there for a time, enjoying the savors of out of doors.

"I do believe, Reuel," said his honor, sniffing the air like an old dog no longer certain of his scent, "that Mother Somebody in this neighborhood is making up her fall pickles. I wish I knew her well



*"I don't care how much of a leading lawyer you claim to be," shouted Cap'n Sproul, "you can't slur the chief justice of this State in my hearing!"*

enough to go and sit in the kitchen for a time. We'd better get away from here, or else I'll be breaking and entering. Which way shall we go for our walk?"

"Across the river, where there's plenty of open country, is my hunch," advised the grizzled stenographer.

But the chief did not start.

"Reuel," he said, after reflection, "they tell me that this old high sheriff here was a master mariner for a good many years. I like his face. When I was having a little quiet fun with Brother Fogg, he showed me that he appreciated the joke. Perhaps he can tell us a few good yarns as we stroll.

Run up in the courthouse and ask him to come along with us, that's a good boy."

Reuel Vose came upon a little group in the corridor, in his search for the sheriff—Attorney Fogg, and with him the sheriff and one of the jurymen. Their voices betrayed the fact that their conference was in no way amiable.

"I don't care how much of a leading lawyer you claim to be," shouted Cap'n Sproul, "you can't slur the chief justice of this State in my hearing!"

Reuel Vose, prince among friends, stepped behind a pillar and hearkened, in the interests of friendship. He determined to find out to what extent the

presiding justice of the court was being slurred by an attorney.

"I mean no disrespect to the court—but, as a lawyer, I honor precedent and decorum in the solemn business of the law, sir."

"Then say so, and let it end right there," advised the high sheriff, "and don't wrinkle up your nose at anybody when you say it. I've always been able to tell a pirate by his rig, even though he had a tarpaulin over his guns."

"Not referring to me as a pirate, I trust, sir?"

"You'd better not ask me any pointed questions, after I've just heard you hand out a slur to Judge Wayne. I might forget myself, and tell you what I think about lawyers in general. I reserve for lawyers the same feelings I used to have about pirates, seeing that there ain't any more pirates and that I don't want any of those feelings wasted."

"And I reserve to myself the right to talk in a free country as I see fit," declared the lawyer, bristling.

"I consider him the finest old gent I ever saw," insisted the jurymen. "There were you and old Potts splitting hairs, and we fellers on the jury not knowing whether we'd flip coppers or spit at a crack to come to a verdict; and he said a word or two of fun to sweeten the sourness, and handed out a little real-man talk—and, lo and behold, it was all settled! That's what I call being a real judge!"

Fletcher Fogg allowed the red tongue of rancor to lick through his cold crust.

"There isn't a judge on the bench who could say the things Andrew Wayne says—do the things Andrew Wayne does—without being held up to scorn as a disgrace to judicial dignity."

"That may be because the Lord doesn't get around to make a man like him very often," declared the jurymen.

"It's lucky the rest of our judges are not like him, or else we'd have a min-

strel show when the full bench sits," snarled the lawyer. "I'm going to have a bill introduced into the next legislature to take care of him. When old men are in their dotage, and make a mock of lawyers in open court, it's time to make laws. I shall start in at once collecting evidence against this man," he added, his anger making him incautious.

"I don't believe I ever held in so long from cuffing a slanderer's old chops as I'm doing now," growled Cap'n Sproul. "Fogg, you'd better shut up and move on."

"Tish!" sneered the lawyer. "Pooh! You're no credit to a courtroom yourself. We'll see about you at the next election."

He pinched his green bag under his skinny arm and marched forth into the sunshine.

"Hold on, sheriff!" advised Reuel Vose, stepping from behind his pillar and halting the pursuing avenger. "Don't do it!"

"I'd give a thousand dollars if this was the quarter-deck of the *Jefferson P. Benn*, and we was outside the three-mile limit!" blustered the cap'n. "I'd brain him!"

"But a little lingering torture makes a tastier dish to serve," suggested the old stenographer artfully. "A man who will say such things about Andrew Wayne needs his come-uppance. Let's think it over. In the meantime, the chief wants you to take a walk with us. He likes you."

Cap'n Sproul's face flushed and his eyes dimmed.

"Did he say so?"

"Just this minute."

The cap'n was plainly unable to frame comment worthy of this astonishing condescension. He went along with Reuel Vose.

Attorney Fogg marched down the graveled walk, his nose high in air.

"Heigh, there, Brother Fogg!" called

the judge, from the grassy slope. "Fix it?"

"May it please the——"

"No, not 'the court'! Just 'Wayne'!"

"The case of Jakes *versus* Anderson, also the cross suit, Anderson *versus* Jakes, may be marked on the docket: 'Neither party, no further action for the same cause,' satisfactory adjustment having been made by efforts of counsel," reported Mr. Fogg.

"Much obliged," was the genial comment of Wayne, C. J. "Nothing like men getting together, Fogg."

The lawyer bowed, and went on his way.

"Tut, tut!" said his honor to Reuel Vose, after the latter had made report. "We mustn't blame Brother Fogg because he strikes sparks. He's so hard he can't help it. We'll just be careful, and watch him sharp, to see that he sets no fires."

When they were opposite the village tavern, the judge asked the stenographer to slip up to their rooms and get their caps, and hide them in his pocket.

"We'll travel incog after we cross the long bridge, Reuel. A plug hat on a country road will separate us from the rest of mankind as surely as would an angel's flaming sword—and I like to keep close to mankind and seek adventures. We will cache these plug hats over yonder."

"I know where there's an old barn on the edge of the woods, your honor," volunteered Cap'n Sproul.

"There, then, we will intern these badges of our infamy, Mr. Sheriff. We'll stand here in the alley and wait till Reuel comes back."

It was from their post in the alley that they viewed some rather interesting activity on the part of Attorney Fogg. He came out of a candy shop carrying what was unmistakably a pound box of confectionery.

"Doesn't that look rather odd to you, sheriff?"

"I'd as soon expect to see a dam-nite bumb in the hand of a Methodist parson," stated Cap'n Sproul, with amazed vigor. "Why, gorammit, candy would poison a critter like him! If he ever et candy in his whole life, he done it by poking a stick of it into a lemon, and sucking."

"Then he must be in love with his wife."

"He's a widderer."

"Then, Mr. Sheriff, let's begin to arrange evidence—box of candy, a day that's warm for the season, a full moon due to-night—— And look ye! He has leaned over the fence, there, and plucked an aster, and has tucked it in his buttonhole! Good Lord, man, we are uncovering hidden romance in the life of Fletcher Fogg!"

The lawyer walked down the street a little way, and stopped before a window in which there was a display of mirrors.

"Godfrey mighty! He's now looking into that glass, and making up a new face for the afternoon!" declared the chief justice.

"I donno but what you're right," agreed the sheriff; "and it must be something pretty desprit in the way of a change, because I can hear the muscles squeaking."

Then Mr. Fogg disappeared within the door of a livery stable.

"Wait here a moment," commanded the judge, when Reuel Vose came back with a parcel under his arm. "We are beholding something fully as wonderful as if wings should now start from your shoulder blades, Reuel. Either Brother Fogg is to be encouraged as a real human being, who can love a woman, or else he is to be locked up as a lunatic—his mind having given way under my paralyzing humor in the courtroom."

A few minutes later the lawyer passed them, after driving out of the stable. He sat bolt upright in the middle of the seat of a top buggy.

"Wasn't he smiling?" demanded the judge, simulating a gasp of amazement. "The top shielded his face, but damme if I didn't think he was smiling!"

"It's as near to a smile as he'll ever get without surgery work on his face," stated the sheriff.

"But he has been known to look cheerful when he has been foreclosing a mortgage, or has been starting out with an execution running against the body," suggested Reuel Vose.

"Rebuttal excellent, old friend," admitted the judge. "But in surrebuttal is the fact that he hid the aster under the collar of his overcoat when he started away. It's a woman! Case is closed. Sheriff, order Officer Cupid to conduct the panel to the jury room."

The judge marched away down the street to the long bridge. Far ahead of them the sunlight glistened on the top of the carriage in which rode Attorney Fogg. The clip-clop of the horse's feet, steady as the ticking of a clock, sounded on the planks in the hush of the afternoon.

"Those are not hoofbeats we hear, gentlemen," averred the judge. "It is his heart pounding against his ribs. There he goes, dashing madly away—his passion reckless, his steed fiery. Oh, the days of glorious youth!"

And the chief justice trudged on, chuckling at his thoughts, his gaze sweeping the glories of the autumn.

They left the highway at the end of the bridge, and hid their hats in the old barn, to which the sheriff led the way through the underbrush.

"I thought I'd help your incog a little more, Andrew," said the stenographer.

He pulled out of his parcel a bob-tailed reefer coat, and the judge put it on with delight.

Then they took to the fields and the pastures, and strolled through remote orchards, and munched windfall apples, naming them or guessing at their names. And, after a time, having kept away

from the highway for a long distance, they acknowledged to themselves that they were a bit out of their reckoning. When they heard the dull clink-clank of hammer on metal, they made in that direction, and came out upon an alder-bordered highway, at the edge of which was an old-fashioned house, with a smithy close by. The faded sign of the smithy announced, "Jared Chick." The windows of the house were dusty and the curtains were yawed.

"No woman's hand around this establishment," declared the judge. "Another one of these New England baches. Let's go call on him."

They found him at his forge. He was a sturdy man, under middle age, his thick hair frosted at the temples, and his gray eyes gave them level gaze when they filed into his shop. He had the calm poise of a man who uses his head as well as his hands.

"How does thee do?" he greeted them, using the plain language of the Quaker.

And Wayne, C. J., noting the air of the man, and discovering immediately that he was no ordinary hammerer of metals, entered into discourse with him. Chick talked slowly, picking his phrases with the care of the man of method. He explained that he lived alone, and spent all his spare time reading. He talked like a man who had studied many books, and had used his tongue but little; and he kept at his work, pounding as methodically as he talked.

"If thee are at all interested in inventions," he said, after a time, "and are in no hurry, thee may look at something in the dark corner yonder."

It was a wheeled chair of huge size, all metal. It was, in fact, a sort of up-ended crate on wheels, a loose basketry of strap iron forming hinged doors in front. It had a narrow plank bench. The chief justice sat down on the bench, moved by the spirit of the investigator, and the high sheriff closed the doors,

at his honor's suggestion. The lower and horizontal door confined the knees and held the inmate securely in a sitting position.

"Probably thee are not much interested in methods of punishment by the law," pursued Mr. Chick, shoving his cool iron back into the forge fire.

"Well, in our business," drawled the chief slowly, giving Reuel Vose and the high sheriff a profound wink, "it can hardly be——"

"Oh, I understand. Thee are drovers. They are here after all the fat cattle at this time of the year. But there you behold the chair of penitence. I think it was very unwise to give up the stocks. Our ancestors were wise, and knew what was good for men. My great-grandfather, Ichabod, was sentenced to the stocks. He became a very good man after that. But in these busy days men have no time to come around and gaze on sinners in the stocks, and rebuke them. So I would have men put in that chair and wheeled about. If their rebukers cannot come to them, they can be taken to their rebukers."

"Exactly," said the chief justice. "But do you think this contrivance will improve the morals of mankind?" A torpid fly was crawling on his nose, and he could not lift his hands to brush away the insect.

"I do. But it is not for murderers and suchlike. It is for the man who persecutes and will not listen to reason. It is especially for the coward who becomes a tyrant in his home and abuses the weak ones who are too proud to confess to the world and show him up."

He threw down his hammer and clenched his fists and stretched up his arms.

"I want to tell thee, friends, that murder is not the most devilish crime in this world. I could find it in me to forgive a man who kills when his brain is whirling with passion; but when a man tortures the souls of his helpless

ones—even though he lays no hand on their bodies—tortures day by day and year by year, then he is dealing out damnation. He lays no hand on them, I say! What can the law do? The law punishes only beating and bloodshed; and the man who deals out worse torture walks in his community unashamed."

His voice rose and vibrated like a plucked harp string.

"Look here, gentlemen, we seem to be getting a peek at the works in a hunting-case Quaker," said the chief justice in an undertone.

"Thee have seen the chair, my friends," said Mr. Chick, in milder tones. "I would put the miscreant in it, and wheel it about. I would say, 'Here is a man who has made hell out of a home. He dares to abuse only the helpless. He is also a coward, and thee may show thy disgust as thee may desire.'"

"From a legal standpoint," began the chief justice from his prison, forgetting his incog for a dangerous moment, "I should say——"

But a customer drove into the yard and saved him.

He sat back in the chair, glad that he was in a dark corner.

"Come up close here, boys," he invited the sheriff and the stenographer. "We don't want to expose the court. We'll hide here in the corner till that interloper gets what he wants."

They saw him when he came stamping in through the wide door of the shop. They saw Jared Chick stiffen at his anvil.

The new arrival had eyes that bulged and glared. He puffed out pompous exhausts of breath. He held a whip in his hand, and banged down its butt to keep time to his tread.

"I'll bet you ten to one he's an old Yankee shipmaster," whispered the judge.

"He is," said Cap'n Sproul. "I ain't





*When Poff resisted the cap'n tripped him, "scroured" him around on the grass in a circle for a time, hoisted him to his feet and rushed the dizzy man into the shop.*

seen him for twenty years. He has hived himself up somewheres around here in mighty good shape."

"Go out and cast that horse loose, bring him in here, and set a shoe," shouted the customer, not deigning to waste any of his attention on men who lurked in dark corners.

"No, not for Ether Poff," returned the blacksmith.

The men in the corner surveyed their new acquaintance with fresh interest. His mildness had disappeared. He stood very straight, and his chin jutted out. His face was pale.

"It isn't for me. Do you think I'd ever come to your shop for anything on my own account? This is Lawyer Fogg's rig, and he wants to take my daughter to ride. Understand? My daughter to ride!" He dwelt on the

phrase with gustful delight. "To your work, smith!"

"Yes, I know it is Fletcher Fogg's rig, for I saw him drive past here, Ether Poff."

The other man pounded his fist on his own breast.

"Captain Poff! You call me *Captain* Poff, when you address me!"

"A Friend uses no titles in his converse with his fellow man, *Ether Poff*."

"Your shop is open—your sign is out. I have brought Lawyer Fogg's horse here, you land pirate of a Quaker, because Lawyer Fogg is enjoying the afternoon with my daughter—and with my consent—do you understand?"

The men in the corner knew that a soul-torturing taunt was in that speech. The blacksmith propped trembling hands on his anvil to steady himself.

"Set that shoe!"

"I will not!"

"That old hellion has come here purpose for a row, and is making that horse an excuse," muttered Reuel Vose.

"Once more—and for the last time! Set that shoe!"

"No!" shouted the smith.

Captain Poff tossed the whip, grabbed its butt, and began to lay the lash viciously over Chick's head and shoulders.

"This is going to be some battle! Let me out," said the chief. "That Quaker has got plenty of hot human nature inside him, if I'm any judge of men."

But the blacksmith merely bowed his head, shielded his eyes with crossed arms, and took his punishment. When the infuriated old shipmaster had finished the beating, and had stamped out, Chick lifted his head from the bulwark of his arms. His face was gray with repressed emotion, and red weals crisscrossed it.

"The Quaker code?" asked the judge, with a bit of irony.

"We are not bidden to meet violence with violence."

"But I'm no Quaker," rasped the sheriff. "And just now I'm thankful to the swizzle-toed Nicodemus I ain't! I've been waiting to see that man out there for a long time, gents."

He ran out and grabbed that intractable person by the shoulders just as Poff was climbing into the carriage. When Poff resisted, the cap'n tripped him, "scrouged" him around on the grass in a circle for a time, hoisted him to his feet, and rushed the dizzy man into the shop and slammed him into the iron chair. He banged the doors shut and bolted them.

"If you don't mind stepping outside, gents, for a few minutes, I'll be much obliged if you'll do it," said Cap'n Sproul, slatting sweat from his forehead. "This old hornbeam and I have some private business to talk over, and

it's business that won't interest you, because it happened more than twenty years ago."

In the sunshine, Chick faced the judge and the stenographer.

"It's not merely because I'm a Friend that I bowed my head to him. Oh, if the law of the land were only what it should be! If only there were a just judge, who would tell me to take Ether Poff into the streets and point to him behind those bars and tell the world what he is!"

He walked away from them.

"Reuel," said his honor, "it probably occurs to you that Brother Chick had one special man in mind when he built that chair—and that we have seen the man. Speaking now as a layman, and not as chief justice, I wish I could padlock that cage and lose the key."

"I would volunteer to push it around while Chick delivered his lecture," said Reuel Vose.

"There's a woman in it, Reuel."

"Sure! It's the daughter."

"And Brother Fogg is in it," said the chief, smacking his lips.

"Andrew, even if that daughter is Lucretia Borgia, on earth for the second time, she is sufficiently punished by having that old coyote for a father. Now give her Fogg for a husband, and it will be punishment cruel, unusual, and fiendish—and the law doesn't allow it."

The blacksmith returned to them. He was calm. There was a wistful smile on his face.

"My friends, may I open my heart to thee a bit? I have had nobody to listen to me. My neighbors are busybodies. Thee will pass on. Thee will not think of it again—and I shall not be betraying a sacred confidence to her hurt."

The judge did not speak. He put out his hand. Inside the shop, they heard the bitter tones of the high sheriff and the whine of Ether Poff's voice.

A judge becomes accustomed to listening.

He heard in silence the plain little story from that plain man. It was short. There was nothing new in it. It was one of the oldest tales in the tear-spotted volume of love. The best-seller author of the stone age undoubtedly chiseled that story on a hunk of rock. The antediluvian dad stood at the entrance to his cave and flourished his hornblende hatchet to menace the suitor who faced his testy humor; Ether Poff had shaken his orangewood cane from his porch and had played the unreasoning tyrant in his home, taking advantage of a helpless daughter's obedience.

The story did not seem banal to Andrew Wayne, because he was wired at every point of human-sympathy contact. He understood the patience in the New England character—the patience that makes of one love a shrine—the same patience that enslaves a meek daughter to paternal will.

"And he has lied to her about me—I know it well," declared Jared Chick. "I have not been a coward in this matter, my friends. I have gone boldly to his door again and again; but it is a blow with him before it comes to the word. He beat his men when he sailed the seas; it is his manner on shore; and can a man who is slow with his tongue speak love and truth and explanation to a maid while blows are battering his head and shoulders? I have been tempted to lay aside my coat, and place on it my broad hat, and say, 'Lie there, Quaker, till I have argued with this man after his own fashion.' But I thank God I have never broken the commands of my faith. Her mother was a Friend, and the daughter follows the faith; and can a man whip a father before the daughter's eyes and win her love by so doing?"

"You're a good Quaker," said Reuel Vose. "I can see that plainly. But

I reckon that the very last thing you said puts it all in a nutshell. You're wise!" And he gave Friend Chick a most knowing wink.

The smith flushed, and hurried on:

"So I am going away from here, my friends. I can endure it no longer to see that bony Pharisee ride past here. I think her spirit is broken at last. She has been ground between two hard millstones."

"Old Poff has got considerable money, hasn't he?" asked the judge.

"Thee might ask Lawyer Fogg. I think he knows. I do not know. I want Sabia, not her money. I love her. I have loved her ever since we were children."

In his tones was tender love. His eyes filled. He showed his soul to them in that moment. Probably for the first time in his life all his reserve melted.

"Look here, Chick," advised Vose, "brace up! If this woman loves you, run away with her! You're both of age!"

"Thee does not know Ether Poff's daughter, and I'm afraid thee has a very poor idea of me," returned Jared Chick with dignity. "Neither of us will make a sneaking thing of a holy sacrament."

"Oh, my friend Vose, here, is a roistering young blade, Brother Chick," said the chief justice. "*He* might play Lochinvar, but I know that you're not the sort that can tip over the convictions of a lifetime in a minute. But now that Papa Poff is nicely and scientifically canned for a little conference with that other gentleman in there—and no doing of yours, understand—suppose we make a clean sweep of it all? This is a beautiful opportunity for you to have a talk with him. He hasn't his cane with him, and he can't lift his arms. Here's what you do: Run up to his house and bring down his daughter. Tell her that dad is in a bit of pickle here and needs her." He put his

hands against Chick and pushed him into the road. "Run on! Providence has given you a wonderful chance!"

Chick hesitated a moment. The early dusk of autumn had come upon them, and the full moon was propped on the treetops, round as a dollar, bright as silver.

"It'll be a nice little stroll in the moonlight," suggested the judge.

Jared Chick stared at the patron goddess of lovers, sighed, and hurried away.

"Even a Quaker can't resist moonlight and an opportunity," said Chief Justice Wayne, with fervor. "It almost makes me feel young again, Reuel."

"You'll excuse me, judge," said the stenographer, "but I'm afraid you and I will have to be hiking away from here. Fogg will come trailing, and where will your incog be?"

"To blazes with the incog," snapped the chief, "provided he gets the girl! You don't suppose I'm going to have this novel yanked away from me, do you, just as I'm beginning on the last chapter?"

"I wonder what kind of business the sheriff has got with that man in there, judge? First I can hear Poff swearing at Sproul; then Sproul takes a turn at it, and drowns out Poff with his cussing. But he politely asked us to stay out here, and I reckon we'd better do it."

In a half hour Jared Chick returned, and a pretty woman came with him. There was anxiety on her countenance, but there was something else there, too. There was awaking wonder in her eyes, as if she had heard news that filled her heart with new joy in life. The moonlight silvered her hair as she passed the judge and his friend and went in at the dark door of the shop. Lawyer Fogg hurried past at their heels, not noticing the identity of the persons who stood at one side.

"This seems to be a general party—we may as well join," suggested the chief.

Only the red glow of the forge fire, dying among the coals, lighted the gloomy interior, illuminating nothing, merely casting dim shadows.

"What is the matter, father?" asked the daughter.

"This lunatic—he is a lunatic—he has thrown me into this devil's machine! He says that I am not Captain Ether Poff."

"And you ain't," declared Sheriff Sproul. "I know faces when I see 'em. I know you. And I'll make you own up to who you are, and make you settle with me before I let you out of that chair, if I keep you there till dog-fishes wear gold earrings. I hope your daughter has brought your supper."

"You're crazy!" roared Captain Poff. Then he began to whine appeal. "Let me out! There are bugs crawling on my face, and a mosquito in my nose. I can't get my hands up. I'm cramped till I'm 'most dead. Let me out!"

"I have a word to say to you, Ether Poff, before you come out of that chair I built for such as you," said Jared Chick.

Then, in cold, calm, dignified tones, he began his arraignment of the man. The dim, red glow lighted the face of the lover who had waited so long and had loved so honestly; and as he told the story of his patient waiting, those in the shop saw that the woman stole to him and clung to his arm, and they heard her sobbing softly.

"And I declare here before these men, and before God, Ether Poff, that you have lied to Sabia about me. I have opened a part of it to her—I have asked her what you said to her, and, in her honesty, she has told me. I ask you to be a man at last, and admit that you lied. I give you your chance, now and here, to admit it. If you persist longer in your infamous stand, I swear before



"I have a word to say to you, Ether Poff, before you come out of that chair I built for such as you," said Jared Chick.

Almighty God that I will put the faith of my fathers behind me and will take man's vengeance on you, even if the law swings me under the gallows! For

I will be tortured no longer, Ether Poff!"

"Well, if you've got to have it before I can get out of here," snarled Captain

Poff, "I'll give it to ye. I did lie, and I'm glad of it. Even if your father did leave you money, you're only a blacksmith, and we didn't consider a smith worth a hoot aboard ship. You shan't have my daughter."

"He shall have your daughter!" cried Sabia Poff. "I take him here, before witnesses, as my own husband in the sight of God. I advise you to keep your hands at your sides hereafter."

"So do I!" boomed the judge from the darkness. "You dare to touch that man and woman, and I'll send you to State prison!"

"It's about time we see who these sneaks and impostors are!" raged Lawyer Fogg from his corner. He ran to the forge, jabbed a bit of kindling into the coals, and held up the torch. He emitted a sound as if somebody had thunked him between the shoulder blades.

"Who is that old rooster with the white hair?" demanded Poff.

"I—I—I'd better not say," faltered Fogg.

"If you don't tell him, I shall," warned the judge.

"He is the chief justice of the supreme judicial court of this State," groaned Attorney Fogg.

"At present traveling incog," added

the chief. "And now, Brother Fogg, I'll give you a tip—as a layman, not as a judge. The Bar Association is talking up disbarment proceedings against you on account of the Ward bankruptcy case. If you keep your mouth everlastingly closed from now on, I'll steer the boys away from you. Otherwise—well, good night, Brother Fogg!"

"The chief justice! The—the—" stammered Jared Chick.

"That's all! And if you have your wedding soon, I'll tend out and throw some rice on your bride. My deep honor to you, Miss Sabia!" He doffed his cap and bowed. "And now come on, boys!"

The three trudged away down a road which the moon paved with silver.

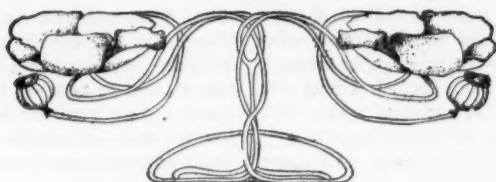
"Oh, by the way, Mr. Sheriff, how did you happen to mistake Captain Poff's identity?" asked the chief, after they had walked for some distance.

"I didn't," said Cap'n Sproul. "But I knew that if I caught him, and held him there, you would do the rest. I knew there was *something* to be done!"

"We make a wonderful team," declared the chief justice. "That's the way to hand out justice, sharp, and to the point. Say, boys, they make a fine-looking couple. I wish I had a hunk of wedding cake right now. Doing good always gives me an appetite."







## Romance at Fifty

By Helen A. Spafford

**I**T'S one thing to have a man call on you, and it's another thing to marry him," warned Mrs. Taylor.

Selina Swain listened tolerantly. At fifty years of age, with a brand-new suitor paying her devoted court, and a reserve suitor standing disheartened in the background, she could afford to feel superior to this admonition of her stout, motherly friend.

"Matilda," replied Selina calmly, "I think I owe it to our lifelong friendship to tell you that I am very comfortable alone in my pleasant home, and that I would give much consideration to the thought of any change."

"If you intend to marry, there's John Oldsby, who has cared for you for thirty years," said Mrs. Taylor tartly, as she moved slowly toward the front door.

Selina, who was tall and slender, followed her friend with brisk movement. Her sweet face clouded a moment.

"I am fifty years of age, Matilda, but if I marry, I expect to have romance allied with my nuptials. I could not connect plain John Oldsby with romance." In Miss Selina's eyes were the dreams of youth.

"You see, he's there again," said Mrs. Taylor excitedly to her husband that evening, as they walked past Selina Swain's pretty cottage. The lights in

the parlor were burning brightly, suggesting an important visitor. Matilda Taylor stopped in the street to stare. "Why, Peter, he's there 'most every night! She'll marry him sure."

"Well, my dear, it will be her own affair if she does," spoke Peter placidly. Mr. Taylor's manner was indifferent, and it spurred his wife on to convince him.

"Selina Swain has sacrificed her life to that orphaned family of her sister's. She has brought up two nieces, and has married them well. She has sent her nephew Tom out into the world well prepared to meet it. She would not marry John Oldsby twenty-five years ago because of her duty to those children. Now that they are placed, she might well reward John for the devotion of those years. Instead, what does she do? She takes up with a Mr. Finlay Parrish, coming from no one knows where. She forgets John Oldsby, whom I saw in a store one day buying a shivering, barefoot boy stockings and shoes. A man like that given up for a stranger! And who is Mr. Parrish, Peter, and what has he?"

Who, indeed, was Mr. Finlay Parrish, and what had he? These questions had disturbed the curious in Bradford village. Rumor, coming to town with a traveling salesman, whispered that Mr. Parrish had been married

twice. People spoke of it behind their hands, and the old folks stopped talking when the young folks came around. In appearance Mr. Parrish could not be catalogued. He appeared to be fifty, but it was observed that he tired easily and readily accepted a chair. He must be sixty.

Mr. Parrish occupied the best room in the village hotel, and did not seek an occupation. He was credited with an income, but was silent as to its amount and source. Therefore, it might be an annuity which would die when he did, or it might be landed wealth which he could will. He spoke of well-to-do sons and daughters. It was possible that, combined, these children were supporting their father, and that he had nothing to will. Bradford's inhabitants could not find out the truth.

Of course, there were his clothes, which were an indication of prosperity. Never before had such masculine attire been seen in Bradford. Mr. Parrish had suits, and even overcoats, for all occasions. There were people who remained on their porches in the chill fall evenings to see this newcomer pass by wearing a cape coat and a crush hat. This attire might have been understood in a younger man, but in an old man, who tired easily, such dressing was inexplicable.

It was his clothes that had first captured Selina Swain's attention. She had always preferred novels in which the hero was well dressed. She herself leaned toward elegance. In her estimation, Mr. Parrish was the only escort who had ever fitly complemented the quiet gentility of her own attire when walking home from church on Sunday morning.

Mrs. Taylor was aware of this, and was troubled for Selina Swain. She observed several more evenings of well-lighted front windows in Selina's home, and was prepared to hear the worst. A rainy day and night were followed by

more wet weather, but a warm and sunny day came after the storm, and Matilda Taylor went forth to visit her friend, and to hear of further developments. She resolved to be a listener to-day; even an old friendship may not force admonitions on a woman of fifty. She found Selina standing on her porch, as if to encourage visitors. Her face held a new happiness.

"Come in," she softly invited her old friend, and Matilda sank into one spacious chair as Selina spread her dainty ruffles in another. It was evident that the single woman was about to impart a tremulous confidence.

"Selina, you never have——" began Matilda reproachfully.

"Yes, I have," answered Selina quickly, "and I want to tell you all about it. I was attracted by Mr. Parrish from the first," she went on. "I have not concealed from you, my dear old friend, that I am romantic. Why, when those dear nieces of mine were married, I accompanied each in spirit to the altar. In Mr. Parrish, I saw the figure of romance who would accompany *me* to the altar. He had, Matilda, a delightful way of addressing me. In the time that I have known him, he has called me 'fairest of women' three times, 'cleverest of women' twice, and 'dainty housekeeper' many times. I was attracted by his manner.

"But, Matilda, listen to me." Selina sat erect, with a bright glow on her cheeks. "I may be romantic, but I am not a fool. I told you that I was very comfortable alone, and that I would consider any change very seriously. Well, my dear, I gave to Mr. Parrish's suit this mature consideration, and from that made my decision. In fact, I studied that man. I saw that he observed the comfort of my home with too much attention, that he inquired the details of my affairs with too much interest. I saw that he was, to put it

mildly, self-centered. I have been making him coffee and sandwiches on these chill evenings. He enjoyed them too much, and accepted them too casually. He would hand me my coffee with a bow, and one sandwich with a compliment, and then become oblivious of my presence as he ate. In the little things that one expects, Matilda, he fell short of my standard. If we needed cream or sugar from the buffet, he let me get it. If the fire needed poking, he let me poke.

"And then, his clothes, Matilda!" Selina's voice took on a new excitement as Mrs. Taylor showed amazed attention. "Why, that man expected me to admire his clothes! He wore all his different suits here in turn, and when I made a point of appearing unaware of this difference, he was huffy.

"The crisis came night before last, in the rain, when he saw me home from my cousin's house. You know how the streets were that night? It was with difficulty that we walked through the mud and puddles. As for me, I floundered helplessly, and, Matilda, *he let me flounder!* He had no time or thought for me; he was too busy protecting his own clothes."

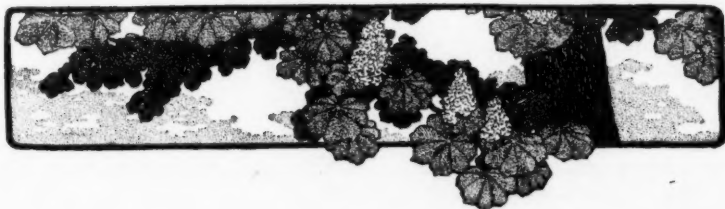
Here Selina stood up in a gentle em-

barrassment and straightened a table cover. Matilda Taylor clutched the arms of her chair and leaned forward.

"Then you refused him, Selina?"

"No," said Selina, seating herself once more. The monosyllable was remote, as if it had no part in her story, and she continued with a happy cadence in her voice: "Yesterday afternoon I went out again to brave the storm. On my way downtown I met John Oldsby. He urged me to return to shelter, and took my packages to carry home for me. I gave him the key of my door, and he was to enter and await my return.

"When I entered the house, Matilda, John had the kettle on to boil. He had found my slippers, and they were toasting before the fire. I was cold and tired, and I sat down in the dining room to rest. John came in, carrying a tray. 'Here's a hot cup of tea for you, Selina,' he said, and he found the sugar and waited on me. Then and there I compared John Oldsby with Mr. Finlay Parrish. John stayed to supper. Well, I might as well tell you, Matilda, that we are to be married. John Oldsby is not a romantic figure, but he will be comfortable to live with; and when a woman is my age, she prefers comfort to romance."



# The Pot of Honey

By Annette Thackwell Johnson

Author of "Sitarl," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT A. GRAEF

WHEN the doctor told Amy Leslie's family that the scarlet fever had left her permanently deaf, her young aunt, Norma, declared bitterly that she would have preferred to hear of the child's death.

"What does life hold for a deaf woman?" cried Norma, shaking her auburn curls, while her brown eyes glowed russet with her vehemence. "That lovely girl is a prisoner from now on—shut up—caged in herself! It's a pity the scarlet fever was not kind enough to set her free altogether. She'd have been much better off—in my opinion."

The family looked shocked. They never grew used to hearing Norma coolly say what every one else was thinking.

Norma's father, an elder in the First Presbyterian Church, coughed reprovingly.

"My child," he said, "we must not question the Lord's will."

Norma frightened him. He did not know how to deal with her.

"My dear!" expostulated her mother, a mild old lady, with gray side curls.

"Don't say such impious things!"

"I *think* them!" insisted Norma. "Why shouldn't I say them? If Amy had died, it would have been a mercy. She'll never get married, she'll never have a good time, she'll be cut off from her kind—oh!"

The girl finished shudderingly.

Norma was going to have a good time. She was all a-quiver with ex-

pectation. Was she not buying her trousseau? Had she not succeeded in corraling the rich young man who lived at the corner—the very one who had managed to side-step the alluring nets spread by the smart set? Was he not mad about her? And were they not going abroad for their honeymoon? Abroad, where they would meet princes and visit in palaces!

Life was opening the doors of an enchanted garden to ardent Norma; but as she pressed forward to enter, she dashed away a tear because gentle, twelve-year-old Amy would have to remain outside; for who can wander in enchanted gardens without ears to hear the siren music?

Amy's father groaned hollowly. He loved his daughter, and he wondered dismally whether Norma was not right. What did life hold for Amy? It was very hard.

"I believe I've found the place," said Amy's mother, glancing up from the pile of pamphlets in her lap. She had been too much occupied to join in the family's lamentations.

"What place?" Her husband turned his puzzled gaze upon her.

"Were Amy can be taught lip reading," answered Mrs. Leslie absently. "I'm not going to have her cheated. She'll get the honey out of life herself."

"The honey?" Norma dragged herself back from the gates of the enchanted garden. "What do you mean?"

But Mrs. Leslie, absorbed in her pamphlets, made no answer.

For twelve years, the great house that had been prepared for Jack Gooding and his bride, Norma, faced old Allegheny Park in melancholy desolation. Twice a year, at house-cleaning time, it was opened, and there followed a tremendous beating of rugs and washing of paints, for the owners might come home any time—so the cleaners were told. To be sure, they were in Rome this winter, and they had been in Egypt last; but they might come back any time, and the house must be kept swept and garnished, ready to welcome them.

One spring, word came from the wanderers. They had spent a gay winter in India, but the weather had become too warm to be pleasant, and they thought somewhat longingly of America. Perhaps another few weeks would find them home again. But Japan claimed them, instead; and, after that, for five years, they made London their headquarters.

Then, suddenly, when the house-cleaning had become merely a habit, and no one expected them, they wrote that they were really coming home at last. The mistress would superintend the next house-cleaning herself.

But along with the home-coming came rumors. The old Gooding mansion was to be occupied only until—things could be settled—arrangements made. It was all very sad. Yes, there were stories—quite shocking stories—of wrong on both sides. It was a blessing that old Mr. and Mrs. Gooding, with their rigid notions, were gone. But what could one expect of these young people of the present day who would live the gay life?

The occupants of the other old houses that faced the park told each other of the distressing affair over their afternoon tea. Most of them had been

abroad enough themselves to have adopted the afternoon-tea habit, and they had almost grown to like it.

There were curious eyes at many of the tall old windows the day that the big motor coughed importantly in front of the Gooding home. The very birds in the big maple tree at the side of the stone steps twittered excitedly; and, as if aware of impending tragedy, the great front door creaked dismally as it opened to admit young Mrs. Gooding, much, oh, much more beautiful than she had been at twenty, and Mr. Gooding, looking surprisingly handsome in spite of his gray hair—or perhaps because of it.

"He's only thirty-eight!" whispered the observers behind their curtains. "Gray hair doesn't run in the Gooding family—it's the life he's lived. Ah—look at the children!"

Miss Amy Gooding, a ladylike, dignified little person, clutching her six-year-old brother's hand, passed under the family portal with a pathetic air of being thankful that she had something to hold to. In spite of the whole retinue of servants that followed them, the children looked as if they were alone—and frightened.

"It's enough to make the old people turn in their graves!" said the watchers, as the auto chugged away.

"Sure, and they don't think we Amerikin servints is good enough for the loikes of thim!" wept old Bridget in the kitchen. She had been caretaker for the last twelve years.

The house was filled with the noise of arrival. The governess chattered volubly in French as she led the children to their apartments. The English maid hurried to her mistress' bedroom to prepare it for her reception, and laughed contemptuously at what were evidently Bridget's notions of the toilet requisites of a lady of fashion. A dark-eyed young Italian proceeded to take possession of his master's effects.

Mrs. Gooding removed her hat and gloves, handed them to English Robins, and strolled into the drawing-room, to wait until the confusion of arrival was over.

She paused in the center of the grand old room, and gasped as she looked about her. There was the old horse-hair sofa in the corner next the marble-topped table, which had been considered "so handsome"; and there—there between the two windows—glaring from its pedestal, where she had placed it as a bride—stood the Chinese jardinière.

She remembered, with acute vividness, how she had patted the horns of the big blue dragon that encircled it, and smiled up into the eyes of her newly made husband.

"This terrific old beast is to stay here and guard our possessions," she had said. "Do you really think we can keep away from our very own home for a whole twelvemonth—even if we are seeing the glories of the world?"

"We'll take home with us, sweet-heart," Jack had answered ardently; and they had clasped hands and kissed each other across the Chinese jardinière.

They had stayed away twelve years, instead of twelve months; and as for home—they had returned to smash even a semblance of it.

"And why not?" mused Norma. "What is the use of perpetuating a sham?"

She heard a step behind her.

"Rummy old house, isn't it?" she said aloud, with studied indifference.

It was Jack, his dark eyes full of memories that struggled to birth as he glanced about him.

"I had forgotten that the parquet floors were so very good." He turned up the corner of the Kermanshah rug with the tip of his shoe. "Look at that! Fancy their being able to match wood as well as that in old Allegheny! We

haven't seen anything better than this floor anywhere. Father superintended the laying of it.

"And the chandeliers!" He exclaimed again, and stepped back, the better to admire the dangling prisms overhead, which had been divested of their brown-holland coverings by the excited Bridget only that morning. "Mother took such pride in them. They were the first to be seen this side of the Alleghenies. I used to invite youngsters in to look at them—as a treat."

"What a delightful one!" Norma glibbed through habit.

Jack flushed; an unwonted tribute to the gibe.

"Not such a bad one, for mother never let my friends remain unwelcomed. There was always a big jar of cookies."

The Chinese dragon fixed a burning, reproachful eye upon Norma's scornful face.

"After all," it glared, "she was a good mother, and this place that I have been so faithfully guarding used *once* to be a home!"

"Ach! The room smells musty!" Norma turned her back upon the jardinière. "I wonder whether the people will seem as odd to us as the furniture does. I suppose they have the same puritanically provincial views that we left behind us a dozen years ago!"

Jack strolled over to a portrait of his grandfather, a sturdy old Scotchman, who gazed at him from out of the Florentine frame with a positively malevolent eye. The past that he had considered so far outgrown came welling up out of its unclosed grave and enveloped him in its dark folds. He shrugged his shoulders as if to throw off its weight.

"What does it matter what they happen to think? I fancy that we flatter ourselves in imagining that they remember us at all. People are soon forgotten, and we have been away more than



a decade. Every near relative of mine has gone, and if your parents were not dead, also, you know we would not have thought ourselves free to arrange the divorce."

Norma started as he spoke, and glanced almost nervously about her. That word—in this room! The portrait seemed to shiver with horror at the prospect of the family's dissolution. The Chinese dragon lay on its back and clawed the air.

"But it's always doing that," thought Norma. "It's part of the horrid provincial attitude."

Aloud she said: "Yes—if father and mother had lived, we'd have been bound together for life—wolves on a leash! As it is—we are, fortunately, sensible people in a sensible age—we can send the children to boarding school, where they'll be better off."

"Undoubtedly," Jack began sarcastically; but the sight of that determined, long, upper lip and those steel-blue eyes glowering down upon him from the portrait checked the bitter words upon his tongue.

"How we sneer at each other!" he reflected. "I wonder, if we had kept from bickering, whether things would be as they are?"

"It is fortunate"—he addressed his wife, but kept an apprehensive eye upon the portrait—"that we are not going to let our lives run to waste. Why should we be miserable together when we could be happy apart—with other people? And, as you say, the children will be better off; our constant quarreling



*The portrait seemed to shiver with horror at the prospect of the family's dissolution.*

can't be very edifying. We can take turns giving them treats. We're doing the best thing."

He drew his argument to a sudden close, for the upper lip seemed longer and angrier than ever. When he had been eight, his grandfather had thrashed him; he had not sat down with comfort for days.

"You can't stop me *this* time!" he bragged to the portrait; but he felt exceedingly uncomfortable.

"I hope," observed Norma meditatively, "that Amy is out of town."

"Amy?" Jack looked startled. "Oh! Your poor, deaf niece? Why, I should think you'd be glad to see her!"

"I'm afraid of disappointing her." Norma was looking pleadingly at the dragon. "The few letters I've had from her have been so trusting. She believes so—in us—and our happiness."

Jack laughed; but the walls refused to echo the sound, and his grandfather looked as if he were contemplating a leap out of the frame.

"I suppose," proceeded Norma, "that we'll have to face it some time. How can we tell her?"

"Don't excite yourself about it. The news has doubtless been imparted to her."

Jack, remembering how his laugh had sounded, permitted himself only a sardonic smile.

Norma shook her head.

"It hasn't," she insisted. "I know from her letters. She's the only one I've kept very much in touch with. You remember—or do you retain sufficient interest in my family to remember?—that my sister had her trained in lip reading? She can understand, if people speak slowly and turn their faces toward her; and it is such an effort to most to do so that she misses gossip and scandal. Those who take the trouble to talk to her generally have something really worth while to say. She really does not seem to know that all her friends are not as happy as she is."

"As happy as a deaf woman!" exclaimed Jack.

"I told you," reiterated Norma, "that disagreeable things aren't told her."

"Doesn't she read?"

"Of course! She's well read. I know it by her letters. But her husband wrote me that she is just like a lily—she grows

in ooze, and hasn't a stain. She knows it's there—as a something to be grown out of—and she has the absurd notion that her friends are lilies, too."

"Her husband!" Jack repeated the one word that had impressed him. "Who would marry a deaf woman?"

"It happened three years ago. I told you at the time, but it probably made no impression on you—you were so occupied." She shot a glance of grim self-justification at the Chinese jardinière.

A wave of dark color showed under Jack Gooding's skin. The shot had told.

"Who is her husband?" he asked shortly.

"Lester Brown."

"Lester? Impossible! I remember him as a sport, a regular good fellow. He was sought after by pretty and clever women. It couldn't be Lester! It must be some other Brown."

"Considering that he wrote to me, I ought to know! He was odd enough to say that he was sick of shams and waste. He begun by helping her with the school she started for deaf mutes. Of course, every one nearly dropped dead when they heard of the match—but he says she rests him."

But Jack was not listening; he was looking, instead, past his grandfather's portrait to the open doorway, where, silhouetted against the dark hall, a woman was standing. Her vivid face, eager, questioning, bent a little forward. Then, suddenly, she spoke, and her voice was the strange, unpitched voice of the deaf:

"Uncle Jack! Aunt Norma! I couldn't wait! I've been counting the minutes, and here you are at last—just as I've always pictured you—happy in your own home! Oh, I am so glad!"

The queer, toneless voice broke. The big blue eyes filled with tears, as the figure, quite up to date and modish in



"Mother always told me," said Amy, "that I mustn't let one drop of the honey of life escape me."

the blue silk gown and morning-glory-wreathed hat, sprang into the room and embraced them ardently.

"Oh, if mother could only see us now!" Amy said, a little later, as she sat on the couch, with one arm around Norma's waist and the other resting gently upon Jack's shoulder.

"I wish she could!" Jack enunciated distinctly, glad that his grandfather's portrait had not been taught lip reading.

"She was always rejoiced at the thought of your happiness; but she kept

longing for you to come home. She used to tell me that the only way she could reconcile herself to your long absence was by thinking of the wonderful preparation you were having."

"Preparation?" Norma stared at the animated face of her deaf niece.

"Yes." The voice was horribly toneless, but the face was sparkling. "For all that you are going to do here, you know. You must be perfect mines of knowledge! If I didn't love you, and want to see you both, I'd want to know

you just that I might sit at your feet and learn!

"Uncle Jack"—she turned to Gooding—"I've proposed your name for our board—the deaf-mute school, you know. I've often thought that perhaps scarlet fever came to me to broaden my life. It's made me rich in happiness and friends, and I can really help. Isn't it glorious?"

She clasped her hands about one silk-draped knee and smiled.

To Norma, as she looked at her, there came faint stirrings of past ideals. When she had gone abroad, she had held just such notions, but there had been no definite work to keep her active mind really occupied, and after a while, unsatisfied and disillusioned, she had begun to hunger after the vanished thrills of youth, and had tried to make excitement do duty for happiness.

"Mother always told me," said Amy, becoming suddenly sober, "that I mustn't let one drop of the honey of life escape me."

"The honey of life?" Norma's mind suddenly reverted to the question she had asked her sister twelve years before.

Amy laughed.

"Of course, that was just her word for service; and Lester and I have found it a good name. At first, my deafness made me desperately unhappy—but now! Why, Aunt Norma, life has given me its best gifts! Ah!"

She sprang up and ran to the doorway. A small, dignified person, who was passing through the hall, suddenly found herself clutched to the blue silk breast of an excited lady, who kept exclaiming, in the oddest voice:

"This is my little namesake, my precious Amy child! I have prayed to see you every day—and, oh, you can hear!"

Then came rapturous kisses. Little Amy, thoroughly frightened, thought that a lunatic had fallen upon her. She pushed away with both her slender

hands; then, as she caught sight of the beaming face close to hers, she suddenly relaxed and fell back, staining the blue silk shoulder with an astonished burst of tears. Undoubtedly, there was love in that face—love! The honey of life!

Amy, senior, was alarmed. What had she done? She kissed and petted the child, and called upon the parents to come and comfort her.

They came slowly, awkwardly. Jack suggested that they send for the child's governess, but the child shook her head and clung frantically to her new-found friend with the love in her face; and, in the end, Amy took her home with her to spend the night.

"Rather sudden, wasn't it?" said Jack Gooding to his wife, when the two Amys had departed, and Jackie, decorously clutching his nurse's hand, had started on a tour of inspection around the small park. "I'm afraid it'll be a terrible shock to the poor woman, later on, when she learns we are not the paragons she thinks we are. I say, I wonder what Lester is like?"

"You have an immediate chance of finding out," answered Norma, ceasing her absent drumming on the window-pane. "He is coming up the front steps, this minute."

A second later he was in the room, the same spruce, trim Lester they remembered; only his eye was clearer, his brow smoother, and his bearing more healthily alert.

"I say!" he began breathlessly. "Amy has been here. You didn't tell her anything—unpleasant, did you?"

"Unpleasant?" Norma raised her brows. "What *can* you mean?"

"Drop it, Norma—for goodness' sake! I haven't time to waste pretending. Amy's not in a condition to be distressed. You must have seen— She's had one disappointment—and the doctor says that she must, positively must, have a quiet mind if she's to get through this time. If you knew how passion-

ately she loves children, you'd not do anything to destroy her hopes of happiness! Why, she's deaf—stone-deaf! You wouldn't hurt a deaf woman, would you?"

"Confound you, Lester, be explicit! What have we to do with it?" demanded Jack, honestly puzzled.

"Why, just this—that she has, unfortunately, idealized you—thinks you are happy, and that you've come back to inspire us all. She's kept every letter you ever wrote, Norma, and reads all sorts of wonders between the lines. If you could hear her pray for you!"

He choked, and, thrusting his hands into his pockets, turned his back upon them and strode to the window.

Jack felt bitterly conscious of his grandfather's portrait, and Norma tried to avoid the dragon's reproachful eye.

"I have guarded your temporal possessions," it glared; "but you have lost your own most precious spiritual one—the honey of life."

Lester wheeled around upon them.

"I've no right to dictate to either of you," he apologized. "But, of course, we've heard rumors—of differences. I've kept them from her. You see, if she heard, it would be as big a shock as if she were to discover suddenly that her mother was not all she should be."

"Thank you!" said Norma, with cold bitterness.

"I have to be plain," insisted Lester. "If you are going to be offended—you'll have to be! It's my particular business in life to take care of Amy. She hasn't any one but me, and, considering that she loves you both so much, and has idealized you in such an absurd way, I can only appeal to your humanity to shield her. Can't you put up a bluff and pretend to be happy for a few months? Her very life may depend upon it. Can't you be game, and go through the motions of domesticity? You could play at it, couldn't you? Oh, Norma, she's your dead sister's child,

and she's deaf—won't you do for her what you would want some one to do for your little girl?"

Norma lifted questioning eyes to her husband. How long had it been since her gaze had sought his voluntarily?

"Why, it's four years!" she told herself, while her eyes asked his, "Can we do it?"

"Let us try," his answered.

Aloud, he muttered awkwardly:

"But so many people have heard! I'm sure that any denial will only make more gossip."

"Oh, I can kill that! Or, rather, Amy'll kill it for you. She'll go around everywhere prattling about your virtues and your happy home. She's already planning a big dinner party—a sort of welcome-home affair. She'll tell you all about it to-morrow. People will think things have been exaggerated—or settled. They'll soon have something else to gas about, anyway. They'll forget it," he finished optimistically.

"Yes—I suppose they will——" agreed Norma, with vague pain.

The letter that morning had been unsatisfactory. These talented, literary people had to have emotional stimulus. It was hard to be so far away. Still, a little uncertainty might be good for him——

"I've always loved amateur theatricals." She dimpled, her eyes on the dragon.

"I suppose we can put up a bluff for a while. It won't be more than six months, will it? We may be able to get some fun out of it, eh, Norma?" said Jack; adding mentally that a little anxiety might not be bad for a certain lady "third from the end."

Lester's eyes were moist and his voice suspiciously gruff as he picked up his hat.

"I can't thank you people enough," he said awkwardly. "I wouldn't ask it if I wasn't fighting for her very life. She's not like any one else, you know.



*Amy beamed and waved her hand. "Lester, we'll be just as happy as that some day!" she said.*

She always believes the best of one—and somehow—one can't disappoint her."

"I suppose we had better begin our little farce," said Norma agreeably, after lunch was over. "Let's play 'fond parents,' and take a stroll with little Jackie around the park."

Accordingly, with the astonished Jackie holding a hand of each, they started forth; and by nightfall at least a dozen families had heard that the Goodings, with their little son, apparently on the best of terms, had been strolling about all afternoon. Which bit of news meant a net increase of four

hundred calls to the telephone company.

"I believe it's going to be quite good fun!" exclaimed Norma, looking up from the pile of invitations on her breakfast plate, a few days later.

"Little Jack is a bully kid!" observed her husband. "That's my share of the fun. Why, he's a dandy little catcher! And as for running! The squirrels in the park race with

him, and, 'pon my word, one of these days I expect to see him beat 'em!"

"Hyperbole!" jeered Norma; but she said it with a smile.

Jack returned to his egg. He was charmed with his explorings into boy life. After all, it was quite interesting to be a father.

"Perhaps Norma'll let me keep the boy," he thought.

They had only postponed the divorce—that was thoroughly understood.

"Mother," said little Amy shyly that afternoon, "I like America. Do all the little boys' and girls' parents play with them here? I've never had so much



fun in my life! You and daddy are so different!"

Norma hung a string of pink Neapolitan coral around the child's neck, and stooped to adjust the soft pink sash that girdled the slim waist. Marie had given notice, the air of the sweet land of liberty having promptly gone to her head, and had betaken herself to a still richer mistress in the East End. So, for the first time in her life, Norma was playing maid to her daughter.

"Different?" she echoed. "Are we? How?"

"You talk to each other!" exclaimed little Amy. "And we have such nice, chummy times! Jackie and I used to be so horribly lonely. I used to cry at night, when you were both out."

"Oh!" gasped Norma, as her arms went around her child. "I didn't know."

Amy buried her face in her mother's neck.

"You smell so sweet!" she whispered. "I like you so much better than Marie. Let me stay at home from the party and take a walk with you and father. Jackie and I don't like to be separated."

So it came to pass that Amy and Lester, out driving in their runabout, passed the Gooding family, an hour later, frolicking—actually frolicking—together in a shady grove, where squirrels and birds' nests were perpetual attractions.

Amy beamed, and waved her hand.

"Lester, we'll be just as happy as that, some day," she said.

"Happier, I hope," grunted Lester.

And his wife, with a contented little sigh, slipped her hand under his elbow.

"We must be happier," continued Lester, "for Jack couldn't possibly love Norma as much as I love you."

"I meant—children. It's so lovely to see a family."

"Bless you, dear heart, you'll have yours yet!" And he looked at her with his heart in his eyes.

And so she did. But for days her

life hung evenly balanced between life and death. For days little Amy wandered about with red eyes, fearing that her dear cousin would never be able to play with her again; and then—after she had begun to mend—for weeks and weeks Norma and Jack drove back and forth to the school for deaf mutes, and paid visits to the blind asylum, and held consultations with the visiting nurses' association. Amy's work must go on, and she deputed those she loved the best to attend to it while she was laid aside.

Mr. and Mrs. Gooding were so interested that, when the six months were gone and winter set in, "We'll put it off till spring," they said.

Spring came. But little Amy derived so much enjoyment from helping her mother and her Cousin Amy with the Crippled Children's Fresh Air Home, and Jack, junior, so insisted on a camping trip with Jack, senior, and wept so at the suggestion of a disappointment, that they postponed it again until winter. It would be easier to make the break in winter; the children could be sent to boarding school.

The frost was in the air, and the leaves from the big maple tree had all been swept off the front steps, when, one day, Jack found his wife seated in the big drawing-room, busily making a doll's dress for little Norma Brown.

He wandered restlessly about the room for a while; then burst out, with nervous suddenness:

"I say! I heard a funny thing to-day, Norma! Bob Liggett told me that he was going to be married. Anne Greenway, you know. Nice girl, Anne—"

"What's funny about that?" asked Norma wonderingly. "We all knew it was coming, didn't we?"

"Yes—but Bob went on to say that he'd be quite content if his marriage turned out as happily as ours had done. He meant you, Norma—and me! Think of it!"



*As Jack sprang to clasp her in his arms, the Chinese jardinière toppled and fell with a hideous crash.*

Norma dropped her sewing, then stooped to pick it up.

"I feel such a fraud," she confessed. "It seems positively shocking to deceive them so—when they'll have to find out some day."

"Why should they?" demanded Jack daringly, his heartbeats nearly choking him.

"Well—I don't suppose the young lady 'third from the end' will be willing to wait forever," observed Norma.

"She isn't!" Jack's face was a deep scarlet. "She's made other arrangements."

"Oh, Jack!" Norma was gasping.

"But perhaps—the literary gentleman"—Jack was leaning against the jardinière in his eagerness—"has grown impatient?"

"The literary gentleman has found his inspiration elsewhere," said Norma demurely.

"Norma! Is there any hope for me? Could we begin again? Do you think we could forget the past—and make a home?"

Jack had gone white.

"Don't you think that's what we've been doing?" smiled Norma. "Silly boy, what is this but a home?"

She glanced meaningly about the room. Sprawled on the window seat were a family of dolls; a large Teddy bear stood on its head in a corner; a boxing glove lay on the floor; and a ball had rolled to the foot of the Chinese jardinière. From upstairs came the pattering of footsteps running merrily to and fro; the children were playing hide and seek. Grandfather's portrait beamed in benign ap-

proval from the Florentine frame above the horsehair sofa at what was certainly an excellent imitation of a home.

"You mean——" Jack stuttered, and stopped. He hardly dared to believe his ears.

"That it's all right!" Norma laughed nervously. "Oh, Jack, we've loved each other all the time, but we simply put the lid on our jar of honey and forgot we had it!"

And as Jack sprang to clasp her in his arms, the Chinese jardinière toppled and fell with a hideous crash.

But in the bliss of their married embrace, neither of them noticed it.

# A Day in the Life of a Lady of Leisure

By Virginia Middleton

Author of "Her Obituaries," "The Man Who Came Back," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY E. C. CASWELL

**S**EVEN o'clock on a dull February morning. MRS. VAN IDERSTINE'S bedroom, a rather sparsely furnished apartment, through which the February winds sweep from three open windows. Enter LISA, a maid, knocking sleepy eyes and yawning.

LISA: Mrs. Van Iderstine! Mrs. Van Iderstine! Mrs.—

MRS. V. I. (*opening her eyes and raising her head*): Yes, Lisa? Oh, good morning, Lisa! Is it seven o'clock already? It *can't* be, it simply *can't*!

LISA: Yes'm. You didn't get in until late last night, did you?

MRS. V. I.: I didn't get in until this morning at a quarter before two, Lisa. I'm glad I told you not to wait up for me. Being the mother of a *débutante* daughter is not the easiest lot in the world!

LISA: Oh, Miss Isabel will soon be getting married, ma'am, and then you can take a rest.

MRS. V. I.: I'm not so sure about Miss Isabel's matrimonial intentions, Lisa. Where are my slippers? Oh, thank you! And though I shall have a few years' respite then, while the boys are coming on, think how dreadful it is going to be when Miss Meg and Miss Polly come out! They have such different ideas of entertaining already, and they're only seven. And I shall be an old lady by that time—Lisa, my wrap-

per, please—and late hours will simply kill me!

LISA: You'll never seem old, Mrs. Van Iderstine. But why do you go down to breakfast this morning, when you are so sleepy?

MRS. V. I.: Why, Lisa! When you know that Mr. Van Iderstine is going to Chicago for three days!

LISA: Why don't you **let me** bring your breakfast up here and **tell him** to come, too? I could draw the round table up to the bedside, and you could get a nap after he has gone.

MRS. V. I.: Lisa, what a good idea! You're very thoughtful.

LISA: You look so tired, ma'am!

MRS. V. I.: Tell Mr. Van Iderstine, will you, while I get my bath? (*Disappears through the dressing room adjoining the somewhat Spartan bedroom. Lisa shivers, draws aside curtains, closes the windows, lights the fire on the hearth, shakes up pillows, smooths bedspread, pulls up table, and goes out. MRS. VAN IDERSTINE returns, springs into bed again, punches the pillows at her back, adjusts pink matinée about her shoulders, yawns, and sighs.*)

MRS. V. I.: What wouldn't I give for a twelve-hour sleep?

(*Enter MR. VAN IDERSTINE, putting papers in his pocket, brisk and nervous.*)

MR. V. I.: Morning, Belle! This is



*"That's the way it struck me. I'm glad to get your opinion on it."*

cozy. The dining room is like a tomb this morning. Bridget yawning around, no fire, dark—

MRS. V. I.: This is better, isn't it? I don't know why waking an hour earlier than usual seems to do Bridget up so hopelessly. She's awfully heavy-headed—

MR. V. I. (*ignoring her remarks and diving into his pocket*): Belle, I wish you'd take a look at Dewing's letter—Mornin', Lisa. What's that? Grapefruit? You know, Belle, I never eat grapefruit—

LISA: There's oranges, too, Mr. Van Iderstine. The grapefruit is for Mrs. Van Iderstine.

MR. V. I.: Well, Belle, go ahead and ruin your teeth, if you want to! They're your own, of course! Though they won't be long if you keep on! You know what I read you about dental enamel and grapefruit acid. But about Dewing's letter, now—

MRS. V. I. (*reading*): Dear, I think he's hedging. I don't think that's a straightforward letter. Perhaps I shouldn't be so suspicious if I hadn't known Eddie Dewing when I was a girl. He always was a shifty boy—and that letter indicates to my mind that he hasn't changed so you'd notice it!

MR. V. I. (*between mouthfuls of orange*): That's the way it struck me.

I'm glad to get your opinion on it. That was why I wished you could stay at home last night—I wanted to go over this whole reorganization correspondence. (*Aggrievedly*): Why couldn't Isabel have gone to the dance with her Aunt Amy?

MRS. V. I.: You know perfectly well, Rob, that Amy is the worst chaperon in existence! She never sees her charges from the time she enters a house until she leaves it again, if there are any attractive young men around for her to play with. Besides, I wanted to pass myself upon these new friends of Isabel's—we've never known them. And above all, I do want Isabel to feel that I want to share her life with her. I don't want—to have her feel that we are out of sympathy; that we—you and I—have no youth left to enjoy hers.

MR. V. I.: I guess you've no objection to a dance, either, have you, Kittens? You're several decades younger than Isabel, if you ask me! Well, I don't blame you. Only I did wish you could have stayed at home last night!

MRS. V. I. (*penitently*): I'm sorry, dear! Let me see the other letters now.

(*Mr. V. I. goes through the papers in his pocket and hands several to her. She reads between morsels of toast and sips of coffee, while he makes a substantial breakfast.*)

MRS. V. I. (*returning the letters*): I'd watch out for Dewing and for—what's the name of that new one?—Forster. They sound crooked to me, both of them. Oh, Rob, I wish I were going with you!

MR. V. I.: Wish you were, Kittens! But it won't be much of a trip for fun. You'll have a good deal better time back here, taking your breakfast in bed and going to dances to cut your daughter out! Good-by, dear. I'm off. Go to sleep again. It was pretty late when you got in, wasn't it? Great Scott! Is that the telephone? Who rings up before daylight?

MRS. V. I. (*lifting receiver from stand beside her bed*): Hello? Yes, this is she. I can't hear. Oh, Mary Fortescue! Good morning, Mary! Preside this afternoon? But I can't—I can't possibly! I had hoped to get in for a few minutes to hear the comptroller speak, but I can't be there all through the meeting. Yes, I know I'm first vice president, but really—Oh, my dear! Well, then, of course, if I must. Yes, I'll do my best.

(*She hangs up the receiver again on the hook and looks despairingly at her husband, who is poised for flight.*) It's Mary Fortescue—the Tuesday Club, you know. I've got to preside this afternoon and to introduce the comptroller, who is to speak on the year's appropriations. Mary has been called to Boston. She's got a paying job on that working girls' investigation commission; and, of course, a paying job takes precedence of everything else. That's why she's so unearthy early. I'll have to remodel the whole afternoon—Oh, well, never mind! Good-by, dearest! You'll send me a night letter, of course, each night?

MR. V. I.: Uh, uh! Say, Belle, if I should want you on the long distance to-morrow about ten, will you be here? Where, then?

MRS. V. I.: A directors' meeting at the Criterion Club. I'll leave word that I'm to be called, if you do call me up at that time. Here's the number. Lend me your pencil. Now, good-by, dear, and don't work too hard!

MR. V. I.: Well, it's no slouch of a job, getting the company reorganized, but I'll try not to overdo. By the way, will you telephone Carberry to come after some things I left out in my room, that need pressing? And, by the way, Belle, do you know anything about those shirts that came home from Wilkins' the other day? Oh, in the bag, are they? Oh, all right. Good-by!

You look awfully cozy here. Get a nap before the Indians break in.

(Exit MR. VAN IDERSTINE, after kissing his wife. MRS. VAN IDERSTINE sighs profoundly and slips down into a recumbent position.)

LISA (entering): Why, you haven't eaten scarcely any breakfast, ma'am!

MRS. V. I.: I've had all I want, thank you, Lisa. Pull down the shades again, will you? I'll try for another forty winks— (Sound of a young tornado at the door. MRS. VAN IDERSTINE starts up.) Oh, it's you, Bobkins? Come in, sonny.

ROBERT VAN IDERSTINE, JR.: Say, mum, will you hear me say my third declension before I go? I don't know what I've got to learn a lot of rotten Latin names for, anyway—they're no good to a fellow when he grows up. I ain't going to talk Latin. But—will you hear me?

MRS. V. I.: Yes, Rob. And you must be more careful about your English. "Ain't" and "rotten" are not particularly charming words. Lend me your grammar, dear. Suppose you decline "*amicus*" for me.

(Rob begins. MRS. V. I. interrupts smilingly.)

MRS. V. I.: No, no, son! Learn to think. "*Amicus*" isn't a third-declension noun—it's a second-declension noun. Yes, I know you asked me to hear you recite the third declension, but I wanted you to listen and to think, not merely to parrot! That was why I gave you a second-declension noun first.

ROB: It's no fair.

MRS. V. I.: Oh, yes, it is! But since you are set on the third declension, decline "*soror*" for me.

(Rob complies, galloping.)

ROB (satisfied): Well, if old Cathcart doesn't go springing some rotten surprise on us, I'm all right for to-day.

MRS. V. I.: Look out for surprises,

Bobkins. And—just a few less "rot-tens."

ROB: Oh, all right! Gee, but I wish I was you, with nothing to do but stay in bed!

MRS. V. I.: Yes, it's an easy life. Run along now, sonny. Did you eat your oatmeal this morning? Sure? That's a good boy!

(She kisses him, and he goes out. MRS. VAN IDERSTINE again essays to slide down into a recumbent position in the bed and to close her eyes. An April patter of feet along the hall changes her intention. She sits up and opens her eyes. MEG and POLLY prance in and swarm upon the bed.)

MEG AND POLLY (in unison): Why didn't you come downstairs to breakfast, mummy? Where's father? He wasn't there, either. Where's Isabel? She wasn't down. And Robbie gave Chump his oatmeal—

MRS. V. I.: Oh!

MEG: And Bridget was cross.

POLLY: Do I have to go to school to-day, mother? I think I've got a sore froat.

MEG: So've I got a sore throat. It's "throat," Polly—not "froat." You talk like a baby.

POLLY: I don't talk like a baby, do I, mum?

MRS. V. I.: Run up the curtains, chickies, and let me take a look at those throats. That's right. You first, Meg. Say, "ah-h-h." Why, your throat looks perfectly well, dear. What made you think it was sore?

(MEG and POLLY exchange sidelong glances. MRS. V. I. looks from one to the other.)

MRS. V. I.: Were you just thinking that you'd like a day off from school?

MEG: Yes'm.

POLLY: Anyway, when I'm grown up, I'm going to stay in bed like you, mum, and do nothing all day long.

MRS. V. I.: All right, Polly, you may, when you're an old lady like me. I



want Lisa to ride over to school with you—

MEG: Mum, you won't forget our Valentine party?

MRS. V. I.: No, honey birds.

LISA: If you please, ma'am, Alfred says the car's out of order, and he can't get it fixed before eleven.

MRS. V. I.: Well, you children will have to walk to school. Lisa, will you take them, please? All of them. Master Rob can be dropped at Mr. Cathcart's, and then you can go on to mademoiselle's. I wonder what happened to the car? It seemed all right at—two this morning.

POLLY: Bridget told Lisa downstairs that Alfred had gone joyriding when the car came in last night. I heard her—

LISA: Indeed, ma'am—

MRS. V. I.: Never mind, Lisa. Polly, you mustn't— That is—you had all better start for school now. Good-by, honey birds.

*(She kisses the children, and, as they depart down the hall, she yawns and slides down once more. The telephone rings. She raises herself on an elbow and takes the receiver from the hook.)*

MRS. V. I.: Yes, this is Plaza 19888. This is Mrs. Van Iderstine. The *Evening Torpedo*? Oh, I'm sorry, but I don't think you may. No, no. Yes, I think the consideration of the Home an important— I haven't read her book. Really, you must excuse me. A member of our local four hundred? *(She laughs.)* I don't believe I quite know what you mean. Oh, yes, of course she is in society. Really, I can't say. I haven't read the book. It's very kind of you, but even if you should send it, I should not have the time to read it to-day—no, nor to-morrow! No! Not ever! You really must excuse me. *(She hangs up the receiver with a jerk. A slightly heightened color is on her cheeks.)* Really, some of them are impudent! *(Looks at the clock on*

*her reading stand.)* Good heavens! Ten minutes after nine! I must get up and be dressed.

*(Suits action to word and disappears into the dressing room adjoining. Enter MISS ISABEL VAN IDERSTINE.)*

ISABEL: Mother! Where are you? Oh, dressing? May I have a few minutes of your time?

MRS. V. I. *(reappearing, tailored and booted)*: Of course, darling! Why did you get up so early? I thought you would sleep until noon to-day after the way you danced last night. *(She kisses her daughter on the hair in passing.)* Had your breakfast?

ISABEL *(gloomily)*: Yes, I had some orange juice and dry toast.

MRS. V. I.: But do you think that is enough to get through the morning on, Isabel?

ISABEL: Well, every one says I look like Aunt Anne. But I'm not going to acquire her figure—not if I know myself!

MRS. V. I.: Still, my dear, your health— Your Aunt Anne has almost never had a sick day in her life.

ISABEL *(frowning)*: Aunt Anne is a jellyfish! Perfectly satisfied to be a useless, pampered, self-indulgent doll!

*(MRS. VAN IDERSTINE, being a woman of some experience, waits. ISABEL walks to the windows and looks down into the street. Then she turns abruptly.)*

ISABEL: Mother, I hope you won't mind what I am going to say.

*(MRS. V. I. sits down and intimates that ISABEL had better do the same. She looks somewhat apprehensively at her tall daughter.)*

MRS. V. I.: Well, honey? Don't keep me in suspense.

ISABEL: Mother, I simply can't stand the life I've been leading this winter! I simply couldn't stand the life you women lead—the idle, useless, extravagant lives! Please forgive me if I sound horrid and impertinent—



*"How did you know I was going to say that?"*

MRS. V. I.: Don't think how you are sounding, Isabel. I promise you I shan't. Talk to me as if I were not your mother—merely a friend.

ISABEL: That's good of you, mother. Of course, you are different from the rest—essentially different. Else you would have been demoralized by this self-indulgent, lazy life, as they have all been.

MRS. V. I.: You must explain, Isabel. I don't quite understand.

ISABEL: I want to be of some use in the world! I couldn't bear to be like—Aunt Anne, for instance.

MRS. V. I.: Yes, dear?

ISABEL: I want to be an—an—economic factor. I want to earn my living. Oh, mother, I don't want to be a kept woman, even if it is my own father or my own husband that keeps me! I don't see any difference between that and—and any other kind of keeping!

MRS. V. I.: That's rather an extreme view, Isabel. A good many wives and daughters and mothers earn their keep! But—go on.

ISABEL (*rising and walking around the room*): Mother, you're an angel—a perfect angel—not to fly in a rage and call me disrespectful! But, angel

though you are, I don't want to lead your petted, pampered life, untouched by realities, by the great reality of economic necessity and economic independence. I don't want to be a——

MRS. V. I. (*dimpling in spite of herself*): Darling, must you say it? A parasite?

ISABEL: How did you know I was going to say that?

MRS. V. I.: Oh, I go to lectures, too, sometimes!

ISABEL: When I marry—if I marry—I want to go into marriage on the same terms with my husband—an independent human being, making a choice of affection, not renouncing any of my human privileges because I marry. Of course, during the years when my children were small, I should expect to stay more or less in the home; but soon, I hope, woman's care of her young children will have an economic value, a fixed economic value. Anyway, if we were able to afford nurses and governesses, there would be no need for me to give up my career——

MRS. V. I.: But what career are you going to adopt, Isabel?

ISABEL: I don't know. Only I have quite made up my mind. I cannot consent to be merely a plaything, merely a petted, pampered—well, if you think those words ugly—merely a woman of leisure!

MRS. V. I.: Yes, yes, dear! I understand. (*Telephone rings.*) Excuse me for a second, Isabel. Yes. This is she. I can't hear. Oh, the Women's Animal League! Who did you say had backed down? Oh, sick! Can't speak this morning? Mercy, Miss Walker, I couldn't, on such short notice. Oh! He won't be there until eleven-thirty, and you've got to have some one to hold the audience until he comes? But I—— Yes, of course I remember my horse, Kildare. Really? Do you think that would do? Well, then I'll come and tell them animal stories about Kil-

dare and the rest of our old stable until he comes. Isabel, darling, will you hand me that pad there on the bureau? What was I going to do at eleven o'clock this morning? Oh, thank Heaven, it was nothing very important! A shampoo. I must telephone Griggs Sisters and break my appointment for eleven. I've got to talk at the Women's Animal League until the real speaker of the morning arrives. But—let's go on with you, dear. Just a minute, though—I must telephone the Griggses. (*She does so.*)

ISABEL: Of course, if I had a distinct talent, it would be easy. But even if I can't paint or sculpt or write immortals, there must be some thing I could do to be economically independent and not a p——

MRS. V. I.: Yes, yes, dear! Not a parasite!

ISABEL: I shouldn't care for trained nursing. Or to be a doctor. I hate sickness. Mother, why can't I study law? I have a clear mind—that isn't vanity. There are lawyers in the family on both sides. There's going to be lots of law work for women, with women going into everything so. I think I should like to be a lawyer.

MRS. V. I.: Of course, you will have to talk with your father, Isabel.

ISABEL: Oh, every one knows that dad will do just as you say. He's simply dotty about you. Not that I blame him, you know!

MRS. V. I.: Thank you!

ISABEL: You won't oppose it, will you, mother?

MRS. V. I.: Not if you remain of the same mind for six months.

ISABEL: Well, there's one thing certain, mother. Whatever you and dad say, I have quite made up my mind. I am not going to be one of the idle women of society! I'm going to earn my keep!

MRS. V. I.: Well, my dear, I admit I think you will find it more restful

than merely playing for it! Like the rest of us. (*Telephone rings.*) Yes, yes? Oh, is that you, Alfred? The car is in order again? Very well. Yes, please have it here at a quarter of ten. I want to go to the municipal market first, Isabel. Can you come with me? It's rather interesting, and a good deal cheaper than the neighborhood shops. That's nice, I'm glad you can. I must go down and see what is needed. You're lunching with Rosalie Robbins, aren't you? Alfred can leave you there after he has left me at the Women's Animal League. No, I'm not lunching at home. I'm lunching with my Tuesday French class. Oh, I don't know why I keep it up. I always liked French, you know, and perhaps some time again there will be a France to go to. Then the French Luncheon Club is a little club of old friends. It's a chance to keep the old friendship bright and—

ISABEL (*firmly*): Friendship may be very good, but it is a time-consuming luxury, after all!

MRS. V. I.: That's where you are wrong, dear. It's a basic necessity. However, I shan't force any dictums on you. Everything we learn, we have to learn ourselves. Come along down, and let's hear what Bridget wants from market.

*They descend.* MRS. VAN IDERSTINE makes out the market list. She telephones for the plumber, on the insistence of the laundress, who declares the laundry tubs to be "clogged up something awful." She receives a long-distance message from her summer place on Long Island, where the caretaker reports leaks in the roof following the snowstorm of last Saturday. She long-distances the Long Island builder, and sends him out to the summer place to see what he can do. She and ISABEL go to market. She goes to the Women's Animal League and tells stories about an old-fashioned stable

and an old-fashioned kennel until the real speaker of the occasion arrives. She walks to the luncheon club. She leaves that to preside at the Tuesday Club's meeting, and explains to the group there assembled how the important work of the president, now a member of the working girls' commission, has prevented her attendance.

The car comes for her at the close of this meeting, and she goes home and has tea with all her children except ISABEL, who is teeing elsewhere. The house is invaded by the representative of the Evening Torpedo, who declares that, in spite of the morning's telephoned refusal, she must have MRS. VAN IDERSTINE's views on Mrs. Van Rensselaer Knickerbocker's book: "*The Home, a Vanishing Institution.*" MRS. VAN IDERSTINE again says that she has not read the book. The reporter produces it, and endeavors to force her to read certain marked passages. She refuses. The children stare, open-eyed, over the rims of their milk mugs. The representative of the Evening Torpedo says that she has a photographer and a flash-light apparatus in the hall, and that a picture of MRS. VAN IDERSTINE with her children, and just one sentence on the Home, will make a beautiful feature! MRS. VAN IDERSTINE's patience snaps. She says something sharp, and knows that she has made an enemy for life, as the Evening Torpedo makes its haughty exit from her premises.

She dines with her sister-in-law, Anne, of the excessive *avoirdupois*, who finds opportunity to tell her that she is looking tired, and that she, Anne, can see no reason for it. You, with a car and a houseful of servants! says Anne enviously; and adds: By the way, Belle, can you lend me the car for noon tomorrow? I want to meet Ned's mother at the twelve-o'clock train—she's afraid of taxis. All their drivers are so reckless. MRS. VAN IDERSTINE, of course,



*She endeavors to force her to read certain marked passages.*

agrees. That is what one keeps a motor for.

*She goes to the house where ISABEL is dining and dancing, and succeeds in bringing her home at midnight. ISABEL comes into her mother's room on her way upstairs.*

ISABEL: Mother darling, I have something to tell you!

MRS. V. I. (*absently and a little wearily*): Yes, darling?

ISABEL: Oh, mother, can't you guess? (MRS. VAN IDERSTINE *wakes up, as it were.*)

MRS. V. I.: Isabel! My dear little girl! When did it happen?

ISABEL: To-night. At the dance. Mother, he is coming to see you tomorrow, since dad is away. Oh, mother, don't you think dad will like him?

MRS. V. I.: Your father likes Paul already, my dear—

ISABEL: Paul! Oh, mother! How can you? There wasn't anything serious in that! It's— Why, surely I don't have to tell you!

MRS. V. I.: Not young Lansing, Isabel?

ISABEL: But of course!

MRS. V. I.: He's delightful, my dear. But—an engineer—so uncertain. Why, he's just come from Alaska, hasn't he?

ISABEL: Yes, and he's going back just as soon as we are married. Oh, mother, how patient you were with my nonsense this morning! I don't know why I felt so down on all the whole system. I didn't see him last night; perhaps that was why it all seemed so silly and meaningless to me—our way of life. But I don't mind now about being supported by some man's labor, without making any adequate return.

(The telephone rings. MRS. VANDERSTINE walks toward it.)

MRS. V. I.: Don't worry. You'll make an adequate return, my dear. Hello! Hello! The *Morning Monitor*? No, I have nothing whatever to say

for your symposium on "What the Idle Women of Society Owe Their Working Sisters!" (*She rings off with some abruptness and faces her dreamily smiling daughter. She smiles a little herself, in mockery and sympathy.*) Isabel, always remember this—the only woman whose leisure is respected, and who therefore has any leisure, is the working woman. The woman of leisure (*with a frown, she studies her calendar for the next day*) is the slave of her circle. Economic independence is all very well, I dare say; but why I am so tired of being a parasite is because it's such ceaseless and unremunerative work. Jobs for women!



### A September Memory

SOMETHING clutched at my heart to-day  
When I felt the mellow September sun  
Fondle my head in the tender way  
That it has when the summer's done;

And the scorch is out of the midmorn's heat;  
While the spell of the perfect afternoon  
Is a thing to cradle you, fold you sweet,  
Till the dark comes, all too soon.

The pang I felt—for it was a pang—  
Was a homesick longing once more to be  
On the sun-browned links; that the sky might hang  
Its old blue flag for me.

I was the veriest dullard there—  
My ball might hide in the fairies' rings—  
Yet with you near by, and your sun-warmed hair,  
Balls were but trivial things!

Browning grass and a soft blue haze  
And a ghost of a moon that would hold no rain,  
Yourself the heart of those dreamy days  
That never can rise again!

ROSAMUND BROWN.



# Foods in Relation to Health and Beauty

By Doctor Lillian Whitney

Dr. Whitney is always glad to answer all reasonable questions relating to beauty and health, but she cannot undertake to answer letters which fail to inclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for reply, or to letters inclosing Canadian stamps. Every week she receives many letters of this sort, in spite of the notice always printed at the end of this department. Sometimes even, the post office sends notification that letters are being held for her, which careless writers have posted with no stamp. If you have failed to receive a reply to your letter, you may know that it is for one of these three reasons.—EDITORS.

MAN does not die; he kills himself," said Seneca, the old Roman senator. Even in his day the truth was apparent to a few that most of the ills of mankind can be laid at the door of overindulgence in the delights of the table. "One-fourth of all a man eats sustains him; the balance he retains at his risk," is a twentieth-century way of putting it. So much has been written around the subject in recent years that every one is now willing to admit that we live immoderately. One authority, it is true, declares that it is not so much *what* we eat as *how* we eat that does the mischief; but the character of our food must and always will be the foundation of our very being, for poor foodstuffs, no matter how well prepared or how carefully consumed, cannot give to the body the nourishment it requires for the support of health.

Food, after being digested, is converted into blood, and in this way is carried to all parts of the body. Many people entertain the odd belief that nutrition takes place in the intestinal tract; in one sense, it does, but not quite as they think. Here the fare is elabo-

rated, the digestive organs being nature's chemical laboratory. After going through marvelous processes—some of the secrets of which we have, in recent years, succeeded in fathoming, while others are so profound that we probably never will understand them—the digestible and nutritional part of the fare is emulsified, and conveyed, through a rather tortuous route, to the heart, the undigested and indigestible portions remaining in the intestinal tract. It will thus be seen that all foodstuffs must be emulsified and converted into blood before they can nourish us; and it becomes plain that *quality* is more important than quantity.

*How* we eat is of almost equal consequence. A meal may consist of the choicest viands, but, if hastily swallowed, or "bolted," it will prove too much for the digestive organs to emulsify, instead of being converted into blood and so nourishing the body. Intestinal troubles of all kinds are set up by the presence of large masses of undigested food. In this way impoverishment of the blood occurs, even in well-fed people. The part that pre-digested foods take in building up those

who are weak or convalescent at once becomes apparent.

To-day, we are extremely interested in food values, and what it is best to eat, and why; and because of our growing knowledge of these matters, we are preaching common sense in eating and the simplification of diet, and in our zeal we may overstep the mark. A few years ago, fashionable dinners were reduced from a dozen courses to five, and now some one is advocating a dinner consisting of two dishes! A century ago every one who could overfed, and paid the penalty in horrid skin troubles and all sorts of painful "humors." To-day, we must guard against a tendency to *underfeed*. A notable British authority calls it "parsimony in nutrition." There is danger in certain fads and cults, such as a prolonged fruit diet, or in pure vegetarianism, because a state of semistarvation is induced that can offer no resistance to the invasion of disease.

Scientists believe that nature did not intend man to live on fruits and vegetables alone, any more than on meat alone. We are not constructed like either carnivorous or herbivorous animals, and although we may have descended originally from monkeys, there is no evidence that we have changed for the last twenty thousand years; and during all of that time mankind has subsisted on pretty much the same kind and variety of food as that in use to-day. It has differed only in the mode of its preparation and in sundry details that have no bearing on the immediate subject.

The body requires for its sustenance certain organic substances, the most important of which are undoubtedly in the protein group. This consists of: (a) dairy products—butter, buttermilk, cheese, milk, eggs; (b) legumes—lentils, peas, beans, peanuts; (c) nuts—almonds, walnuts, pecans, and so forth; (d) fish, oysters; (e) meats—fowl,

fresh meat, hashed meat, smoked and salted meat.

Now a purely vegetable diet excludes all of these except legumes. These vegetables—peas, beans, peanuts, and lentils—are rich in protein, but if they alone are to supply the body with sufficient nourishment, a large amount of them must be consumed; so much, indeed, that the digestive organs are overloaded and *overworked*. This "excess baggage" is a tremendous drain upon these vital organs, and they become exhausted. Investigators are agreed that the human alimentary tract suffers markedly from an exclusive vegetable diet, which gives rise to rheumatism and allied troubles, because one of the products of the legume group is uric acid, and the large bulk of other vegetables necessary for proper nourishment causes "sour stomach," dyspepsia, abnormal fermentations, and exhaustion. Such a diet, too, in order to be palatable, requires too much salt, the effect of which is bad on the kidneys.

More important than all this, perhaps, is the fact that from lack of proper constituents—which a *purely* vegetable diet does not contain—the body becomes decidedly underfed, and there is great danger of infection, especially from tuberculosis; this danger is greater for those whose constitutions are not of the strongest, or who have inherited a tendency to tuberculosis, chronic alcoholism, or the like.

Of surpassing interest, too, is the statement of an eminent scientist that the ductless glands suffer from an exclusively vegetable diet; their activity is interfered with, the secretions they furnish the body are weakened, and so they are foiled in playing that active rôle as rejuvenators and as bacterial destroyers which is their mysterious function. We can understand from this why those brought up in poverty <sup>are, so</sup> rapidly, and why children who from birth never receive proper nourishment look like

little old men. It also explains the peculiar and unsightly premature decrepitude of "cretins," and the magical change that occurs in them when fed on thyroid and other animal products. The human organism is exquisitely sensitive to certain substances; the suprenal glands, for instance, secrete an active constituent that is present in the blood in one part to one hundred million, but is essential to life!

When dairy foods are added to vegetables, an ideal dietary is formed, so far as health and beauty are concerned. Physicians have often observed that patients who are put on an exclusively milk diet for a time soon begin to look younger and fresher. It is also a well-established fact

that elderly persons who drink daily a goodly quantity of raw milk possess a freshness of countenance that belies their age. One reason for this is that thyroid secretions are contained in milk. In infants and little breast-fed animals, the thyroid gland is not developed, but they secure the necessary amount of iodine from the maternal milk. In old people, the glands are no longer active, and it has been found that a goodly

quantity of raw milk daily acts magically as a substitute.

Besides thyroid secretions, milk in a raw state contains many valuable and highly nourishing substances which are destroyed by boiling. This accounts for the failure of boiled milk to nourish infants. Milk should never be

heated over one hundred and forty degrees Fahrenheit, and should then be immediately cooled; otherwise, the ferments it contains are rendered inert.

Milk that has turned, or in which acid fermentation has been artificially induced, is, if anything, more desirable than fresh milk. Many who do not like fresh milk rather favor the taste when it is fermented. Milk sugar and lactic acid are powerful anti-

septics—perhaps the best natural antiseptics we know—and it is this fact that has led scientists to preach so much on the value of the daily consumption of at least a pint of soured milk. An Englishman who has made a deep study of these matters advocates buttermilk, or skimmed milk, both of which are free from fat. Buttermilk is an ideal liquid for so many reasons—containing as it does the proper amount of acidity



Preparing a "beauty" salad.



Buttermilk possesses many advantages as a health and beauty food.

to make it extremely palatable as a drink, while externally, as a wash, it possesses a marvelously rejuvenating and freshening effect upon the skin—that we wonder why we persist in closing our eyes and ears to the many virtues of this extraordinary food.

Cow's milk is the cheapest and most abundant, but it is not the richest in those elements that the body requires. Ass' milk heads the list. A noble English family laid its foundations by peddling ass' milk, and carries on the trade to this day. Next is goat's milk, which contains ten times as much iron as cow's milk. The best substitute for the fresh milk of goats is cheese made from this milk. Its value has never been appreciated in this country, so the demand for it is nil, and where there is no demand there is no supply. But there are certain parts of Europe, notably in southern France and in Norway, where goat's milk is utilized in this way. Cottage

cheese is, however, within the reach of every housewife; it is, as a moment's thought will show, the best part of turned milk, and therefore one of the most valuable of foods, as well as a powerful intestinal antiseptic and tonic. We could all do no better than consume a goodly quantity of cottage cheese daily. Because of its insipid taste, it requires seasoning, and is very appetizing when flavored with leek. Leek is in the list of vegetables that contain iodine. Cottage cheese, eaten with uncooked green vegetables, or with properly cooked vegetables, whole-wheat bread with golden butter, and an occasional draft of buttermilk, is a repast that has remarkable food value, and the action of which on the fluids of the body—and therefore on the skin and eyes—would delight the most fastidious.

Certain salts and mineral substances are absolutely essential for the beautiful development of the body. Lime is needed to support the bony framework and for the preservation of the teeth. The following list shows the amount of lime contained in many common articles of diet:

Cow's milk.....	1510
Strawberries .....	483
Figs .....	400
Yolk of egg.....	380
Prunes .....	160
Dates .....	108
White of egg.....	130
Potatoes .....	100
Malaga grapes.....	60
Graham bread.....	77
But beef—only.....	24

Milk, then, heads the list of youthifying foods, if one may coin a word. It is the best natural weapon we possess for keeping Father Time at bay. Most constituents of the blood are found in milk, and it is, therefore, almost like taking this life fluid itself. Blood contains all the internal secretions of the ductless glands, besides valuable ferments, and the time is prob-

ably not distant when we will regard with favor the direct administration of animal blood. We are now achieving marvelous results, and almost resurrecting the dead, by means of the transfusion of blood from one person to another. Occasionally some case of this kind is reported in the newspapers, but what scientists are accomplishing along this line would read like a modern Arabian Nights.

The present war has brought to the notice of the world the magnificent qualities of the Germans. There can be no doubt that many of their natural characteristics, which are almost awe-inspiring, can be directly traced to the nature of their foodstuffs. "The destinies of nations depend on what they eat" is truer of the Germans than of any other people. Their painstaking scientists, realizing the grave necessity for iron in the blood, and the tremendous value of this element as a food, have conducted many experiments along these lines. (The preparation so often alluded to in these pages, consisting of foodstuffs with vegetable iron, is the result of years of experimentation by a German savant.) So one of their national foods, usually tolerantly smiled at by others, is sausage, and a form of sausage called blood pudding. It is needless to go into particulars as to the tremendous iron value of such food and its effect upon the constitution. The superb men at the head of their nation, many of whom are "still young at three-score years and ten," attest to it.

If rabbits are fed exclusively on milk, which contains little iron, they become anæmic; later, if given green vegetables and other foodstuffs, the iron in their blood rapidly increases. Anæmia of various degrees is very common in women. In girls, at adolescence, it is frequently alarming, and again when they reach the fifties. Red blood corpuscles are manufactured in bone marrow. As age advances, the special or-

gans that control the entire skeletal frame degenerate, and a state of anæmia ensues. It is well known that old people are usually anæmic. But this condition can be averted in youth, as well as in old age, by a diet containing iron and by the use of blood as a food. In England, centuries ago, efforts were made to determine the effect of transfusing the blood of young animals into old ones—sheep, cows, horses. It was found that they became more active and their senses more acute. The following table contains a list of foods containing iron:

Pig's blood.....	226
Spinach .....	33 to 39
Asparagus .....	20
Yolk of egg.....	10 to 24
Beef .....	17
Cabbage—green leaves.....	17
Apples .....	13
Red cherries.....	10
Almonds .....	9.5
Lentils .....	9.5
Strawberries .....	8.6 to 9.3
Carrots .....	8.6
White beans.....	6.2 to 6.6
Blackberries .....	7.2
Peas .....	6.2 to 6.6
Potatoes .....	6.4
Huckleberries .....	5.7
Grapes .....	5.6
Wheat .....	5.5
Rye .....	4.9
Barley .....	4.5
Raspberries .....	3.9
Figs .....	3.7
Cow's milk.....	2.3
Dates .....	2.1
Pears .....	2.0
Rice—only .....	1.0 to 2.0

From this table it will be seen that many vegetables are rich in iron. All green vegetables are wholesome, but especially spinach and asparagus, not only for their iron content, but for their cleansing effect upon the intestinal tract. Carrots are, perhaps, more beneficial than any other tuber, because they contain iodine as well as iron, and should form part of each day's diet. A salad consisting of a "green," some carrot, an apple, and olive oil, embodies ele-

ments of immense health and beauty value. The acids in fruits increase the blood's alkalinity, thus warding off many physical ills, keeping the system beautifully young and the complexion clear. Grapefruit, oranges, lemons, apples, and grapes are recommended in medicine for their salubrious effect.

Are Americans a nation of meat eaters? Yes. Until recent years, when the danger of a large daily meat consumption was hammered into the public, it formed part of each meal, even breakfast—an unheard-of extravagance abroad. Now many eschew the use of meat entirely. Is it advisable? It depends on age, habits, and environment. Meat is more completely digested by the intestinal juices, and leaves less residue, than any food. For this reason, coarse vegetables that form some mass to stimulate the activity of the alimentary tract should always be eaten with it. Excessive meat eaters are not healthy. The thyroid and other ductless glands become affected by an exclusive meat diet. Such vital organs as the liver, the kidneys, and the pancreas suffer; especially the liver, on which much more work is thrown, as it has to destroy the products formed by meat decomposition. The extremely delicate lining of the tubules in the kidneys is altered. In fact, all of these organs are overworked, and in many cases actually destroyed, by the consumption of rich meats. A New York authority on skin troubles condemns the use of meat. He contends that malignant tumors are on the increase in civilized communities through overindulgence in animal food. Little children and infirm old people should eat no meat. White meat and fresh fish, in moderation, should not prove harmful to a healthy digestion. Meat increases weight, so it is frequently an essential article of diet.

We hear a good deal now about the slight amount of nutrition left in refined white flour. The mineral salts contained in the bran are eliminated, and only the starchy constituents remain. We get these same mineral salts in other foods, but where a simplified diet is sought, whole wheat is more desirable. A special wheat, grown along the Mediterranean and in southern Russia, is used for macaroni and Italian pastes. It is like meat and bread together, and contains eleven to twelve and one-half per cent of protein to eight to ten per cent in ordinary flour.

The Romans, more than any other people, knew and appreciated the value of oil. It is one of the oldest and best foods we have. Women should be particularly interested in olive oil. A noted English beauty, still youthful and attractive at sixty, attributes her charms to the daily internal and external use of oil. It keeps the joints supple, the skin fine and soft, and is a sedative to the nervous system.

Fresh water, preferably hard, because of the lime it contains, should accompany each meal. The water in which vegetables are cooked is usually thrown away. Savages use it for medicinal purposes, and are free from many of the ills that torment us. As a matter of fact, vegetables should be steamed, to retain their valuable minerals.

The skin specialist referred to above unqualifiedly condemns the use of coffee. We consume one-third of the total coffee output of the world, or more than Germany, Austria-Hungary, France, and the United Kingdom, combined! Both tea and coffee interfere with salivary and gastric digestion, although a small quantity of coffee, with heated milk, as a breakfast drink, can do no harm.

Doctor Whitney will be glad to answer, free of charge, all reasonable questions relating to beauty and health. Private replies will be sent to those inclosing a self-addressed, stamped envelope. Do not send Canadian stamps or coins. Address: Beauty Department, SMITH'S MAGAZINE, 79 Seventh Avenue. New York.





## Strolling and Rolling with Riz La Croix

Your cigarettes will always be pleasant company if you roll them in Riz La Croix "papers"—famous the world over for superior *quality* that insures entire satisfaction in every requirement.

# RIZ LA

(Pronounced: REE-LAH-KROY)

FAMOUS CIGARETTE PAPERS

Roll easily, shape up perfectly, hold shape and don't burst—because they combine lightness and thinness with great textile strength.

Absolutely tasteless—no "paper-taste" in the smoke—because their combustion is complete. Naturally adhesive—don't unroll in smoking—because made of best flax-linen, a pure vegetable product.



**FREE**

Two interesting, illustrated Booklets—one about RIZ LA CROIX Cigarette Papers, the other showing how to "Roll Your Own" cigarettes—sent anywhere in U. S. on request. Address The American Tobacco Company, Room 1319, 484 Broome Street, N. Y.

ments of immense health and beauty value. The acids in fruits increase the blood's alkalinity, thus warding off many physical ills, keeping the system beautifully young and the complexion clear. Grapefruit, oranges, lemons, apples, and grapes are recommended in medicine for their salubrious effect.

Are Americans a nation of meat eaters? Yes. Until recent years, when the danger of a large daily meat consumption was hammered into the public, it formed part of each meal, even breakfast—an unheard-of extravagance abroad. Now many eschew the use of meat entirely. Is it advisable? It depends on age, habits, and environment. Meat is more completely digested by the intestinal juices, and leaves less residue, than any food. For this reason, coarse vegetables that form some mass to stimulate the activity of the alimentary tract should always be eaten with it. Excessive meat eaters are not healthy. The thyroid and other ductless glands become affected by an exclusive meat diet. Such vital organs as the liver, the kidneys, and the pancreas suffer; especially the liver, on which much more work is thrown, as it has to destroy the products formed by meat decomposition. The extremely delicate lining of the tubules in the kidneys is altered. In fact, all of these organs are overworked, and in many cases actually destroyed, by the consumption of rich meats. A New York authority on skin troubles condemns the use of meat. He contends that malignant tumors are on the increase in civilized communities through overindulgence in animal food. Little children and infirm old people should eat no meat. White meat and fresh fish, in moderation, should not prove harmful to a healthy digestion. Meat increases weight, so it is frequently an essential article of diet.

We hear a good deal now about the slight amount of nutrition left in refined white flour. The mineral salts contained in the bran are eliminated, and only the starchy constituents remain. We get these same mineral salts in other foods, but where a simplified diet is sought, whole wheat is more desirable. A special wheat, grown along the Mediterranean and in southern Russia, is used for macaroni and Italian pastes. It is like meat and bread together, and contains eleven to twelve and one-half per cent of protein to eight to ten per cent in ordinary flour.

The Romans, more than any other people, knew and appreciated the value of oil. It is one of the oldest and best foods we have. Women should be particularly interested in olive oil. A noted English beauty, still youthful and attractive at sixty, attributes her charms to the daily internal and external use of oil. It keeps the joints supple, the skin fine and soft, and is a sedative to the nervous system.

Fresh water, preferably hard, because of the lime it contains, should accompany each meal. The water in which vegetables are cooked is usually thrown away. Savages use it for medicinal purposes, and are free from many of the ills that torment us. As a matter of fact, vegetables should be steamed, to retain their valuable minerals.

The skin specialist referred to above unqualifiedly condemns the use of coffee. We consume one-third of the total coffee output of the world, or more than Germany, Austria-Hungary, France, and the United Kingdom, combined! Both tea and coffee interfere with salivary and gastric digestion, although a small quantity of coffee, with heated milk, as a breakfast drink, can do no harm.

Doctor Whitney will be glad to answer, free of charge, all reasonable questions relating to beauty and health. Private replies will be sent to those inclosing a self-addressed, stamped envelope. Do not send Canadian stamps or coins. Address: Beauty Department, SMITH'S MAGAZINE, 79 Seventh Avenue. New York.



## Strolling and Rolling with Riz La Croix

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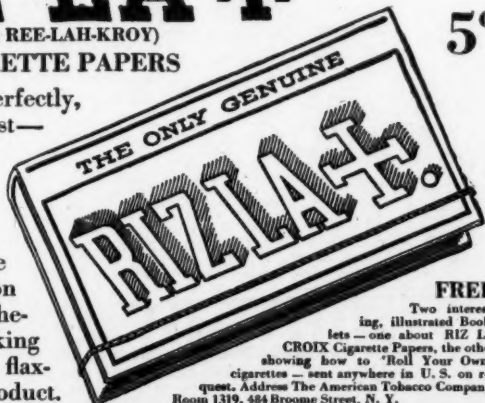
# RIZ LA

(Pronounced: REE-LAH-KROY)

FAMOUS CIGARETTE PAPERS

Roll easily, shape up perfectly, hold shape and don't burst—because they combine lightness and thinness with great textile strength.

Absolutely tasteless—no "paper-taste" in the smoke—because their combustion is complete. Naturally adhesive—don't unroll in smoking—because made of best flax-linen, a pure vegetable product.



**FREE**

Two interesting, illustrated Booklets—one about RIZ LA CROIX Cigarette Papers, the other showing how to "Roll Your Own" cigarettes—sent anywhere in U. S. on request. Address The American Tobacco Company, Room 1319, 484 Broome Street, N. Y.

## You Can Weigh Exactly What You Should

You can—I know it, because I have reduced 32,000 women and have built up as many more—scientifically, naturally, without drugs, in the privacy of their own rooms; I can build up your vitality—at the same time I strengthen your heart action; can teach you to breathe, to stand, to walk and to correct such ailments as nervousness, torpid liver, constipation, indigestion, etc.

One pupil writes: "I weigh 83 lbs. less and I have gained wonderfully in strength." Another says: "Last May I weighed 100 lbs., this May I weigh 126, and oh I feel so well."

Write today for my free booklet

**SUSANNA COCROFT**

Dept. 31, 624 So. Michigan Boulevard, Chicago  
Author of "Beauty a Duty," for sale at all bookstores



YOU CAN MAKE CIGARETTES LIKE THESE

A Practical Novelty for Cigarette Smokers

**TURKO CIGARETTE ROLLER**

Sent postpaid for 25 cts. Address,

Turko Roller Co., Box 38, Station H, New York City

## DON'T STAY FAT



To prove that ADIPO, a pleasant, harmless, home treatment for Obesity, will reduce over-fatness from any part of the body, we will **50c. BOX FREE** to any one who is too fat. Adipo requires no exercising or dieting, nor does it interfere with your usual habits. Rheumatism, Asthma, Kidney and Heart troubles, that so often come with Obesity, improve as you reduce. Allow us to prove it at our expense. Write to-day for the **FREE 50c. BOX**

and illustrated book and enclose 10c. to help pay distribution expenses. Write ADIPO CO., 2248 Ashland Bldg., N. Y. City

## YOUR NEWSDEALER

maintains his store at considerable expense. He must pay for help, rent and lighting. He carries many articles that you would never dream of ordering direct from manufacturers, and is, therefore, of great service when you need a newspaper, a cigar or a box of stationery. Then why not give him all of your custom and so help make his business profitable?

Tell him to show you samples of AINSLEE'S, POPULAR, SMITH'S, PEOPLE'S, NEW STORY and TOP-NOTCH magazines. Select those you want and he will gladly deliver them to your residence regularly.

Then, when you want something good to read, you will not have to search for it.

**STREET & SMITH, Publishers, New York**



## THE NEW LUCK CHARM

Alaska Indian Totem Pole in STERLING SILVER—Scarf Pin, Brooch or Tie Clasp. Exact size illustrated. Drives away the blues. Yours for 25c, stamps or silver, with history card. **SENT POSTPAID.**

YE OLDE CURIOSITY SHOP, 813 Railroad Ave., Seattle, Wash.

## POCKET EDITIONS

USEFUL SUBJECTS 10c. EACH

Sheldon's Letter Writer; Shirley's Lover's Guide; Woman's Secrets, or How to Be Beautiful; Guide to Etiquette; Physical Health Culture; Frank Merriwell's Book of Physical Development; National Dream Book; Zingara Fortune Teller; The Art of Boxing and Self-defense; The Key to Hypnotism; U. S. Army Physical Exercises.

Street & Smith, Publishers, 79-99 Seventh Ave., New York



## DIAMONDS ON CREDIT

BEAUTIFUL DIAMONDS SENT ON APPROVAL—NO MONEY DOWN

ORDER any diamond from our catalog; we will send it, all charges paid. After you have made a thorough examination and are satisfied as to the quality and value pay 10% of the price and only 10% per month thereafter. If not satisfactory, return it at our expense. Don't pay a cent until you are satisfied. Certificate furnished guaranteeing the quality of every diamond. Exchangeable any time for any other article at an annual increase in value of 15%. Send for our catalog De Luxe No. 18. ITS FREE.

L. W. SWEET & CO., 2 & 4 MAIDEN LANE, NEW YORK CITY



Please mention this magazine when answering advertisements.

# Developing Bust

A few years ago a maid or matron who was flat-chested thought she must remain so, but now all is changed and newspapers and periodicals are recommending Willard White Co.'s Vaucaire Tablets to build up the bust and fill out what the French describe as "Salt Cellars," those little hollows at the base of the neck near the shoulders. The basis of this tonic is imported Galega, an herb that acts immediately on the mammary glands, stimulating and building them up. It is put up in little tablets by the Willard White Co., and certainly in this form it fills a long-felt want. This article has accomplished wonderful results in a number of cases known to the writer.—Ida McGlone Gibson, Editor "The Woman Beautiful."



TRIXIE FRIGANZA

Miss Friganza, one of the most noted stars of the American stage, joins the thousands of other women of note, including Mme. De La Vie and other high authorities on health and beauty, in recommending Willard White Co.'s Vaucaire Galega Tablets and the famous "Melorose" Toilet Articles.

White's Vaucaire Galega Tablets contain the genuine imported Galega. They round out shrunken, shallow parts, develop and make the bust firm. If you are undeveloped, THIN, careworn, nervous or run-down, take a box of these tablets and note their wonderful effects. \$1 box (three weeks' treatment). Six boxes \$5. Sent by mail prepaid.

**CAUTION**—Imitations and worthless nostrums are being offered. Get only the original, genuine, distributed by Willard White Co., Chicago. Beware of substitutes. Look for U. S. registered trade-mark on each box.

**FREE**—Send 2c stamp for sample of Melorose Cream, Melorose Face Powder, also booklet.

**MELOROSE** CREAM POWDER ROUGE Per Box **50c**

*Most Perfect Toilet Dainties in the World*

**Willard White Co., Chicago, Ill.**

323 W. Madison Street



## What are you kicking about?

—You men who think you're underpaid

The men who get big pay are those who are **trained** to earn it. Your pay is small because you have no special training—and **you only are to blame.**

You can **learn** to **earn** more. No matter what your job, where you live or how old you are, if you can read and write, the International Correspondence Schools can train you for a **better position and bigger pay.**

If you want to get out of the ranks of the "hard-ups" and be somebody, prove your ambition by marking and mailing the coupon on this page today. Thousands of others **just like you** who have used this coupon are now occupying positions of power and high pay. You can join them. **Grin your teeth, say "I will" and mail the coupon NOW.**

### INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

Box 899 SCRANTON, PA.

Explain, without further obligation on my part, how I can qualify for the position before which I mark X

Salesmanship	Civil Service
Electrical Engineer	Railway Mail Clerk
Elec. Lighting Supt.	Bookkeeping
Electric Car Running	Stenography & Typewriting
Electric Wireman	Window Trimming
Telephone Expert	Show Card Writing
Architect	Lettering & Sign Painting
Building Contractor	Advertising
Architectural Draftsman	Commercial Illustrating
Structural Engineer	Industrial Designing
Concrete Contractor	Commercial Law
Mechan. Engineer	Automobile Running
Mechanical Draftsman	Teacher
Refrigeration Engineer	English Branches
Civil Engineer	Good English for Every One
Surveyor	Agriculture
Mine Superintendent	Poultry Farming
Metal Mining	Plumbing & Steam Fitting
Railway Accounting	Sheet Metal Worker
Stationary Engineer	Navigation
Textile Manufacturing	Languages—
Gas Engines	Chemist
	French
	German

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Present Occupation \_\_\_\_\_

Street and No. \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

Please mention this magazine when answering advertisements.



## Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen



*You know this trade-mark through National Periodical Advertising*

**T**HE ultimate value of a trade-mark, and of the advertising of a trade-mark, depend absolutely upon the merit of the goods which bear the trade-mark. Therefore you may depend upon it that when a manufacturer brands his goods, thereby identifying them, and then advertises their identity, he is going to put merit into them. He knows that if he doesn't, his first sales will be his last. The consumer may buy the first time on advertising, but he buys the next time on satisfaction or not at all.

The trade-mark makes it as easy to avoid the unsatisfactory as to repurchase the satisfactory. Therefore the presumption of excellence is always in favor of the trade-marked, nationally advertised goods as against the unbranded article of uncertain origin.

The trade-mark of the known, established manufacturer is for your protection as well as his. In fact it is only because the trade-mark protects you that it is profitable to him.

Trade-marks and national advertising are the two greatest public servants in business today. Their whole tendency is to raise qualities and standardize them, while reducing prices and stabilizing them.

## SMITH'S MAGAZINE

MEMBER OF THE QUOIN CLUB

THE NATIONAL PERIODICAL ASSOCIATION



**DIRECT  
FROM THE  
IMPORTER  
TO YOU**

**GENUINE  
PERFECT CUT**

**DIAMONDS \$97.<sup>50</sup> Per Carat**

And this is positively the lowest price at which GENUINE PERFECT-CUT DIAMONDS can be purchased.

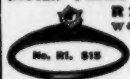
**HERE'S THE REASON:** We import direct from the diamond cutters of Europe and sell direct to you! We wipe out middlemen's heavy profits—save you all their expenses. Our tremendous sales justify smallest profits and enable us to save you at least 35% on every diamond—this makes your only opportunity to buy your diamonds at less than jewelers buy at wholesale! A comparison proves our \$97.50 per carat diamonds to be full \$150.00 per carat retail value.

**SPECIAL**

Either one of these Diamond Rings only

**\$15.00**

(Retail Value \$30.00)



**R.1. Diamond**  
weighs  $\frac{1}{4}$  less  
1 carat.

Mounting is 14K solid gold lady's Tiffany style.



**R.2. Diamond**  
weighs  $\frac{1}{4}$  less 1 carat.  
Mounting is 14K solid gold man's 6 prong tooth.

Let us send you one of these splendid values.

**Send No Money—We Ship For Your Free Examination**

Just select any diamond and mounting from our catalogues, or either ring illustrated above. We ship entirely at our expense—allow full inspection—invite comparison without costing you a cent. No references required and you assume no obligations. If you don't say the diamond we send you is the greatest value you have ever seen simply return it at our expense.

**L. BASCH & CO.**

Dept. K-2440  
State and Quincy Sts.

**CHICAGO, U. S. A.**

**LEGAL MONEY BACK CONTRACT**

A written legal contract to refund in cash full price less 10% should you for any reason wish to return your diamond within one year. Also allows full price in exchange at any time. Contains written statement of exact carat weight and value of the diamond. No protection equal to this in the whole diamond business. "See that your diamond is Basch guaranteed."

**Basch Diamond Book De Luxe FREE**

Send for your copy of this beautiful book NOW! It is complete, valuable and authoritative. Gives you expert facts needed to buy intelligently and safely. Useful guide to select gifts for all occasions. Thousands of illustrations of diamonds, watches, platinum and gold jewelry, silverware, cut glass, etc.—all priced to you at remarkably low figures. See our catalogue before making your purchase—you cannot afford to buy your diamond or jewelry without it. Mail coupon, or write us a letter or post-card for your free copy NOW!

**FREE DIAMOND Book COUPON**

Please mail me free, without it obligating me me, Basch De Luxe Diamond Book.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

**L. BASCH & CO., Dept. K-2440**

State and Quincy Sts. **CHICAGO, U. S. A.**

# CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING

## Agents & Help Wanted

I MADE \$50,000 in five years with a small mail order business; began with \$5. Send for free booklet. Tells how. Heacock, Box 718, Lockport, New York.

MEN OF IDEAS and inventive ability. New list of "Needed Inventions." "Patent Bureaus," and "How to Get Your Patent and Your Money." Randolph & Co., Dept. 162, Wash., D.C.

\$50 weekly, evenings at home. No experience, no canvassing. Everything furnished, don't worry about capital. Start at once. Boyd H. Brown, Dept. M 6, Omaha, Neb.

MEN AND WOMEN earn up to \$300.00 yearly distributing Guaranteed Hosiery from mill to wearer. All or part time. Repeat orders insure permanent increasing business. No capital or experience needed. K. Parker Mills, 2733 No. 12th St., Phila. Pa.

Free Illustrated Book tells of about 300,000 protected positions in U. S. service. Thousands of vacancies every year. There is a big chance here for you, sure and generous pay, lifetime employment. Just ask for booklet 8-23. No obligation. Earl Hopkins, Washington, D. C.

GOVERNMENT positions pay big money. Get prepared for "examinations" by former U. S. Civil Service Examiner. Free booklet. Patterson Civil Service School, Box Y, Pochester, N. Y.

## Agents and Help Wanted—Continued.

WE will pay you \$75 per month to travel, collect names, advertise and distribute samples. Expenses advanced. Write today. Rider, Co., Dept. 119, Coshocton, O.

AGENTS—Snappest household lines on earth. Red hot sellers, steady repeaters—100% profit. 250 light weight, fast selling, popular priced necessities. Agent's outfit free. Get busy—Quick! Write to-day—postal will do. American Products Co., 3021 American Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

OUTFIT FREE TO AGENTS. Best selling Handkerchiefs, Dress Goods and Fancy Goods on the market. Quick sellers, big profits. Deal direct with a large manufacturer. Send stamp for particulars. Freepost Mfg. Co., 30 Main St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

## Motion Picture Plays

WRITE Moving Picture Plays: \$50 each; all or spare time; correspondence course unnecessary; details free. Atlas Pub. Co., 310 Atlas Bldg., Cin., O.

WE ACCEPT Mss. in any form; criticize free; sell on commission. Big prices paid. Details free. Story Rev. Co., 11 Main, Smithport, Pa.

FREE—Our instruction book "How to Write Photoplays." \$10 to \$100 each paid. Your ideas are wanted. Enter prize Publishing Co., 3348-Y Lowe Ave., Chicago.

## Patents and Lawyers

IDEAS WANTED—Manufacturers are writing for patents procured through me. 3 books with list 200 inventions wanted sent free. Advice free. I get patent or no fee. R. B. Owen, 39 Owen Bldg., Washington, D. C.

PATENTS, TRADE-MARKS. Send for my free book "How To Get Them." It's full of information you should know. Joshua R. H. Potts, 8 S. Dearborn St., Chicago, 929 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, 805 G. St., Washington.

PATENTS SECURED OR FEE returned. Send sketch for free report as to patentability. Guide Book What to Invent, with valuable List of Inventions Wanted, sent free. One Million Dollars offered for one invention. Patents secured by us advertised free in World's Progress, sample free. Victor J. Evans & Co., 767 Ninth Street, Washington, D. C.

PATENTS, Trade-Marks and Copyrights. Our handbook on patents will be sent free on request. All patents secured through us are described without cost to the patentee in the Scientific American. Munn & Co., Patent Attorneys, 682 Woolworth Bldg., N.Y. Washington, D. C. Office 625 F St.

## Music and Song Poems

SONG poems wanted for publication. Past experience unnecessary. Our proposition positively unequalled. Send us your song poems or melodies today or write for instructive booklet—its free. Marks-Goldsmith Co., Dept. 15, Washington, D. C.

# PICTURE-PLAY WEEKLY

PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED

The Superior Magazine Dealing  
with Motion Pictures

## Has Something for Everyone

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IF YOU LIKE

Good Fiction Stories  
The Best Picture Plays  
Special Articles on Motion Pictures  
Interesting Notes About the Players  
Or Anything Else to do with Photo Plays

## GET PICTURE-PLAY WEEKLY

An Article by a Popular Player Every Week

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At a Price Within the Reach of All

## FIVE CENTS A COPY EVERYWHERE

# Crippled Children

This boy was born with Club Feet. When three years old his father brought him to this Sanitarium and his feet were permanently straightened, as is shown in the picture.

In 1867 the boy developed Pott's Disease, which, as is generally known, is a progressive, destructive disease of the spinal bones, usually tubercular, always deforming and frequently causing paralysis. He was then barely able to walk. Because of his father's experience with us in the treatment of his feet he brought the boy here for the treatment of Pott's Disease and today he is a strong, well, happy boy. Look at the photograph; read his father's letter, dated Dec. 30th, 1914.

"Lord is now the picture of health. Am thankful that I knew of the McLain Sanitarium for it surely saved our boy's life. We will be pleased to answer any inquiries in regard to the treatment. You may publish this if you wish, as I cannot say enough in favor of the McLain Sanitarium. - J. J. Dower, Spirit Lake, Iowa."

Write to Mr. Dowd and ask any questions. He will answer.

For thirty years this Institution has successfully treated

## DEFORMITIES

including all Spinal Troubles, Hip Disease, Infantile Paralysis, Club Feet, Bow Legs, Knock Knees, Wry Neck, etc., especially as found in children and young adults. Write for our book, "Deformities and Paralysis," also book containing testimonials from practically every state. Both free.



**THE MCLAIN ORTHOPEDIC SANITARIUM,**  
954 Aubert Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

THE BOYS' MAGAZINE

AUGUST 1915  
THIS EDITION 115,000

## The Boys' Magazine—FREE!

Send to-day for a FREE sample copy of THE BOYS' MAGAZINE, the finest boys' publication in the world. We'll send you the latest issue.

THE SCOTT F. REDFIELD CO.,  
504 Main St., Smethport, Pa.



## HOW TO MAKE LOVE

(NEW BOOK) Tells how to Get Acquainted; How to Begin Courtship; How to Court a Bashful Girl; to Woo a Widow; to win an Heiress; how to catch a Rich Bachelor; how to manage your beau to make him propose; how to make your fellow or girl love you; what to do before and after the wedding. Tells other things necessary for Lovers to know. Sample copy by mail 10 cents.

ROYAL BOOK CO., Box 25 So. Norwalk, Conn.

## Wrinkles

Thousands have successfully used this formula to remove traces of age, illness or worry: 1 oz. of pure

## Powdered SAXOLITE

dissolved in 3/4 pt. witch hazel; use as a face wash. The effect is almost magical. Deepest wrinkles, crow's feet, as well as finest lines, completely and quickly vanish. Face becomes firm, smooth, fresh, and you look years younger. No harm to tenderest skin. Get genuine Saxolite (powdered) at any drug store.



Please mention this magazine when answering advertisements.

# DIAMONDS

ON CREDIT - \$2.50  
TERMS AS LOW AS  
A MONTH

**Loftis' Loftis Bachelor Ring**  
Designed to make Diamond appear larger than it is.

**Great Reduction in Credit Terms and Prices**  
Think of it! A high grade, guaranteed, genuine diamond, perfect in cut and full of fiery brilliancy, set in solid gold or platinum mounting for only \$2.50 a month - 3 cents a day.

**The Loftis 7-Diamond Cluster Ring**  
Contains 7 Diamonds set so that the wearer has the appearance of a beautiful set. 14 diamonds that cost 3 or 4 times as much.

Send for 116-page Jewelry Catalog containing over 2000 beautiful illustrations of Diamonds, Watches, Silverware, etc. Make a selection either for yourself or as a gift for a friend or loved one. We will send the article for your examination, all charges prepaid by you. You assume no risk; you are under no obligation. You Don't Pay a Cent until you see and examine the article. If perfectly satisfied pay one-fifth of the purchase price and the balance in eight equal monthly payments. If not entirely satisfied, return at our expense. Whether you buy or not, get Our Catalog. It is an education in Diamond and Jewelry values and easy credit buying. Send for catalog today—before you forget. It is FREE.

**LOFTIS BROS. & CO., The National Credit Jewelers**  
Dept. E844, 100 to 108 N. State Street, Chicago, Illinois  
(Established 1868) Stores in: Chicago Pittsburgh St. Louis Omaha

## DON'T STAY TOO FAT

COMFORT, health and fashion demand right physical proportions. You can reduce the flesh on your entire body, or any part, by wearing one of Dr. Jeanne Walter's famous rubber garments for men and women a few hours a day.



The safe and quick way to reduce is by perspiration. Endorsed by leading physicians.

- |                              |               |
|------------------------------|---------------|
| <b>BROWN ERADICATOR</b>      | <b>\$2.00</b> |
| <b>CHIN REDUCER</b>          | <b>2.00</b>   |
| <b>NECK AND CHIN REDUCER</b> | <b>3.00</b>   |
| <b>BUST REDUCER</b>          | <b>5.00</b>   |
| <b>ABDOMINAL REDUCER</b>     | <b>6.00</b>   |

Also Union Suits, Stockings, Jackets, etc., for the purpose of reducing the flesh anywhere desired. Invaluable to those suffering from rheumatism.

Write at once for further particulars.

**DR. JEANNE A. K. WALTER**

Inventor and Patentee

353 Fifth Avenue (34th St.) New York

## The Secret of a Beautiful Complexion

Is merely to keep the blood pure.

Every woman should heed the warning of eminent physicians not to neglect complexion, eruptions, black heads, rough, yellow or muddy skin. They are nature's danger signals that show a rundown disordered condition and impending breakdown. Don't use powders or rouge—they are dangerous and dangerous, they drive the poisons into the system, causing all kinds of disorders and disfigurement. Science has proven a permanent, soft, clear complexion skin can only be attained through the blood. The only safe, sure and best known means of getting quick, permanent relief from all skin and facial eruptions and blemishes are



## Dr. James P. Campbell's Safe Arsenic Complexion Wafers

They are truly magical in their action and absolutely harmless. They quickly, surely beautify by purifying the blood, and traced to apparently trivial causes—save yourself unnecessary suffering and expense. At now 50c. or \$1.00 per box by mail in plain cover on receipt of price from

**Richard Fink Co., Dept. 54, 396 Broadway, N. Y.**  
Every druggist can get Dr. Campbell's Safe Arsenic Wafers for you from his wholesale dealer.

## Read this number of Ainslee's—

Read the stories by McNutt, Michelson, Mason, Rousseau, Wylie, Terhune, and all the rest of them. Then you will know what we mean when we say that the

## October Ainslee's

is every bit as entertaining as this one. You'll find a charming long story by Reginald Wright Kauffman, who wrote "The House of Bondage," and crisp, sprightly short stories by Victor Rousseau, Robert Emmet MacAlarney, Joseph Ernest, John Fleming Wilson, Katharine Baker, and others.

The next of Albert Payson Terhune's fascinating "Stories of the Super-Women," will be "Poppaea, the Siren Who Ruled the World."

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## AINSLLEE'S *for* OCTOBER

Out the middle of September

15 cents the copy



## Good Sport and Good Smoke Go Together

There's more crisp, brisk, youthful vigor in an ounce of "Bull" Durham than in a pound of any other tobacco ever rolled up into a cigarette. It's the co-partner of the go-ahead spirit—the delight of the fresh, unjaded taste that goes with enthusiasm and energy. This grand old tobacco—the favorite of three generations—is today the liveliest smoke in the whole world.

# GENUINE "BULL" DURHAM SMOKING TOBACCO

Within the last two years the "roll-your-own" idea has spread amazingly. Thousands of men have learned that their own hand-rolled "Bull" Durham cigarettes have a freshness and fragrance impossible to obtain in any other way. Made exclusively from mild, ripe Virginia-

Ask for **FREE** pack-  
age of "papers"  
with each 5c sack



North Carolina "bright" tobacco leaf, "Bull" Durham is unique in its mellow-sweet flavor. Try it once and you'll smoke it always.

**FREE** An illustrated Booklet, showing correct way to "Roll Your Own"

Cigarettes, and a package of cigarette papers, will both be mailed, free, to any address in U. S. on request. Address "Bull" Durham, Durham, N. C., Room 1308.

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY







